DRAMATIZATION

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DRAMATIZATION

SELECTIONS FROM ENGLISH CLASSICS ADAPTED IN DRAMATIC FORM

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To
Mrs. Elizabeth R. Walton,
whose work in the
Dramatic Interpretation of Literature
has been the inspiration of young students
in the City of Washington
for many years,
we gratefully dedicate this book.

PREFACE

It is the aim of this volume to give practical suggestions for the dramatization of high school classics. The teaching experience of the authors leads them to believe that dramatization of the literature studied is one of the most successful of all devices for vitalizing the work of the English class. Moreover, the imagined difficulties in the way of high school dramatization vanish entirely on nearer view or become, in the working out, a stimulus to invention.

The selections here treated are familiar to students in the secondary schools. The dramatic illustrations offered are type studies and are intended as a working basis for teachers and pupils in developing similar exercises. To facilitate their use in the classroom, they are grouped, according to the usual high school English course, in four parts, one for each year respectively; and are published independently in pamphlet form expressly for the convenience of pupils. Their purpose is to instruct, the idea of amusement and entertainment, from the nature of the case, being wholly incidental.

This book is sent to high school teachers with the earnest hope that it may point the way to making the regular, not the holiday, dramatization of literature an effective instrument in the teaching of English. Let us turn literature into life for the pupil and we shall give him an amulet, at whose magic touch new worlds are opened,—we shall give him in deed and in truth "that old enchanted Arabian grain, the Sesame, which opens doors;—doors, not of robbers', but of Kings' Treasuries."

S. E. S.
C. I. O.

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PURPOSE AND METHOD

THE PSYCHOLOGY OF DRAMATIZATION

Primitive man and the child are essentially dramatic. Experiences in the life of the race are acted out by the bard as he sings of the deeds of the great man of the tribe, or by the braves as they circle in the war dance round the camp fire. Just so the child by gesture and look and pose acts out his own experiences.

Says Professor Grosse: "The peculiar feature of the drama is the representation of an event simultaneously by speech and mimicry. In this sense nearly every primitive tale is a drama, for the teller is not simply relating history, but he enlivens his words with appropriate intonations and gestures. . . . Children and primitive peoples are unable to make any narration without accompanying it with the appropriate demeanor and play of gesture." The impulse to impersonate animate or inanimate objects,—it is immaterial which,—is second nature to the young of all races and cultures.

Mr. Brander Matthews, in his *Study of the Drama*, cites two amusing illustrations of this impulse from the play of American children. The first is the case of three little boys "playing automobile." The eldest was the chauffeur, the next was the machine itself, while the baby in the rear represented the lingering odor of gasoline. The other anecdote describes the "offering up of Isaac" by two little children, a boy and a girl, aged respectively three and four years. "They were found in the ruins of an old house," says Mr. Matthews, "and in a sad voice the boy explained

that they were 'offering up little Isaac.' A broken toy was Isaac. A brick under a bush was the ram. They told how they had built a fire under Isaac, admitting at once that the fire was only make-believe. And when they were asked, 'Who was Abraham?' the little girl promptly answered, 'We was.' "

Many of the games of our children are indeed neither more nor less than crude dramas imitating the life of grownups. Wordsworth in his *Intimations of Immortality* expresses this truth:

"Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnèd art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be laid aside
And with new joy and pride
The little Actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation."

The children of the older civilizations of China and Japan, as well as the children of the American Indian, the Eskimo, and the Bushman of Australia, delight in imper-

sonating the hero of their special tradition and in imitating in their play the life about them. The constructive imagination is the glory of childhood. The province of make-believe is the particular territory of the child.

THE PEDAGOGY OF DRAMATIZATION

Dramatic presentation as a vehicle for instruction was utilized as far back as the history of culture extends. The pagan priest and the Christian Church father seized upon the love of the dramatic innate in human nature and made it serve their special ends. Through the dramatic appeal each taught his own peculiar cult or religion. The Bacchic festival of song and dance was the expression of the worship of Bacchus, and the Mystery and the Miracle play taught the sacred story of Christ and the saints. The religious idea yielded gradually to the popular desire for amusement; the holy day became the holiday.

There has been incidental use of the drama as a means of instruction in the schools ever since there have been schools. In England, companies of boy actors were at an early date connected with the great public schools. Among them were the famous "Boys of the Grammar School at Westminster," and the "Children of Paul's." "The influences which produced these [companies]," says Alexander F. Chamberlain, "survives and flourishes today in the fondness of high school pupils and university students for dramatic performances." Neither was the drama entirely neglected in the early American schools, if we may judge by a curious old volume by one Charles Stearns, preceptor of the Liberal School at Lincoln, Massachusetts, entitled *Dramatic Dialogues for Use in the Schools*, published in 1798. The author of this volume insists upon the pedagogical and ethical value of dramatic presentation. In the Introduction

he says: "The rudest nymphs and swains by practicing on rhetoric will soon acquire polite manners, for they will often personate the most polite character. And though the surly majesty of some male despots among us may envy the graces of rhetoric to women, because they feel themselves already outdone by women in every other excellence; yet it is certain that a clear, genteel manner of expressing themselves is a vast advantage to women in forming that important alliance which is to last through life." Each play or dramatic dialogue included in the volume is intended to teach some virtue as is plainly indicated on the title page, for instance: *The Woman of Honour* (*Goodness of heart and veracity of speech*); *The Mother of a Family* (*Patience*); *The Gamester* (*Mildness of temper*); *The Male Coquette* (*Absurdity of lying and hypocrisy*); *Roncesevalles* (*Self government*).

Not until today, however, under the teachings of the new psychology, has any attempt been made to use the dramatic instinct of the child in a definite, systematic way as an aid in the teaching of English literature. We now recognize that the child's instincts and innate tendencies are to be reckoned with, that they may indeed serve as guides or as points of departure in our educative process. At the high school age the dramatic and the imitative instincts are still vital forces in the life of the boy and girl. Dramatization, which appeals to both the dramatic and the imitative instincts is therefore an excellent device for the teaching of literature. In its power to rouse interest, to stir the imagination, to create illusion, to induce appreciation of the masterpiece, and thus to quicken a love for literature, dramatization has no equal. For literature is life, the life of other times and peoples,—real or fantastic,—and life is action. Whatever helps the boy to visualize the life of other days will help him

to vitalize the people of those days. Dramatization makes the past, present; the then, now, gives us a mimic world, actually turns literature into life. Hence the dramatic appeal is perhaps the most compelling in the teaching of certain types of masterpieces. The dramatization of any bit of literature "is the best possible return which the children can make of their literary training and at the same time the best possible means of securing their apprehension of the story they use," says Porter Landor MacClintock in *Literature in the Elementary School.*

Much is being done today in the way of dramatic treatment of literature in the elementary schools, but much remains yet to do. The custom of having the child act out his little songs and stories in the first few grades is rather widespread. But as he progresses from grade to grade, less and less dramatic work is done, until, when he reaches the high school, there is scarcely any systematic attempt to relate such work to the study of literature. It is true that many high schools have dramatic associations and give creditable performances during the year for the purpose of entertainment, but it is also true that very few high schools are doing dramatic work in connection with the study of literature. The notable exception of the Ethical Culture School of New York City, of course, comes to mind, and there are certain public high schools scattered here and there over the United States where something is being done along this line. Just now, however, we need an organized correlation of the dramatic and the literary in our English courses, and it is the aim of this book to show that such correlation is not only possible but is most effective in the teaching of English. President G. Stanley Hall of Clark University says: "A recent writer demands a theater in every high school, where young people should be encouraged

to read and sometimes act parts, and to assume in fancy the roles of the characters of great men." While we can hardly hope for "a theater in every high school" as yet, still, even out of very crude conditions, ways and means may be devised for making both possible and effective, dramatic presentations of scenes from the literature studied.

TYPES OF DRAMATIZATION

As used in this volume, the term dramatization means not only the recasting of the text in the form of dialogue, but also and always the presentation of the dramatic version of the scene or incident. This book illustrates several kinds of dramatic treatment:

First, and simplest, the dramatic dialogue, dealing with separate situations and making no attempt to present a dramatic unit, as in the adaptations from *Kidnapped*.

Second, the dramatization of various situations chosen from the classic, combined in such a way as to form a single dramatic unit with a well defined climax. The illustrations of this type are the scenes from *Treasure Island*, *Silas Marner*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Ivanhoe*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, *Henry Esmond*, *Sohrab and Rustum*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, the *Iliad*, and the *Odyssey*, — by far the greater number of the selections dramatized.

Third, the dramatization of the whole story, or the making of a drama writ small, as in the short stories here treated, the *Robin Hood Ballads*, and *Gareth and Lynette*.

Fourth, the dramatization of the whole plot through the selection from the novel of leading scenes which are knit together by means of a new character, acting as a kind of Chorus. He presents the situation at the opening of the first scene, makes the connection between scenes, and

delivers the epilogue. The dramatic treatment of *The Last of the Mohicans* illustrates this type.

Fifth, the dramatic reading visualized through the tableau or living-picture representation of the text. Here, a reader dressed in a costume in keeping with the spirit of the scene presented, but standing far to one side of the stage, out of the picture, recites or reads the lines descriptive of the tableau. In the case of a moving-picture presentation, the lines are read after the curtain rises on the scene, but when tableaux are given, part of the reading takes place before the curtain rises, because of the difficulty of retaining fixed positions for any considerable length of time. Scenes from the following classics are worked out after this fashion: the *Odyssey*, Chaucer's *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales*, and Longfellow's *Prelude to the Tales of a Wayside Inn*. The same method is applied to the group of lyrics which are woven into a *Spring Fantasy*, preserving in dramatic form the dominant note and the true spirit of the lyric.

PRACTICAL SUGGESTIONS

A. WAYS AND MEANS OF DRAMATIZING THE TEXT

In turning a classic into dramatic form, as little deviation from the original as possible should be made. The new form, however, compels, at times, changes in the text. In every adaptation contained in this book, the integrity of the masterpiece has been reverently guarded. Changes occur only when demanded by the nature of the case.

The keynote of dramatic work for the high school should be simplicity. Consideration should be given to the limitations of the ordinary high school in the matter of stage equipment. It should be the unvarying aim to create the illusion by the simplest possible means.

The following hints on method may be useful to teachers desiring to dramatize certain bits of literature themselves or to have pupils undertake such exercises. They are based on the experience of the writers.

First, as to choice of material for dramatic treatment: Except in the case of the dramatic dialogue, care should be taken to see that the scene or group of scenes chosen from the novel or poem represents a unit of thought in itself, practically independent of the rest of the story; that the unit selected is essentially dramatic; and that it is adapted to high school presentation. Such scenes, for example, as the fight in the round-house in *Kidnapped*, the slaughter of the suitors in the *Odyssey*, the tournament in *Ivanhoe*, and the diamond joust in *Lancelot and Elaine* cannot be considered, although they are the most strikingly dramatic situations in the several masterpieces in which they occur.

Next, as to ways and means of working up the selections: Long speeches should sometimes be broken by the interpolation of new speeches; at other times they should merely be cut. For instance, in the dramatization from *Sohrab and Rustum*, the long speech of Peran-Wisa in the original, lines 65 through 93, is broken by interpolating a three-line speech for Sohrab and is cut by the omission of lines 79 through 85.

Scenes and incidents should occasionally be shifted to suit the conditions of high school presentation. Thus, in the selection from *Treasure Island*, the conference between Doctor Livesey and Jim, which in the story takes place outside the block-house, occurs within, to prevent change of setting. In the dramatization from *Henry Esmond*, based on chaps. vii and viii, Book II, and covering three days in the original, the incidents of the second and third days are transferred to the first.

Expository and descriptive passages must often be

changed to direct discourse. In the study from Book I of the *Iliad*, part of the speech of Calchas is made up from lines of the original, which are explanatory in character.

New characters may at times be introduced to enliven a situation or to improve a stage picture. In the dramatization of the ballad, *Robin Hood and Allin a Dale*, a number of bridal attendants are introduced in order to present a picturesque wedding scene and to make possible a merry dance at the end.

Occasionally the introduction of a new character to act as the Chorus offers an effective means of unifying a series of scenes chosen from a novel and of making the connection between them clear. The character of the Chorus should be in keeping with the story. His lines—the prologue, epilogue, and interludes—may be written in verse to make his part the more distinctive. A good example of this type of dramatization is offered in this volume. In the scenes from *The Last of the Mohicans*, the part of the Chorus is taken by The Spirit of the Mohicans; his lines are written in the meter of Longfellow's *Hiawatha*.

A speech should sometimes be transferred from one character to another. For example, the question of the King addressed to Gareth, in Tennyson's *Gareth and Lynette*,

But wherefore would ye men should wonder at you?

is transferred, in the dramatic study from this *Idyll*, scene ii, to Lancelot, and addressed to the King thus:

But wherefore would he men should wonder at him?

In the dramatic treatment of the poem, lines or stanzas from which descriptive or expository elements have been omitted must often be rewritten. Thus in the dramatization of *Gareth and Lynette* the opening line of Gareth's soliloquy which in the poem reads,

"How he went down," said Gareth, "as a false knight" is changed to

How he went down, that slender-shafted Pine.

In the dramatization of the Robin Hood ballad, *Robin Hood and Little John*, the opening stanza is based on the seventh in the original. The changes made can be seen by quoting the two:

They happened to meet on a long narrow bridge,
And neither of them would give way;
Quoth bold Robin Hood, and sturdily stood,
"I'll shew you right Nottingham play." (Original)

Back, stranger! 'Tis Robin that makes the command
This instant, back! out of my way!
I'm bold Robin Hood, I'll not be withstood,
I'll shew you right Nottingham play! (Adaptation)

Incomplete or broken lines may, however, often be used for dramatic effect, as for instance in scene i of *Gareth and Lynette*,

Yea, Mother . . . May I then . . .

Sometimes several lines of blank verse or whole stanzas must be invented. Illustrations in point are the three-line speech of Sohrab already referred to above, the last stanza of *The Baptism of Little John* and most of the speeches in scene ii of the Chaucer dramatization.

In the dramatic reading accompanied by the tableau, the following points should be borne in mind. Since the success of this particular type of dramatization depends in a great measure upon the reading, the greatest care should be exercised in the choice of readers; the selection should not be too long; it should be chosen primarily with a view to tableau effect; and it should meet the conditions of high school equipment for dramatic productions.

B. THE PROBLEM OF STAGING

I. Analysis of the Problem

The primary purpose of the dramatic work set forth in these pages is, at every point, the interpretation of the masterpieces of literature. This fundamental idea must not be lost sight of for a moment. It must be borne in mind that dramatization as defined above includes not only the molding of the narrative as a whole or in part, into the shape of a drama, but also and always, the acting of the adaptation in the classroom or assembly hall. There is little danger of wandering far afield in the first undertaking. But the next step, the presentation of the remodeled episode or story, must be carefully taken, for the path will prove to be full of pitfalls unless the goal is kept constantly in view. The means must not be confused with the end itself. If this new tool, the presentation of the dramatic portions of the classic, is used wisely, it may prove an invaluable aid in the unearthing of the "treasures hidden in books"; it may, indeed, be the "Sesame" to many a high school boy or girl who has plodded along the highway of literature with hitherto unawakened mind and heart.

But the danger in the handling of the tool is that the glitter of its polished surface (for it is an exceedingly attractive implement) may distract the mind from the purpose for which it was fashioned—to delve into the rich veins of the treasures found in books, and bring forth the gold—the messages of the true Kings of Literature. The heading of this division of Practical Suggestions for the dramatization of high school classics may be a misleading guide unless its use is explained. The Problem of Staging resolves itself into the problem of dramatic presentation under high school conditions, whether the

stage is the floor of a classroom or the more pretentious platform of a high school assembly hall.

If the student brought to the high school the imagination which is his own by right at this period of his development, the Utopia of high school dramatic production could be realized. No accessories would then be needed to the vital means for the interpretation of literature, namely, voice, gesture, and action. But oftentimes the Elizabethan Age of the child's imagination is past when he reaches the high school. Some outward stimulus is therefore required to quicken into flame his smoldering fancy.

Such a stimulus is afforded by extremely simple stage settings and costumes, both in classroom presentations of dramatic dialogues and short scenes, and in the more ambitious dramatizations presented in the auditorium. The action, setting, and costuming should be so nicely adjusted to their use as means of interpretation, that the audience will applaud the play or scene as a finely welded whole, and not a costume here, or a bit of painted scenery there. Elaborate painted scenery may do credit to the art department of a high school, but it is aside from the purpose of interpretative dramatic work if it thrusts itself into the foreground, usurping the place of the more important aids to interpretation, after the manner of the clowns whom Hamlet denounces for "themselves laughing to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though in the meantime some necessary questions of the play be then to be considered."

Hence, all so-called theatrical effects should be studiously avoided in high school work of this character. Paint and powder, the wig and the mask, should be rarely resorted to for creating the illusion. The chief excuse for their employment is the necessity for historical accuracy of detail, in

such scenes as those from *Henry Esmond* picturing life in the eighteenth century when patches, powder, and wigs for men and women were characteristic features of dress. For the stage productions in high schools equipped with footlights, a little make-up may be considered necessary to avoid a ghastly appearance of faces. Another case in which the use of make-up may be justifiable is when the text itself demands it. This is rare, however. A line here, another there, to change the boy or girl into a more realistic semblance of the older man or woman may help the imagination. But use of the make-up box should be discouraged as far as may be, in the production of high school plays.

Thus far, the question of how to stage a high school drama in little, consistently with the idea of keeping the accessories in correct relation to the vital means of dramatic interpretation, has been answered negatively. The theme has been, *What not to do.* The suggestions that follow are intended to answer the question directly and concretely, as far as may be done in a work of this character.

Here again, the keynote should be simplicity. The practical experience of the authors has been in a school with no equipment for dramatic work except a fair-sized stage, with green denim front, side, and rear curtains, so arranged as to afford a number of exits. These dramatizations are intended to meet similar conditions in other high schools but are flexible enough to adapt themselves to any conditions, from the most crudely, to the most completely equipped high school stage. Since classrooms and assembly hall platforms differ widely in the number and in the relative positions of exits, as well as in the size and shape of the floor space available for the action, it is useless to make the stage directions for the dramatization specific. The grouping of characters for a good stage picture and the selection of approximate exits and entrances must be determined by

the exigencies of the situation in the individual high school.

Again it must be remembered that these scenes are not treated from the angle of the theatrical stage. The stage directions are in accord with the purpose of the work throughout, which is educative, not spectacular dramatic productions. Even in high schools which are provided with every facility for scenic effects, a reversion to the primitive might be of great value. There is no performance more thoroughly enjoyed by the entire school population than a really home-made one. No apology should therefore be made for the use of the most primitive devices which may aid in interpreting the literary masterpiece. In high schools equipped with a good art department, such simple scenery as may be needed can be made by pupils under the direction of the art teachers. This department may also assist materially in the designing of costumes. But, as has already been said, such work must not be too ambitious.

II. Suggestions for Staging

(*a*) *Setting*

The first practical detail of staging to be considered is the setting. This implies the assembly hall performance, as the classroom dramatic exposition must leave the matter of scenery wholly to the imagination, though there may be a hint of costuming, and ready-to-hand properties may be utilized. Since an out-of-door setting may be produced most effectively and with the least outlay of time, energy, and money, these selections are drawn largely from out-of-door scenes in the texts used, or from scenes readily adapted to open air treatment. When interiors have been chosen,

they are for the most part very simple: for example the crude block-house in *Treasure Island;* the kitchen of the Rainbow Tavern, and Silas Marner's cottage in *Silas Marner;* and the cell of the Clerk of Copmanhurst in *Ivanhoe.* Even the scenes which may seem to require a more elaborate setting will admit of simple treatment for the present purpose.

A glance through the table of contents will show the various types of out-of-door scenes. There is first the bare, rugged Scottish heath. In all high schools except those in the heart of the largest cities, the country is near enough to make possible the decoration of the stage for this and other scenes, with branches of trees of sufficient size. By the use of rear and side curtains and of high stools, or chairs inverted and covered with green denim or other inexpensive material, the branches may be arranged so as to create the desired effect. In the scenes from *Kidnapped* and in most of the scenes in the woods, the action must take place in an open space, so that it is necessary only to suggest the trees by a background of foliage. Inverted boxes and low stools draped with brown or dull green denim will answer for rocks. Shrubs, here and there, in some of the scenes may be needed. These are easily obtained.

In the dramatization from *The Vicar of Wakefield,* a green floor covering will suggest the "smooth-shaven green." The path toward the cottage, which is supposed to be just out of sight, should be left bare, with potted flowers on either side. It may be separated from the lawn by a rustic gate at the rear-center of the stage, made from the trimmed branches of trees, the curtains being drawn apart to allow a glimpse of the roughly painted cottage in perspective. But gate, path, and vista may be omitted in the staging of this scene, a background of foliage giving the necessary hint.

The out-of-door scene from *Sohrab and Rustum* must have an oriental touch. As the stage is in semi-darkness, a somber background with a sky line suggestive of the tops of a multitude of tents is all that is needed. The desert may be realistically represented by strewing white sand about the floor. A painted background picturing the Oxus winding into the distance would be effective, but is not essential.

The forest scenery for the *Robin Hood Ballads* does not differ materially from that already suggested. The device for making the fire here is the same as later described for the indoor scenes. For *Gareth and Lynette*, *Lancelot and Elaine*, the *Spring Fantasy*, and *L'Allegro*, a spring landscape is the ideal background.

If these classics are read in the springtime, and the school yard is not a thing of brick and mortar, they may be given, like the Ben Greet and Coburn plays, out of doors. Little staging will then be necessary. The fresh air, and the young green of the trees and grass will lend the required atmosphere.

But the effect of a spring landscape may be produced with comparatively little labor indoors. If the season permits, the stage can be turned into a bower by means of quantities of vines, flowers, and plants, arranged as the needs of the play or scene suggest; or artificial flowers, just as good for stage purposes, can be used. Many girls know, or can easily learn, how to make flowers such as sweet-peas, the simplest paper flower to imitate and very decorative when strung on long twisted stems of green crêpe paper. The flowers themselves are made of plain tissue paper cut into two ovals, one white, the other any color desired,—pink, yellow, or lavender. The colored oval is placed on top of the white oval, a small hole is cut in the center, the stem inserted, and by crushing the ovals in the center against

the stem, and giving the whole a twist, the sweet-pea is produced. For a relatively small outlay of time and money, a large quantity of such flowers can be made by an organized band of girls, working under the direction of one person who knows the art of flower-making in its simplest forms. Experience shows that girls enjoy such work and that the occasion may be made a pleasant one. These flowers, supplemented by plants, will make an attractive setting.

The same general scheme, with the substitution of autumn tints for the colors of spring, will serve for the pictures from *Il Penseroso*. In the out-of-door scene from the *Odyssey*, the surroundings of the grotto may be suggested by vines and flowers fastened to the side and rear curtains, a green floor covering, as in the study from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and plants scattered here and there. The opening into the grotto may be represented by drawing apart the rear curtains in the center, showing glimpses of a Greek interior, hints for which are given in the setting for the Odyssey tableaux. If painted scenery is a possibility, the description in the original text may be closely followed.

No detailed, systematic discussion of devices for securing good effects with a minimum of expenditure is necessary in the case of indoor scenes. A few scattered hints may be helpful, however. In several of the interiors, notably those from *Treasure Island*, Chaucer's *Prologue*, Longfellow's *Prelude*, and *Ivanhoe*, an open fire is made necessary by the situation or by the action. Gas logs, and even electric connections are hardly feasible on a high school stage. Hence the following suggestions may be of value in the solving of this problem of stage setting.

Unless the text or the action demands that the fireplace shall be in a conspicuous position, the problem of construction is comparatively simple. By placing it diagonally

across the right or left corner, well to the front of the stage, only one end of the chimney need be shown. This effect may be produced by a strip of manila paper, painted to represent bricks or stone, and fastened to a board forming one of two uprights attached at mantel height to a horizontal board, for the shelf, or mantel. If electric lights are at hand, a light may be placed so as to shine out upon the floor and into the faces of the actors, suggesting the fire-light; or an ordinary lantern will serve the purpose.

But if it is necessary to present the fireplace to the gaze of the audience, a wooden box of appropriate size, lined with black cambric, the dull side out, makes a good opening. Around this is built a framework of wood covered with manila paper, or cheap cotton cloth and painted to imitate bricks or stone as desired. It should extend to the ceiling, or at least above the curtain line. Among the partly blackened logs, placed on wrought iron andirons, red Christmas tinsel is strewn to catch the light. This device is recommended as the least expensive and safest for creating the illusion. The fireplace in *Treasure Island* should be of the roughest sort, to suggest a temporary camp.

For the rest of the setting of the scene in the blockhouse, some suggestions may not be out of place. The walls may be made of manila paper or unbleached muslin, roughly painted to represent logs and stretched over a framework. The loopholes in this case can be made very realistic. Boys who have played at camp life since early childhood may usually be found to build the framework. If not, a suitable background may be produced by side and rear curtains of wood brown or dull green denim with openings for loopholes. Rifles, cooking utensils, coats, etc., hung about the stage, further suggest the atmosphere of a camp in the woods.

(*b*) *Costuming*

Next to be considered is the question of costuming. In the impromptu classroom presentation, such simple effects as may be produced by a cloak thrown over the shoulders, a cap of appropriate shape, a pointer for a staff or spear, and the like, are sufficient for the occasion. If a scene is assigned several days beforehand, however, the properties and costumes may be a little more pretentious; but the simpler the classroom dramatic work, the better it will serve the desired end.

The costuming of the assembly hall production must, of course, be of a somewhat more elaborate character. For the scenes from *Silas Marner*, *Henry Esmond*, *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *Treasure Island*, *Kidnapped*, and the short stories, no suggestions need be given. For such costumes mothers' and grandmothers' chests frequently offer sufficient stores for the girls' dresses. These old-fashioned gowns may easily be remodeled in accordance with illustrations of the dress of the period. In like manner fathers' and grandfathers' clothes furnish the stage wardrobe for the boys. The men's costumes of the Age of Chivalry are not difficult to create with the aid of long hose and cloaks. Wood for the spears, and cardboard for the various parts of the armor, covered with bronze, gold, or silver paper, supply the equipment of the Greek warriors, the knights of Arthur's Round Table, and the Tartar and Persian chiefs. For the devices on the shields, colored paper or paint may be used. The manufacture of such weapons and armor ought not to be more than a pleasant occupation for the boys concerned. In these days of metal shop work in high schools, sheets of tin may be converted into realistic armor. A coat-of-mail, made of separate scales of tin fastened to a tight-fitting, sleeveless foundation

of heavy cambric is most effective, though it involves more work than is perhaps desirable.

For the girls' costumes of the Age of Chivalry, and the Homeric Age, as well as for all tableaux and moving pictures, including those from the *Odyssey*, *L'Allegro*, and *Il Penseroso*, and the pictures forming the *Spring Fantasy*, cheese cloth is the best material. It is readily fashioned into graceful effects and can be had in any color. The selection of colors must be made with the idea of producing a harmonious stage picture, and of emphasizing important characters. The effect of artificial light on the various colors must also be taken into consideration. For example, yellow and orange stand out clearly under artificial lights and so should not be used for unimportant or background characters; blue is not a good color; pale green and white are scarcely distinguishable; and red is dulled. Red light thrown on yellow will produce flame color. Because different dyes of the same color act differently under artificial lights, it is best before buying materials to get samples for testing effects.

A feature of the costume which sometimes gives trouble is the wig. In most of the eighteenth century scenes wigs are indispensable, and there are other occasions when they are necessary. There are two objections to hiring them. In the first place the costumer's charge is usually high; in the second place the use of hired wigs is objectionable on hygienic grounds. Hence a suggestion for a homemade wig, such as has been tried and not found wanting, may be of value. A stockinet cap is first fitted closely to the head. To this is attached raveled hemp (clothesline furnishes the material) cut for parted wigs, double the desired length, and sewed in the middle so as to make the part; or cut for pompadour effects the desired length, reversed, and sewed around the edge so that

when turned back the ends will not be visible. The natural-colored hemp is used for light hair, and powdered for gray. For other colors the hemp may be dipped in dyes. The wig is held firmly in place by means of adhesive plaster, or cullodion, at the temples. Under artificial lights this homemade article proves a very satisfactory substitute for the hair wig. But as in the case of paint, powder, and the like, the wig should be dispensed with whenever it is not absolutely necessary.

As to stage properties, one illustration of the more unusual type will suffice. In the tableau representing Odysseus' departure from Ogygia, the leather water and wine bottles, which must be of considerable size, may be made of newspapers, crushed into shape, with handles of twisted paper sewed at the sides. The outer layer is of soft unglazed wrapping paper, painted in water-color to produce the effect of leather. These two bottles are fastened to a cord and slung about the shoulders of Odysseus. In this day of the training of the eye and hand, as well as the mind, no high school lacks pupils or teachers, who will be able to suggest and carry out similar devices.

(*c*) *Lights*

Throughout this discussion a warning note has been sounded against making the setting too prominent a feature of the assembly hall production. This caution does not apply to the use of lights as an aid in creating the illusion. Daylight on the stage brings out all the crudities of setting and costumes. Artificial lights soften the whole effect without becoming an obtrusive feature of the performance. Indeed without their help the differentiation of day and night becomes an impossibility; tableaux cannot be made beautiful pictures; and the illusion at every point is imperfect.

Only a few years ago the problem of lighting a high school stage, even in some of the comparatively large cities, was a serious one. Today, even in many small towns, high schools are equipped with electricity. For daytime scenes, a row of upper lights is usually sufficient, though a stereopticon lantern which throws the light on the faces from the rear of the auditorium, used in connection with the stage lights, is still better. If the latter are on two circuits, alternate green and white lamps will be found a useful combination. For night scenes, the green circuit should be used, together with a green slide for the lantern. Experiment in high school stage productions has shown that green (for moonlight and other night scenes); red (for sunrise and for pink lights on white costumes in dances and tableaux); and purple (also for the dances and tableaux) are the best colors. A slide of these three colors can be made out of isinglass by cutting three pieces, each the size and shape needed for the lantern used, and sewing the three into an oblong cardboard frame to facilitate handling. For spotlights, a square of cardboard with an elliptical, oblong, or square hole cut in the center may be used where a sharply defined spot is required. To produce the effect of light shining through foliage, the cardboard should be torn instead of cut, leaving the edges of the hole jagged. A pocket flashlight will prove useful for the representation of a glow worm or a swiftly changing fairy light. Realistic lightning may be produced on a stage equipped with an upper row of lights, by turning them on and off at irregular intervals. In the first scene from *Silas Marner*, for example, lightning could be thus simulated. In high schools having neither electric lights nor stereopticon lanterns, acetylene automobile lamps, provided with reflectors may be used with almost if not quite as good results. Slides large enough to cover the light can be made for these as described above. So the question of light-

ing the stage need not prove a troublesome feature of high school dramatic work, even in poorly equipped schools.

(*d*) *Characters*

Besides the problems of setting, costuming, and lights, there is the character problem. By this is meant the problem of adapting scenes to the conditions in a boys' school or a girls' school. The difficulty is slight in the former, as high school classics abound in scenes in which the actors are all men. Note the number in this book alone. Hence there is little need for a boy to assume a feminine role except, of course, in the classroom interpretative work. In girls' schools the problem is a more difficult one. But there are few cases in which in the more informal scenes, by the use of cap and cloak, a girl may not play a man's part. In the more elaborate assembly hall productions, men's costumes for girls can be easily devised for plays of the Age of Chivalry and for the Chaucer period, because of the almost universal practice among both men and women in those days of wearing the long cloak. Fairy scenes are peculiarly adapted to a girls' school. Such dramatizations as those from *Treasure Island*, it is true, could be used only in the classroom, but the classics abound in opportunities for girls in the assembly hall performance. The scene in the dressing room on the night of the party at Squire Cass's, in *Silas Marner*, and the scene between Rebecca and Rowena at the close of *Ivanhoe* are two of many that might be mentioned.

In the foregoing suggestions for setting and costuming, the emphasis which has been laid upon simple homemade devices for creating the illusion will, it is hoped, make clear the distinction between this interpretative dramatic work and the customary high school entertainment of the

Dramatic Association. The latter has its place in high school life, a place which these dramatizations are in no sense intended to usurp. Its field is the assembly hall stage; its purpose is to entertain. And so long as its tone and character are in keeping with the general spirit and purpose of education, every means to that end, however spectacular, is legitimate. The Dramatic Association of the secondary school is one of its most valuable interests and everything should be done to arouse enthusiasm for its activities. But the purpose of these dramatizations is to arouse an interest in English classics through an appeal to the natural desire of a boy or girl to express life in action. Their true field, is, therefore, the classroom. When the assembly hall is used for their presentation it becomes an enlarged classroom, since here the dominating idea of the assembly hall production is, like that of the classroom performance, the interpretation of literature.

SUGGESTIONS FOR FURTHER DRAMATIZATION

The following hints for further work of the nature indicated by the specimen dramatizations in this book are not mere addenda. They are, in fact, an integral part of the plan, designed for the use of teachers, or of pupils under the guidance of their instructors. Many of the suggestions concern the dramatic adaptation of additional units selected from the masterpieces chosen for dramatization. Others deal with classics familiar to high school students but not represented here. In the former case it is usually unnecessary to work out the proposed treatment in great

detail, as the model stands ready to hand. But in the latter, it is deemed advisable to go into the minutiae of the method to be adopted, chiefly with a view to saving time for both teacher and pupil. For the sake of convenience, the suggestions are grouped as follows; the novel; the short story; the epic; the ballad; the lyric.

A. THE NOVEL

I. KIDNAPPED

Robert Louis Stevenson

Owing to the nature of the great dramatic situation in *Kidnapped*, covered by chaps. viii, ix, x, and xi, it would be absurd to attempt a dramatization of the complete story for the high school stage. If a stage presentation is desired, however, many detached scenes may be worked up with the idea of showing the main actors of the story in situations which bring into play their most striking characteristics. This narrative is peculiarly adapted to the classroom, because of the simplicity of the action and setting in the chapters other than those mentioned above, and the abundance of material for dramatic dialogue in the chapters that do not admit of formal dramatization.

The parting of David and Mr. Campbell, in chap. i makes an attractive little scene for the classroom. Few properties are needed. The text requires only slight changes. One or two suggestions for the stage "business" may be helpful. When the letter is handed to David, he should read the address aloud slowly, with growing pride in his voice, and a straightening of his shoulders. David's reflections at the close, as he watches the minister depart, should be put in the form of a soliloquy.

David's compact with Alan in chap. xviii, furnishes the climax of another episode that can be effectively dramatized. The incident begins in chap. xvii. David appears, breathlessly running, in his effort to escape the soldiers after the death of the Red Fox. Alan is partly concealed from the audience in a clump of trees (for our purpose bushes). The dialogue begins with Alan's sudden call, *Jouk in here among the trees.* They have hardly concealed themselves when two or more red-coats run across the stage in hot pursuit of David. (Omit the rest of chap. xvii, to avoid change of scene.) After the departure of the soldiers, Alan and David come out of their place of concealment and sit down to rest. The dialogue continues with Alan's words at the beginning of chap. xviii, *Well, yon was a hot burst, David,* which in the original refers to their flight after David had joined Alan, but which can be taken as referring to David's flight alone. The scene closes with Alan's words, *And now let's take another keek at the red-coats.* The curtain falls as they move toward a place from which they can get a view of the open heather.

Chap. xxix offers a good closing scene for a series such as was indicated at the beginning of these suggestions or it may be used as a separate unit. The difficulty of representing part of the exterior of the House of Shaws will not be very great, as the stage is in semi-darkness. But the incident may be given in the classroom, without scenery. David, Mr. Rankeillor, and Torrance remain concealed from Ebenezer Balfour, but in view of the audience, during the conversation between Alan and Mr. Balfour. Their stage "business" will be suggested by the dialogue. To avoid the shifting of the scene at the close, the entrance into the house must be deferred. After the greeting of Torrance, *It's a braw nicht, Mr. Balfour,* Mr. Rankeillor turns to David and says, *Mr. David, I wish you all joy in your good*

fortune. Following his thrust at Alan, which closes with, *I judged you must refer to that you had in baptism,* as Alan turns away, deeply injured, Mr. Rankeillor takes Ebenezer by the arm, lifts him up, hands David the blunderbuss, and says, *Come, come, Mr. Ebenezer, you must not be downhearted, for I promise you we shall make easy terms. And come, Mr. Thomson, you must not mind an old man's jests. Mr. Balfour shall give us the cellar key, and Torrance shall draw us a bottle of David's grandfather's wine, and we shall all drink to the lad's good fortune which I believe to be deserved.* As they start to go in, the curtain falls.

II. TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson

Chap. vi of *Treasure Island* furnishes most of the material for a scene which will present the important occurrences in Part I of the story. The setting is the interior of Squire Trelawney's library. The stage appointments consist of a library table strewn with writing materials, two or three leather chairs, and a bookcase or two filled with books. The fireplace needed may be a corner fireplace such as is described under Practical Suggestions. Dr. Livesey and the Squire are seated in front of the fire, pipes in hand, as the curtain rises. A knock at the door is followed by the entrance of a servant, with Jim Hawkins, and Mr. Dance. They stand hesitatingly in the doorway for a moment, until the Squire says, *Come in, Mr. Dance.* When the Doctor asks the question, *What good wind brings you here?* Mr. Dance, interrupted now and then by Jim, who supplements the narrative, gives a dramatic account of the incidents of chaps. iv and v. The story should be briefly and breathlessly told. The stage "business" for

the Squire and the Doctor, is given in the text at this point. With the exception of the dialogue to be supplied at the beginning of the scene, the chapter provides all that is necessary to the making of a good dramatic unit both in the way of stage directions and dialogue.

III. SILAS MARNER

George Eliot

An amusing little episode from *Silas Marner*, especially adapted to a girls' school, is the scene in the Blue Room at Squire Cass's on New Year's Eve, chap. xi. The dialogue can be readily expanded from suggestions in the text itself. When the curtain rises, the ladies are putting the finishing touches to their toilets. Nancy enters, makes a curtsy, and is greeted by her aunt, who says, *Niece, I hope I see you well in health.* Nancy busies herself with her toilet, from time to time expressing her anxiety about Priscilla's failure to appear. Just as she clasps her coral necklace about her neck, her sister enters, throws off her cloak, displaying a gown the exact counterpart of Nancy's, and exclaims, *What do you think o' these gowns, Aunt Osgood?* During the ensuing dialogue, Priscilla, with Nancy's help, rearranges her hair, smooths out the folds of her gown, and puts on a lace collar like Nancy's, which she takes from her bag. She pauses, from time to time, to address one or another of the ladies present. They go out one by one, until only Mrs. Osgood, the Miss Gunns, and the Lammeter sisters remain. Priscilla's remarks addressed to the Miss Gunns are followed by their departure with Mrs. Osgood. The scene closes with Priscilla's words, *Come, we can go down now. I'm as ready as a mawkin can be—there's nothing a-wanting to frighten the crows, now I've got my ear-droppers in.*

IV. IVANHOE

Sir Walter Scott

A very pretty stage picture can be made by the dramatization of the last part of the last chapter of *Ivanhoe*, the meeting of Rebecca and Rowena.

This takes place in the garden of the Lady Rowena, which can be represented with little difficulty. Two or three rustic benches, one or two tables on which there stand vases of flowers, and several large palms will aid in producing the desired effect.

As the curtain rises, the Lady Rowena is discovered sitting on a rustic bench, arranging some flowers in a vase on a small table in front of her. Her maid, Elgitha, enters, ushering in Rebecca, who is closely veiled. Rowena rises to greet her visitor and is about to conduct her to a seat when Rebecca intimates, by glancing at Elgitha, that she desires to be alone with Rowena. So Rowena dismisses her maid, who, very unwillingly, leaves the stage. Then Rebecca kneels before Rowena and kisses the hem of her garment. The action and dialogue for the scene are indicated in the text.

The contrast between the Jewess and the Saxon maiden should be made as striking as possible by difference of costume, ornaments, and mode of hair dressing. The Lady Rowena should wear rich bridal robes trimmed with pearls; her bridal veil, held in place by a headdress of pearls, falls over her face. Her hair should be braided in two plaits. A rich cloak hangs over the rustic seat. Rebecca should be dressed in an oriental costume full of color; her veil, which reaches to the ground, partially conceals her features. Her dark hair is dressed high.

V. A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Charles Dickens

Among the many single scenes in *A Tale of Two Cities* suitable for dramatization, The Jackal, Book II, chap. v, and A Plea, Book II, chap. xx, are suggested.

The Jackal

The scene is a dingy room. Two or three bookcases filled with law books occupy the rear of the stage. On a table littered with papers, a lamp burns dimly. Stryver sits at the table reading. (The text gives a description of the appearance of Stryver). On a small stand at one side are a decanter of wine, a water-bottle, and glasses. As the curtain goes up, a knock is heard and Stryver rises to admit Carton. After the greeting, *You are a little late, Memory,* Stryver settles himself comfortably in an easy chair and Carton takes a seat at the table and begins to sort and straighten the papers, jotting down notes from time to time. All the while, the conversation as given in the text proceeds. The action described in the original suggesting the sobering down of Carton to work is omitted, and the drinking is reduced to a glass or two. Other changes are unnecessary. The talk, beginning with Stryver's welcome, continues through Carton's speech ending, *And now I'll have no more drink; I'll get to bed.*

A Plea

The scene presents the pleasant living room of Dr. Manette's home. Dr. Manette and Mr. Lorry are seated at a small table deeply engrossed in a game of chess. Charles Darnay is standing before the open fire with his hands behind him. As the curtain rises, Sydney Carton is announced. Greetings are exchanged and Darnay, remarking that they will leave Dr. Manette and Mr. Lorry to

their game, leads Carton to the other side of the stage. They seat themselves comfortably and the conversation given in the text takes place. When Carton leaves, Darnay walks over to the two men and declares that he will break up their game, as he wants them to be sociable. But just then Lucy, accompanied by Miss Pross, enters, hat and cloak on. Darnay greets her and then tells her laughingly that she has just missed an old friend. He next makes a remark about Carton's carelessness and recklessness, a remark which evidently hurts Lucy. Miss Pross, in the meantime, has removed Lucy's hat and wrap. She now leaves, but returns immediately with a tray on which are tea and cakes. These she passes to Mr. Lorry and Dr. Manette, and to Lucy and Darnay, who have seated themselves at a small table. The conversation begins with Darnay's speech, *We are thoughtful tonight!*—and continues unchanged throughout the chapter, with the exception that the love passages are cut. As Darnay says, *I will always remember it, dear Heart, I will remember it as long as I live*, they rise and go over to Dr. Manette and Mr. Lorry, who are still absorbed in their game of chess. Lucy places her hand on her father's shoulder and playfully rebukes the two men for keeping such late hours. Mr. Lorry pleads for just a minute more, and the curtain goes down as Lucy takes out her watch to time them.

B. THE SHORT STORY

The number of short stories that lend themselves to dramatization is legion. Besides those used in this book, the following are suggested for high school work: *The Ambitious Guest*, from Hawthorne's *Twice-Told Tales; The Hungry Man Was Fed*, from Richard Harding Davis's *Van Bibber and Others*, and *The First Parish Meeting*, from Quiller-Couch's *Wandering Heath*.

I. THE AMBITIOUS GUEST

Nathaniel Hawthorne

Hawthorne's *The Ambitious Guest*, though a somber theme, can be effectively dramatized. Practically no changes need be made in turning the story into a drama. The situation and action,—the family group gathered around the fireside of the large kitchen of a mountain cottage; the arrival of the stranger; the significant conversation; the ominous noise outside; and the wild flight of the inmates in search of safety—can be represented impressively even on a high school stage.

II. THE HUNGRY MAN WAS FED

Richard Harding Davis

An amusing little play in two scenes might be made of Davis's *The Hungry Man Was Fed*. The following hints may be helpful.

Scene I

The stage should present a busy New York street. A drop curtain painted to represent the outside of shops is of course the best device for suggesting the setting, but a line of tall screens covered with posters advertising wares and picturing shops will serve the purpose. People are hurrying to and fro. Standing conspicuously at one end of the street is the beggar. Van Bibber enters, stops, and looks confusedly around. He walks back and forth not knowing which way to turn. Soon he meets a friend. They exchange greetings as in the story. When Van Bibber starts

to go off, he is accosted by the beggar, who asks for money, as in the text. Van Bibber tosses him a quarter and hurries away after making the remark given in the story. The beggar remains on the stage; takes out his money bag and soliloquizes somewhat in this manner; *My, he was an easy guy! I wish they was all like him!* People continue to pass, the beggar trying his wiles on all of them. None take notice of him, however. Presently Van Bibber appears again. He is puzzled, remarks that he has lost his bearings, that he is just where he started from. He spies the beggar again and watches him get ten cents from two men. The beggar then comes toward Van Bibber. He does not recognize him, repeats his sad tale, and Van Bibber this time hands him a half dollar, remarking to himself that now the beggar surely has enough money to buy something to eat. Then Van Bibber disappears, but almost immediately reappears. The beggar again approaches him. Van Bibber, though now thoroughly exasperated, pretends great sympathy for him. The dialogue proceeds as in the text, ending by Van Bibber's insisting on taking the beggar to breakfast.

Scene II

The scene is the eating room of a very ordinary restaurant. It may be suggested by several small tables set for serving, at some of which people are seated eating. Three or four boys wearing white aprons, napkins over their arms, stand waiting. As the curtain rises, Van Bibber enters, accompanied by the beggar. The action and the dialogue of the text are followed to the end of the story. The curtain falls as Van Bibber leaves the restaurant in triumph.

III. THE FIRST PARISH MEETING

Arthur T. Quiller-Couch

Quiller-Couch's story, *The First Parish Meeting*, furnishes a humorous situation well adapted to high school dramatization.

The scene represents a political meeting in the Town Hall of a small English settlement. A number of men are sitting at rude tables; the Chairman is seated on a slightly elevated platform. The necessary action is suggested by the text. The chief change required is the turning of indirect discourse into direct, in the first part of the story. Toward the end of the incident, the word *sick* is substituted for *cryin' out* in the speech, *Because if so, he must please come home at once, Mrs. Hansombody's cryin' out;* and the speech that follows is omitted. The curtain drops as the meeting is adjourned.

C. THE EPIC

I. LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

An episode in *Lancelot and Elaine* from Tennyson's *Idylls of the King* with all the elements of a dramatic situation is *The Quest of Gawain.* The setting is the same as that described for the first scene from this Idyll.

Elaine, dreamily wandering in the courtyard of the castle, her mind occupied with thoughts of Lancelot, suddenly looks in the direction which he had taken for the diamond joust. Her face becomes animated and she exclaims,

> *A knight returning from the diamond joust!*
> *Why hath he left the barren, beaten way?*
> *Perchance I'll learn . . .*

The knight appears at this moment and greets Elaine, who eagerly inquires,

> *O stranger knight, what news from Camelot?* (Line 616)
> *What of the knight with the red sleeve, my lord?*

The remainder of the dialogue must be similarly worked out. The action is fully described in the poem. Lines 623 through 627 must be changed from indirect to direct discourse. The time of the episode is shortened to one day. The Lord of Astolat retires into the castle after the line, *Needs must we hear.* Elaine accompanies him part way, giving opportunity for the aside of Gawain, line 640. Lines 641 through 647 may be altogether omitted or a pupil of inventive imagination may interpolate lines based on the narrative at this point. From line 648 to the departure of Gawain, line 696, the only change necessary is the completion of lines from which descriptive or explanatory elements have been removed.

This short episode makes an interesting character study of Gawain and may readily be used as a classroom exercise without scenery.

II. THE HOLY GRAIL

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Another of Tennyson's *Idylls of the King, The Holy Grail,* admits of a slightly different type of dramatic treatment from any here given, a combination of the tableau, or moving picture, with dialogue. Because of this difference, scene i is given in some detail.

The stage should be set as follows. Forward, at one side, but so that they shall be a part of the scene, without obscuring the visions as they pass, Sir Percivale and the monk Ambrosius are seated on a bench under a yew tree.

The time is late afternoon on an April day, hence the stage represents a spring landscape, though of a more somber character than for the dramatization of *Gareth and Lynette*. The general tone of the setting should be gray. If possible, a gauze curtain should be dropped across the stage, behind which the moving visions, suggested by Sir Percivale's story, come and go. This curtain may be dispensed with, however, and the effect of phantoms produced by filmy, gray cloaks, partly concealing the knightly array. Since the visions represent what is passing in the minds of the two men as the story progresses, a phantom Sir Percivale appears with the other knights.

To carry out the story consistently to its conclusion, scene ii, the return of the knights to Arthur's hall, is represented as a dream of the aged monk Ambrosius, to whom Sir Percivale has promised to relate the rest of the story at another time. When the curtain rises on the second scene, Ambrosius is alone, sleeping on the bench with his head resting against the trunk of the yew tree. The stage is now in moonlight. The costumes still preserve the grayish tone characteristic of the visions in scene i.

For the successful representation of this Idyll, a stereopticon lantern is necessary. In the pictures suggesting the visions of the Holy Grail itself, a ray of light thrown from one side, part way across the stage, will help to create the illusion.

Scene I

The dialogue begins with line 18.

AMBROSIUS

O brother, I have seen this yew-tree smoke—through line 29.

SIR PERCIVALE

Nay, brother, nay, for no such passion mine. Line 30 (slightly changed) through line 36.

AMBROSIUS

Lines 40 through 44, changing line 40 thus:

Yea, one of your own knights, a guest of ours . . .

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 45 through 58, changing line 45 thus:

Nay monk! no phantom, but the Holy Grail.

AMBROSIUS

Line 67.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 68 through 72, changed to read:

A nun—no further off in blood from me
Than sister; and if ever holy maid
With knees of adoration wore the stone,
A holy maid . . .

AMBROSIUS (Interrupting)

But tell me how the miracle was wrought.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 76 and 77, combined thus:

She gave herself to prayer, and fast, and alms.

Continue with lines 83 through 107; then 124 through 128.

First Vision

As Sir Percivale continues with lines 101 through 107 and 124 through 128, the picture of the nun suggested by the lines appears, moves slowly across the rear of the stage, and disappears, following a ray of light thrown by a lantern at the side.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 134 through 142; 149 (change *but* to *and*) through 157; 160 through 165.

Second Vision

Galahad and the nun appear at the words, *Go forth*, the picture suggesting the beginning of Galahad's quest under the nun's inspiration. They move slowly across the stage and disappear.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 179 through 202.

AMBROSIUS

Line 204.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 205 and 206 combined thus:

Nay, for my lord the King was not in hall.

AMBROSIUS (Interpolate)

But when the King returned did he see nought?

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 216 through 224; 258 through 276; line 314 changed thus:

But since your vows are sacred, ye must go!

AMBROSIUS (Interpolate)

And did ye all at once fulfill your vows?

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 328 through 332, condensed thus:

Nay, when the sun broke next from under ground,
At Arthur's bidding, all the Table Round
Closed in a tourney, such as Camelot
Had never seen since first the King was crowned.

Continue with line 338, followed by:

We passed along the streets of Camelot;
And knights and ladies wept, and rich and poor
Wept, and the King himself could hardly speak
For grief,—but some there were who called, "God speed!"

Then lines 358 through 360.

AMBROSIUS (Interpolate)

And then, my brother, thou wert surely first
Or second only unto Galahad! . . . The cup?

SIR PERCIVALE (Sadly)

Yea, so I thought at first—I felt, I knew
That I should light upon the Holy Grail!

Continue with lines 361 through 365; 368 through 378. Interpolate:

Another time, O brother, I will tell
Thee how strange visions came and went, and how
I took the false for true, until I found
A holy hermit in a hermitage.

Then lines 444 through 446; 454 through 460.

Third Vision

The appearance of Sir Galahad in the hermit's cell is represented, as lines 458 through 460 are spoken. The three phantoms move slowly across the stage as in the other visions.

SIR PERCIVALE (After the vision passes)

Lines 461 through 465; then,

Now I go hence, and one will crown me king,

Lines 483 through 488.

AMBROSIUS (Interpolate)

And then at last ye saw the Holy Grail?

SIR PERCIVALE (Interpolate)

Yea, from afar, as Galahad entered in.

Lines 526 through 532 beginning,

I saw the spiritual city and all her spires.

Then line 534 changed to read,

And how my feet retraced the path I came.

Lines 535 through 539.

AMBROSIUS

Lines 561 through 563 beginning,

O brother, saving this Sir Galahad.

SIR PERCIVALE

Lines 564 through 567. Percivale sits in meditation, as the vision which represents his great temptation passes.

Fourth Vision

The Princess, with her maidens crosses the stage and greets the phantom Sir Percivale, who disappears with her.

AMBROSIUS (Interrupting Sir Percivale's meditation)
Lines 630 and 631 combined to read:

Saw ye, save Galahad, no other knights?

SIR PERCIVALE
Lines 632 through 643.

Fifth Vision

The figure of Sir Bors passes across the stage, disappearing as line 634 is spoken.

AMBROSIUS
Lines 696 through 707, beginning thus,

A pelican on the casque? Sir Bors it was.

SIR PERCIVALE.

Ay, brother, truly, since the living words.

Then lines 708 through 711.

Interpolate:

But night has fallen since my tale began,
And thou art weary, so another day
I'll tell thee what befell at Arthur's court,
When some of those who went upon the quest
Returned and stood before the King . . .

Scene II

The stage setting must remain practically the same for this scene, as this is simply another vision. But provision can be made in the original setting for a raised seat for King Arthur at the rear-center, forming a part of the surroundings of the monastery.

As the treatment of the text in this part of the Idyll is the same as that illustrated in detail in the scenes

from *Gareth and Lynette* and *Lancelot and Elaine*, no further suggestions are necessary except for the close. After Arthur's address to the knights, they softly disappear like the phantoms in scene i. Ambrosius wakens, looks about him in bewilderment, rises sleepily, and, as he moves slowly toward the exit by which Sir Percivale departed, says dreamily,

> *I must have slept, and dreamt I saw the King*
> *And those great knights of Arthur's Table Round!*
> *And yet how real they seemed!* . . .

III. SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Matthew Arnold

The incident of the challenge, in *Sohrab and Rustum*, lines 195 through 269, furnishes a dramatic situation from the poem. It may be used as a second scene, coming between the two dramatized. Few changes of setting are necessary. Rustum's tent is of scarlet cloth, an effect which may be produced by covering the tent of Peran-Wisa without removing it, if the two scenes are to be used together. The poem fully describes the stage furniture required. This must, of course, be modified to suit conditions. The falcon, for example, will have to be omitted. The scene is so short that the speeches will require little cutting, but the long speech of Rustum, lines 221 through 241 may be broken by interpolating one or two lines for Gudurz. One such interruption might follow line 227. The treatment of the text is so simple and so exactly like that illustrated by the two scenes dramatized, that further suggestions are unnecessary.

The scene may end with Rustum's call to his followers, or, if conditions admit, the curtain may fall on the scene described in lines 265 through 269.

IV. THE ILIAD

(Line numbers refer to Pope's Translation, but any good text may be used.)

Priam's *Appeal to Achilles* for the body of Hector, Book XXIV will make an effective scene of a totally different character from the episode of *The Quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles.* The following suggestions may be helpful in dramatizing the scene.

The time is toward morning. The stage at first is in almost total darkness except for a faint glow from a torch burning in Achilles' tent. The light thrown upon the stage should remain dim until the departure of Hermes, after which it should gradually reach the full morning light.

The stage represents the interior of Achilles' tent, with its immediate surroundings. Achilles is seated on a stool, his head resting on one hand, his whole attitude suggestive of deep grief. On one side, a little to the rear of Achilles, his two friends, Automedon and Alcimus, are lying asleep. The curtain rises on this picture.

Enter the goddess-mother, Thetis, in flowing robe of filmy sea-green, sparkling here and there to suggest water; on her feet, silver sandals; in her hand, a silver scepter, resembling Neptune's trident. She stands by Achilles' side and lays her hand upon his head.

The dialogue begins; lines 163 through 174.

Interpolate an appropriate farewell speech for Thetis, who disappears into the darkness. If a magic lantern is available, the spotlight may be effectively used here.

Achilles resumes his former attitude. As he sits oblivious of his surroundings, Hermes and Priam appear at the opening of his tent: line 562.

For a description of Hermes' appearance, see lines 417 through 426.

Hermes, having conducted Priam to the tent, now takes his leave: lines 565 through 575. Priam and Hermes are on foot when they appear at the tent, not in the chariot as described in the poem, since this would make the staging too complicated for high school use.

Priam enters the tent. The stage "business" is fully described in the text.

Priam addresses Achilles: lines 598 through 633. This speech should be cut a little. The action for Achilles is described in lines 634 through 652.

The next speech of Achilles should be cut considerably and the situation might be made more dramatic by interpolating short exclamations for Priam. Priam's stage "business" should be related throughout to the points of Achilles' speech.

Treat similarly the dialogue to line 720.

At line 720, to prevent the necessity of change of scene, a speech should be introduced for Priam, relative to the ransom. He then withdraws to bring in the ransom.

A short speech for Achilles is here necessary, giving directions to his two companions, Automedon and Alcimus, (who awaken on the entrance of Priam) to oversee the bringing of the gifts from Priam's chariot.

Achilles, now alone, groans and calls upon Patroclus: lines 740 through 745.

Priam returns, accompanied by Automedon, Alcimus, and servants bearing gifts. This scene may be made a Greek pageant with variety in costuming, and in the character of the gifts, and with a picturesque arrangement of the procession.

Achilles speaks: lines 749 through 785. Cut liberally according to the climax chosen for the episode. This may be either the invitation to the feast, or Achilles' final surrender to the will of Priam. In the latter case a short speech should be introduced for Achilles, directing Automedon and Alcimus to prepare a feast in Priam's honor.

Preparation for the feast (handmaidens bearing dishes, tables, food, etc.) will make an impressive background. The climax is reached in Achilles' complete surrender to Priam's will.

V. THE ODYSSEY

Butcher and Lang's Translation

The Assembly at Ithaca, Book II, may be utilized as a unit for dramatization. The stage setting is similar to that described for the first scene from the *Iliad*. The curtain rises on the Assembly at the moment of the entrance of Telemachus, who sits down in his father's place. The first change necessary is the shortening of the long speech of Telemachus beginning, *Old man, he is not far off*. Several other speeches will demand the same treatment. The episode of the eagles will have to be related by some one in the Assembly as an omen observed by him. Halitherses, who interprets the omen, may tell the incident as an experience on his way to the Assembly. The passionate speech of Leiocritus addressed to Mentor brings the Assembly to a dramatic end. Telemachus remains behind, cast down by the failure of his appeal. He addresses a prayer to Athene, who appears at its close in the form of Mentor. The scene concludes with the departure of the two in opposite directions to make ready for the voyage.

There are numerous scenes from the *Odyssey* that may be woven into a series of beautiful tableaux, showing the place of women in the Greek household. Athene, Penelope, Arete, Nausicaä, Helen, the faithful Eurycleia, handmaidens, and dancing girls, furnish a list rich in suggestion.

The entertainment of Odysseus in Phaeacia, Book VIII, lends itself to dramatic treatment of a sort that ought to

make a strong appeal to first year high school boys especially. This should be a real out-of-door scene. The school yard of most high schools will be adapted to the purpose.

Alcinoüs has brought Odysseus to the assembly place where the Phaeacian youths are already gathered to do honor to the stranger in feats of strength and skill. As the curtain rises, the crowd is divided into merry groups. Alcinoüs enters from one side in conversation with Odysseus. The arrangement of the stage is the same as for the Assembly in the *Iliad*, except that the seats are more in the background, leaving an open space for the games.

At the first words of Alcinoüs, the talking stops, and the assembled Phaeacians listen to the commands of the king beginning, *Hearken, ye captains and counsellors of the Phaeacians.* Change *Let us go forth anon and make trial of divers games* to *Let us make trial*, etc.

He conducts Odysseus to the place of honor in the Assembly, and the other spectators seat themselves. The games are led by the sons of the king of Phaeacia. Each sport mentioned by Alcinoüs—boxing, wrestling, leaping, foot-racing—may be represented. In these days of athletics in high schools, there will be no difficulty in training boys for such contests. Remarks for Alcinoüs, Odysseus, and others must be interpolated. A master of ceremonies arranges the program and sees to its execution.

The text itself furnishes the dialogue for the rest of the scene. The challenge to Odysseus, his acceptance, his exhibition of strength in throwing the discus, the aid of Athene in human form, all contribute to a strong climax. The speech of Alcinoüs in answer to Odysseus may be slightly cut. The scene is brought to a close with the dance as described in the text.

D. THE BALLAD

I. ROBIN HOOD AND THE BEGGAR

A Robin Hood ballad suitable for dramatization by high school pupils is *Robin Hood and the Beggar* as given in Vol. III, page 187, of *British Poets*, Riverside Press, 1880. This ballad might be very easily dramatized in four scenes, as suggested below. The setting throughout is the greenwood.

Scene I

Robin Hood is discovered walking through the forest; he meets the beggar; they fight; Robin is worsted and the beggar goes scot free. For a description of the dress of the beggar see stanzas 3, 4, 5, 6. Action begins at stanza 7; conversation follows, stanzas 8 through 20, substitution of a phrase being necessary now and then for such expressions as, *Says good Robin, The beggar answered cankeredly*, etc. The fight is described in stanzas 21 through 26. The scene closes with the remarks of the beggar, stanzas 27 and 28, and his departure, leaving Robin lying prone, stanzas 29 and 30.

Scene II

The scene opens with the chance discovery of Robin's plight by three of his men, stanza 1 of the Second Part of the ballad. They bring Robin back to consciousness by throwing cold water in his face, stanzas 2, 3, 4. Conversation begins between the men and Robin in stanza 5. In stanzas 6 through 10, Robin tells his experience and bids his men avenge him. It might be well here to interrupt Robin by inserting two or three speeches for the men. In stanzas 11 through 15, the men plan to overtake the beggar and Robin warns them to beware of his pike-staff. In stanza 16, two of the men depart, leaving their companion to care for Robin.

Scene III

The scene opens as the beggar is hurrying along. The two men are hiding behind a tree. Suddenly they leap upon him, stanza 22, and despoil him, stanza 24. The appeal of the beggar comes next, stanzas 27 and 28; then the retort of the men, stanzas 29 and 30. The beggar's explanation and proposal occur in stanzas 35 through 38. The beggar is freed in stanza 39. The men hold council, stanzas 39, 40, 41; they tell the beggar their decision, stanza 42. Stanzas 44 through 46 give the action of the beggar preparatory to the climax, flinging the meal in the men's faces, stanza 47. His chastisement of the men occurs next, stanzas 49 and 50. The men start to run away, stanza 51; the beggar addresses them, stanzas 52 and 53. Stanzas 54 and 55 tell of the beggar's escape.

Scene IV

This scene discovers Robin half reclining on the ground, his companion keeping watch by his side. As the curtain rises, the men come running in all covered with meal. Robin greets them, stanza 56, and inquires why they are covered with meal, stanza 57. They tell their story, stanza 60 through 62. The ballad is here in indirect discourse. It must be turned into speeches for the men. The thought of the last stanza should be suggested by inserting a speech for Robin with appropriate action.

E. THE LYRIC

I. SHORT LYRICS

For treatment similar to that applied to the *Spring Fantasy*, the following themes are suggested: Winter, worked up, through various poets, into a Christmas

celebration; Greek Characters from the poets, forming a series of classic tableaux; Fairy-lore and the World of Mystery, from poems dealing with the supernatural. The field is almost inexhaustible.

II. L'ALLEGRO AND IL PENSEROSO

John Milton

The many charming pictures found in *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* can be profitably visualized for high school use. Such presentation helps materially in interpreting the poems. The reader, in this case, may be dressed in cap and gown to impersonate the young Milton. As in other similar dramatic adaptations, he stands far to one side of the stage, so that he in no way becomes a part of the stage picture. The following tableaux are suggested.

L'Allegro

TABLEAU I. *Banishment of Melancholy*

The stage presents a spring landscape. Melancholy, clad in somber robes, enters and moves about as if seeking a safe retreat during the reading of the opening lines. At the conclusion, Melancholy disappears.

Reading. (Lines 1 through 10.)

TABLEAU II. *Summons of Mirth*

As Melancholy disappears, Mirth comes tripping in, followed by her companions, Jest, Jollity, Quips, Cranks, Wiles, Nods, Becks, Smiles, Sport, Laughter, and Liberty, appropriately gowned in Greek robes, flowers garlanded about them. At the closing lines,

Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty;

Mirth takes Liberty by the hand and leads in a merry dance. Music.

Reading. (Lines 11 through 36.)

TABLEAU III. *Country Dance on the Green*

As the curtain rises, many girls and boys come trooping in, dressed in picturesque country fashion. One or two have violins on which they are playing a merry tune. They form for dancing, and as the lines are read go through with the figures of a country dance.

Reading. (Lines 91 through 99.)

TABLEAU IV. *Fireside Scene*

A merry group of country lads and lasses are seated about a blazing fireplace, cracking nuts, and telling tales.

Reading. (Lines 100 through 116.)

TABLEAU V. *L'Allegro*

The scene is a spring landscape. L'Allegro is discovered alone, seated on a rustic bench listening entranced, to music, as the concluding lines of the poem are read.

Reading. (Lines 135 through poem.)

Il Penseroso

TABLEAU I. *Banishment of Joys*

The scene presents an autumn landscape. Several girls gayly dressed enter and frolic about the stage during the reading. All rush madly out as the last line is read.

Reading. (Lines 1 through 10.)

TABLEAU II. *Summons of Melancholy*

As the lines for this tableau are read, Melancholy, arrayed in soft, clinging robes of somber hue, enters "with even step, and musing gait." She is followed by her com-

panions, Peace, Quiet, Fast, Leisure, and Contemplation. They join in a stately march, which they execute with much grace to slow music.

Reading. (Lines 11 through 54; omitting 17 through 22 and 25 through 30.)

Tableau III. *Fireside Scene*

Il Penseroso, dressed as a mediaeval student, sits on a rude bench before a grate fire, which has almost died out. An open book is on his lap, but he is lost in contemplation and gazes at the flickering logs, as the lines are read.

Reading. (Lines 73 through 84.)

Tableau IV. *Il Penseroso*

Il Penseroso, garbed in monastic robe, prayer book in hand, paces back and forth with measured tread, while solemn music is softly played.

Reading. (Lines 155 through poem.)

I. Texts Used for Specimen Dramatizations

Arnold, Matthew. (*Sohrab and Rustum.*)
Shorter English Poems. (The Lake English Classics, Scott, Foresman and Company.)
Browning, Robert. (*Song from Pippa Passes.*)
Selected Poems. (The Lake English Classics.)
Butcher, S. H. and Lang, A. (Translators)
The Odyssey of Homer. (The Macmillan Company.)
Chaucer, Geoffrey. (*The Prologue.*)
Selections from Chaucer. (The Lake English Classics.)
Cooper, James F. *The Last of the Mohicans.*
(The Lake English Classics.)
Dickens, Charles. *A Tale of Two Cities.*
(The Lake English Classics.)
Eliot, George. *Silas Marner.*
(The Lake English Classics.)
Gayley, C. M. and Flaherty, M. C. (*Robin Hood Ballads.*)
Poetry of the People. (Ginn and Company.)
Goldsmith, Oliver. *The Vicar of Wakefield.*
(The Lake English Classics.)
Hawthorne, Nathaniel.
(*David Swan* and *The Ambitious Guest.*)
Twice-Told Tales. (The Lake English Classics.)
(*Feathertop.*)
Mosses from an Old Manse. (The Macmillan Company.)
Irving, Washington. (*The Adventure of My Aunt.*)
Tales of a Traveller. (The Lake English Classics.)
Lang, A., Leaf, W., and Myers, E. (Translators)
The Iliad of Homer. (The Macmillan Company.)
Longfellow, Henry W. (*Tales of a Wayside Inn.*)
Narrative Poems. (The Lake English Classics.)
Milton, John. (*Comus.*)
Minor Poems. (The Lake English Classics.)

Palgrave, Francis T.
The Golden Treasury. (The Lake English Classics.)
(Herrick's *To Daffodils; Corinna's Maying.*)
(Wordsworth's *The Daffodils.*)
Poe, Edgar Allan. (*The Purloined Letter.*)
Poems and Tales. (The Lake English Classics.)
Scott, Sir Walter. *Ivanhoe.*
(The Lake English Classics.)
Stevenson, R. L.
Kidnapped. (The Macmillan Company.)
Treasure Island. (The Lake English Classics.)
Tennyson, Alfred, Lord. (*The Brook; Gareth and Lynette; Lancelot and Elaine.*)
Selected Poems. (The Lake English Classics.)
Thackeray, W. M. *Henry Esmond.*
(The Lake English Classics.)

II. Texts Used for Further Suggestions

Child, Francis J. (Editor). (*Robin Hood and the Beggar.*)
Ballads, Vol. III, *British Poets.* (Houghton, Osgood and Company.)
Davis, Richard Harding. (*The Hungry Man Was Fed.*)
Van Bibber and Others. (Harper Brothers.)
Tennyson, Alfred. (*The Holy Grail* and *The May Queen.*)
The Works of Tennyson. (The Macmillan Company.)
Quiller-Couch, Arthur T. (*The First Parish Meeting.*)
Wandering Heath. (Charles Scribner's Sons.)

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Chubb, Percival. *Festivals and Plays.* (Harper and Brothers.)

Deahl, J. N. *Imitation in Education, Its Nature, Scope, and Significance.* (The Macmillan Company.)

Groos, Karl. *The Play of Man.* (D. Appleton and Company.)

Grosse, Ernst. *The Beginnings of Art.* (D. Appleton and Company.)

Haskell, Ellen M. *Imitation in Children.* (Ped. Sem., Vol. III (1894–1895), pp. 30–47.)

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Practical Illustrations

Bryant, Sarah Cone. *Stories to Tell Children.* (Houghton Mifflin Company.)

Gomme, Alice B. *Children's Singing Games with the Tunes to Which They Are Sung.* (D. Nutt, London, 1894.)

Knight, Marietta. *Dramatic Reader for Grammar Grades.* (American Book Company.) (The purpose of the book is to help oral reading.)

Laselle, Mary A. *Dramatization of School Classics.* A Dramatic Reader for Grammar and Secondary Schools.

(Educational Publishing Company.) (The only duplicates of material used in the present volume are *The Vicar of Wakefield* and *Ivanhoe*. The scenes chosen are different, however. In the first, *Moses at the Fair* is dramatized; in the second, *The Archery Contest*.)

Miller, G. M. *The Dramatic Element in the Popular Ballad*. (The University of Cincinnati Press.)

Stearns, Charles. *Dramatic Dialogues for the Use of Schools*. Published in the year 1798, at Leominster, Massachusetts. (This is a curious old volume. Its purpose is purely pedagogical and ethical.)

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Woodbury, Sarah E. *Dramatization in the Grammar Grades*. (Baumgardt Publishing Company.)

Stage Setting and Costuming

Abrahams, E. B. *Greek Dress*. (J. Murray, London, 1908. (Chap. ii, *Homeric*, with plates.)

Calthrop, Dion Clayton. *English Costume*. (A. and C. Black, London, 1906.) 4 vols.: (1, *Early English;* 2, *Middle Ages;* 3, *Tudor and Stuart;* 4, *Georgian*—Excellent.)

Catlin, George. *North American Indians*. (J. Grant, Edinburgh, 1903.) 400 illustrations.

Clinch, George. *English Costume*. (Methuen and Company, London, 1909.) (One vol.—From pre-historic times to the end of 18th century.—Rich in plates.)

Earle, Alice Morse. *Two Centuries of Costume in America*. Two vols. (The Macmillan Company.)

Evans, Maria M. *Chapters on Greek Dress*. (The Macmillan Company.) (With plates. Chap. ii, *Homeric*.)

Falke, Jakob von. *Greece and Rome, Their Life and Art.* (Henry Holt and Company.) Translated by W. H. Browne. (Rich in plates, showing furniture, dress, etc.)

Gulick, Charles B. *The Life of the Ancient Greeks.* (D. Appleton and Company.) (Excellent. Rich in illustrations of buildings, furniture, household utensils, dress, etc.)

Heath, Sidney. *Pilgrim Life in the Middle Ages.* (Houghton Mifflin Company.) (See *Pilgrims, Customs, Tokens,* chap. vi.)

McClellan, Elisabeth. *Historic Dress in America,* 1607–1800. (G. W. Jacobs and Company, Philadelphia.) (Many Plates.)

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Saunders, John (Editor.)—*The Canterbury Tales.* (J. M. Dent & Sons, London, 1894.) (Illustrated—Good for costumes and customs.)

Traill, H. D. (Editor.)—*Social England.* (6 vols.) (Cassell and Company.)

Ward, H. Snowden. *The Canterbury Pilgrimages.* (Lippincott Company.) (Excellent illustrations.)

Music

(Old airs suitable for Robin Hood ballads and songs in the dramatizations of Chaucer and Scott.)

Chubb, Percival. *Festivals and Plays.* (Harper and Brothers.)

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FIRST YEAR

TREASURE ISLAND

Robert Louis Stevenson

PREFATORY NOTE

Chaps. xxviii, xxix, and xxx in *Treasure Island* make a good dramatic unit suitable for two scenes: *In the Enemy's Camp* and *The Way Out*. The dialogue is practically unchanged, though much abridged, especially Silver's long speeches. The only important change of situation occurs in the interview between Dr. Livesey and Jim in scene ii. In the dramatic adaptation this takes place in the block-house, the men going outside, while in the story Jim and the Doctor retire. The reason is obvious: no change of setting is necessary and the action is continuous. Other slight variations are made by beginning scene i with Jim's arrival, which occurs in the last part of the preceding chapter, and ending scene ii with Silver's speech at the opening of chap. xxxi.

It goes without saying, that here, as in all other dramatizations in which pipes and tobacco are required as stage properties, the smoking is simulated; and that here, as in all other drinking scenes, a substitute for liquor is used.

Scene I

In the Enemy's Camp

Characters:

Silver.
Jim Hawkins.
Morgan.
John, the wounded man.
George.
Dick, and others.

The stage represents the interior of the block-house. The furniture consists of two couches, made of boughs and covered with blankets, for Silver and John, the wounded man; logs;

boxes; and a large cask, containing a liquid to represent brandy. As the curtain rises, Silver and his men are discovered asleep. The stage is very dimly lighted. Jim enters stealthily, stumbles against a box and overturns it. The noise awakens the men, who spring to their feet, except the wounded man, who raises his head and supports himself on his elbow.

SILVER. Who goes? [*Jim turns to escape, strikes against one of the men, and runs into the arms of Silver*] Bring a light, Dick. [*Dick comes at once with a torch or lantern*] Jim!—So here's Jim Hawkins, shiver my timbers! dropped in like, eh?—Well, come, I take that friendly. [*Sits down on the brandy cask and fills his pipe. Jim stands where Silver has placed him, with back against the wall, looking dazed*] You, gentlemen, bring yourselves to! You needn't stand up for Mr. Hawkins; he'll excuse you!—And so, Jim, [*busy with pipe*] here you are, and quite a pleasant surprise for poor old John! I see you were smart when first I set my eyes on you; but this here gets away from me clean, it do! [*Jim starts forward as if to speak, but drops back against the wall*] Now, you see, Jim, so be as you are here, I'll give you a piece of my mind. I've always liked you, I have, for a lad of spirit, and the picter of my own self when I was young and handsome. I always wanted you to jine and take your share, and die a gentleman, and now, my cock, you've got to. Cap'n Smollett's a fine seaman, as I'll own up to any day, but stiff on discipline. "Dooty is dooty," says he, and right he is. Just you keep clear of the cap'n. The doctor himself is gone dead again you—"ungrateful scamp" was what he said; and the short and the long of the whole story is about here: you can't go back to your own lot, for they won't have you; and, without you start a third ship's company all

by yourself, which might be lonely, you'll have to jine with Cap'n Silver. I don't say nothing as to your being in our hands, though there you are, and you may lay to it. I'm all for argyment; I never seen good come out o' threatening. If you like the service, well, you'll jine; and if you don't, Jim, why, you're free to answer no—free and welcome, shipmate; and if fairer can be said by mortal seaman, shiver my sides!

JIM. [*In a tremulous voice*] Am I to answer, then?

SILVER. Lad, no one's a-pressing of you. Take your bearings. None of us won't hurry you, mate; time goes so pleasant in your company, you see.

JIM. [*More boldly*] Well, if I'm to choose, I declare I've a right to know what's what, and why you're here, and where my friends are.

MORGAN. "Wot's wot?"—Ah, he'd be a lucky one as knowed that!

SILVER. You'll batten down your hatches till you're spoke to, my friend. [*To Jim more graciously*] Yesterday morning, Mr. Hawkins, in the dog-watch, down come Dr. Livesey with a flag of truce. Says he, "Cap'n Silver, you're sold out. Ship's gone." We looked out, and by thunder! the old ship was gone. I never seen a pack o' fools look fishier! "Well," says the doctor, "let's bargain." We bargained, him and I, and here we are: stores—block-house—firewood. As for them, they've tramped; I don't know where's they are. [*Drawing quietly at his pipe*] And lest you should take it into that head of yours, that you was included in the treaty, here's the last word that was said: "How many are you," says I, "to leave?" "Four," says he—"four, and one of us wounded. As for that boy, I don't know where he is, confound him," says he, "nor I don't much care. We're about sick of him." These was his words.

JIM. Is that all?

SILVER. Well, it's all that you're to hear, my son.

JIM. And now I am to choose?

SILVER. And now you are to choose, and you may lay to that.

JIM. Well, I'm not such a fool but I know pretty well what I have to look for. Let the worst come to the worst, it's little I care. I've seen too many die since I fell in with you. But there's a thing or two I have to tell you, [*excitedly*] and the first is this: here you are in a bad way: ship lost, treasure lost, men lost; your whole business gone to wreck; and if you want to know who did it—it was I! [*Men look at each other in amazement*] I was in the apple barrel the night we sighted land, and I heard you, John, and you, Dick Johnson, and Hands, who is now at the bottom of the sea, and told every word you said before the hour was out. And as for the schooner, it was I who cut her cable, and it was I who killed the men you had aboard of her, and it was I who brought her where you'll never see her more, not one of you. The laugh's on my side; I've had the top of this business from the first; I no more fear you than I fear a fly. Kill me, if you please, or spare me. But one thing I'll say, and no more; if you spare me, bygones are bygones, and when you fellows are in court for piracy, I'll save you all I can. It's for you to choose. Kill another and do yourselves no good, or spare me and keep a witness to save you from the gallows. [*Men sit staring at Jim*] And now, Mr. Silver, I believe you're the best man here, and if things go the worst, I'll take it kind of you to let the doctor know the way I took it.

SILVER. [*Significantly*] I'll bear it in mind.

MORGAN. I'll put one to that! It was him that knowed Black Dog.

SILVER. Well, and see here. I'll put another again to that, by thunder! for it was this same boy that faked the chart from Billy Bones. First and last, we've split upon Jim Hawkins!

MORGAN. Then here goes! [*Springs up and draws knife*]

SILVER. Avast, there! Who are you, Tom Morgan? Did you think you was cap'n here? By the powers, but I'll teach you better! Cross me, and you'll go where many a good man's gone before you, first and last, these thirty year back! There's never a man looked me between the eyes and seen a good day a'terwards, Tom Morgan, you may lay to that.

Morgan pauses; a hoarse murmur arises among the others.

JOHN. Tom's right.

GEORGE. I stood hazing long enough from one. I'll be hanged if I'll be hazed by you, John Silver.

SILVER. Did any of you gentlemen want to have it out with me? [*Silver bends forward, pipe still in hand*] You know the way!—Well, I'm ready! Take a cutlass, him that dares! [*No man stirs*] That's your sort, is it? [*Scornfully*] Well, you're a gay lot to look at. Not worth much to fight, you ain't. P'r'aps you can understand King George's English. I'm cap'n here by 'lection. I'm cap'n here because I'm the best man by a long sea-mile. You won't fight, as gentlemen o' fortune should; then by thunder you'll obey, and you may lay to it! I like that boy now; I never seen a better boy than that. He's more a man than any pair of you! Let me see him that'll lay a hand on him—that's what I say, and you may lay to it. [*Jim stands straight against the wall, looking more hopeful. Silver leans back against the other wall, pipe in mouth, arms crossed, calm, but watching the men furtively. The men draw*

together and whisper] You seem to have a lot to say. Pipe up and let me hear it, or lay to.

DICK. This crew's dissatisfied; this crew has its rights like other crews; and by your own rules, I take it we can talk together. I ax your pardon, sir, acknowledging you to be capting at this present; but I claim my right and steps outside for a council. [*Goes out*]

ONE OF THE MEN. [*Saluting, follows*] According to rules.

MORGAN. Foc's'le' council.

All march out. Jim and Silver are left alone.

SILVER. [*Beckons to Jim. Both sit down*] Now look you here, Jim Hawkins, you're within half a plank of death, and what's a long sight worse, of torture. They're going to throw me off. But you mark, I stand by you through thick and thin. I didn't mean to; no, not till you spoke up. I was about desperate to lose that much blunt, and be hanged into the bargain. But I see you was the right sort. I says to myself: "You stand by Hawkins, John, and Hawkins'll stand by you. You're his last card, and by the living thunder, John, he's yours! Back to back, says I. You save your witness and he'll save your neck."

JIM. You mean all is lost?

SILVER. Ay, by gum, I do! Ship gone, neck gone—that's the size of it. Once I looked into that bay, Jim Hawkins, and seen no schooner—well I'm tough, but I gave out. As for that lot and their council, mark me, they're outright fools and cowards. I'll save your life—if so be as I can—from them. But see here, Jim—tit for tat—you save Long John from swinging.

JIM. What I can do, that I'll do.

SILVER. It's a bargain! You speak up plucky, and, by thunder! I've a chance. [*Hobbles to torch to light pipe*

again] Understand me, Jim,—I've a head on my shoulders, I have. I know you've got that ship safe somewheres. How you done it I don't know. I ask no questions, nor I won't let others. I know when a game's up, I do; and I know a lad that's staunch! [*Drawing brandy from the cask into a tin cup*] Will you taste, messmate? [*Jim shakes his head*] Well, I'll take a drain myself, Jim. I need a caulker, for there's trouble on hand. And talking o' trouble, why did the doctor give me the chart, Jim?

JIM. [*Astonished*] Give you the chart!

SILVER. Ay, that he did! And there's something under that, no doubt—bad or good.

Takes another swallow of brandy as he hears the men returning.

JIM. [*Looking out of a loophole*] Here they come!

Returns to former position.

SILVER. Well, let 'em come, lad—let 'em come. I've still a shot in my locker! [*The men stand huddled inside the door; then push one of their number forward. He advances slowly, awkwardly, holding closed right hand in front of him*] Step up, lad—I won't eat you. Hand it over, lubber. I know the rules, I do; I won't hurt a depytation.

The man slips something into Silver's hand, and slinks back hastily to the group.

SILVER. [*Looks at what he holds in his hand*] The black spot! I thought so. Where might you have got the paper? Why, hillo! Look here, now; this ain't lucky! You've gone and cut this out of a Bible. What fool's cut a Bible?

MORGAN. [*To men*] Ah, there! there! Wot did I say? No good'll come o' that, I said.

SILVER. Well, you've about fixed it now, among you.

You'll all swing now, I reckon. What soft-headed lubber had a Bible?

ONE OF MEN. It was Dick.

SILVER. Dick, was it? Then Dick can get to prayers. He's seen his slice of luck, has Dick.

GEORGE. Belay that talk, John Silver. This crew has tipped you the black spot in full council, as in dooty bound; just you turn it over, as in dooty bound, and see what's wrote there. Then you can talk.

SILVER. Thanky, George. You always was brisk for business, and has the rules by heart, George, as I'm pleased to see. Well, what is it, anyway? Ah! "Deposed"—that's it, is it? Very pretty wrote, to be sure; like print, I swear. Your hand o' write, George? Why, you was gettin' quite a leadin' man in this here crew. You'll be cap'n next, I shouldn't wonder. Just oblige me with that light again, will you? This pipe don't draw.

GEORGE. Come, now, you don't fool this crew no more. You're a funny man, by your account; but you're over now, and you'll maybe step down off that barrel and help vote.

SILVER. [*Contemptuously*] I thought you said you knowed the rules. Leastways if you don't, I do; and I wait here—and I'm still your cap'n, mind—till you outs with your grievances, and I reply; in the meantime, your black spot ain't worth a biscuit. After that, we'll see.

GEORGE. Oh, you don't be under no kind of apprehension; we're all square, we are. First, you've made a hash of this cruise. Second, you let the enemy out o' this here trap for nothing. Why did they want out? I dunno; but its pretty plain they wanted it. Third, you wouldn't let us go at them upon the march. Oh, we see through you, John Silver; you want to play

booty; that's what's wrong with you. And then, fourth, there's this here boy.

SILVER. [*Quietly*] Is that all?

GEORGE. Enough, too. We'll all swing and sun-dry for your bungling.

SILVER. Well, now, look here, I'll answer these four p'ints; one after another I'll answer 'em. I made a hash o' this cruise, did I? Well, now, you all know what I wanted; and you all know, if that had been done, that we'd a' been aboard the Hispaniola this night as ever was, every man of us alive, and fit, and full of good plum-duff, and the treasure in the hold of her, by thunder! Well, who crossed me? Who forced my hand, as was the lawful cap'n? Who tipped me the black spot the day we landed, and began this dance? Ah, it's a fine dance—I'm with you there—and looks mighty like a hornpipe in a rope's end at Execution Dock by London town, it does. But who done it? Why, it was Anderson, and Hands, and you, George Merry! And you're the last above board of that same meddling crew; and you have the Davy Jones's insolence to up and stand for cap'n over me—you, that sunk the lot of us! By the powers! but this tops the stiffest yarn to nothing. [*George and the rest look at each other, showing that Silver's words have made an impression on them*] That's for number one. [*Wiping his brow*] Why, I give you my word, I'm sick to speak to you. You've neither sense nor memory, and I leave it to fancy where your mothers was that let you come to sea. Sea! Gentlemen o' fortune! I reckon tailors is your trade.

MORGAN. Go on, John. Speak up to the others!

SILVER. Ah, the others! They're a nice lot, ain't they? You say this cruise is bungled. Ah! by gum, if you could understand how bad it's bungled, you would see!

We're that near the gibbet, that my neck's stiff with thinking on it. [*Men shudder. Some involuntarily feel of their necks*] Now that's about where we are, thanks to you fools!

Jim, eagerly listening, makes a noise, drawing to himself the attention of the men.

GEORGE. [*Sullenly*] The boy!

SILVER. If you want to know about number four, and that boy, why, shiver my timbers! Isn't he a hostage? Kill a hostage! No, not us; he might be our last chance!

The men mutter, and confer. Jim steps back, relieved.

MORGAN. Why wouldn't you let us go at 'em on the march?

SILVER. Number three, eh? Well, there's a deal to say to number three! Maybe you don't count it nothing to have a real college doctor come to see you every day. You, John, with your head broke—or you, George Merry, with your ague fits, and your eyes, this very minute, the color of lemon peel! And maybe you didn't know there was a consort coming, either? [*Men look at each other in surprise*] But there is,—and not so long till then. And we'll see who'll be glad to have a hostage when it come to that.

GEORGE. [*Still sullen, but not so bold*] Hostage! We had 'em all in our power. Why—

SILVER. [*Interrupting*] I've kept number two till the last. I made a bargain—well, you came crawling on your knees to me to make it—you was that downhearted—[*scornfully*] and you'd have starved, too, if I hadn't—but that's a trifle! You look here—that's why!

He takes from his pocket a yellow paper, unrolls it, and throws it dramatically upon the floor. Jim starts forward. The men leap upon it.

JIM. [*Aside*] The chart! What could the doctor have meant by this!

The men pass it back and forth, tearing it from one another.

GEORGE. The gold is ours, men!

MORGAN. That's Flint, sure enough,—J. F.

JOHN. And a score below, with a clove hitch to it; so he done ever!

GEORGE. But how are we to get away with it, and us no ship?

SILVER. [*Springing up suddenly, and supporting himself with a hand against the wall*] Now, I give you warning, George. One more word of your sauce, and I'll call you down and fight you. How? Why, how do I know? You had ought to tell me that—you and the rest, that lost me my schooner, with your interference, burn you! But not you, you can't; you ain't got the invention of a cockroach. But civil you can speak, and shall, George Merry, you may lay to that.

MORGAN. That's fair enow.

SILVER. Fair! I reckon so. You lost the ship; I found the treasure. Who's the better man at that? And now I resign, by thunder! Elect whom you please to be your cap'n now; I'm done with it.

ALL OF THE MEN. Silver! Barbecue forever! Barbecue for cap'n!

Seizing cups and filling them, they drink to Silver, as the curtain goes down.

Scene II

THE WAY OUT

Characters:

Dr. Livesey.
Jim.
Silver, etc.

The place is the same as for Scene I.

The time is early morning—the light dim. The curtain goes up on the sleeping camp—Jim, waking.

Doctor Livesey. [*From behind the scenes*] Block-house, a-hoy! Block-house, a-hoy!

Jim. [*Wide-awake—joyously, but remaining in shadow*] The Doctor!

Others jump from couches in haste; Dr. Livesey enters.

Silver. You, doctor! Top o' the morning to you, sir! Bright and early, to be sure; and it's the early bird that get's the rations. George, shake up your timbers, son, and welcome Dr. Livesey. All a-doin' well, your patients was—all well and merry! [*Standing with crutch under his arm, one hand on the wall*] We've quite a surprise for you, too, sir. We've a little stranger here—he! he! A noo boarder and lodger, sir, and looking fit and taut as a fiddle; slep' like a supercargo, he did, right alongside of John—stem to stem we was, all night. [*Drawing Jim into light*]

Doctor. Jim! [*For a minute dumb with astonishment*]

Silver. The very same Jim as ever.

Doctor. [*Nodding grimly at Jim, and passing to the group of men at the rear*] Well, well, duty first and pleasure afterward, as you might have said yourself, Silver. Let us overhaul these patients of yours. [*To John*] You're doing well, my friend, and if ever any person had a close shave, it was you; your head must be as hard as iron. [*To George*] Well, George, how goes it? You're a pretty color, certainly; why your liver, man, is upside down. Did you take that medicine? Did he take that medicine, men?

Morgan. Ay, ay, sir, he took it sure enough.

Doctor. [*In his pleasantest manner*] Since I am mutineers' doctor, or prison doctor as I prefer to call it,—I make it a point of honor not to lose a man for King George and the gallows!

The rogues look at each other, but remain silent.

One of the Men. Dick don't feel well, sir.

DOCTOR. Don't he? Well, step up here, Dick, and let me see your tongue. [*Dick obeys*] No, I should be surprised if he did. Another fever!

MORGAN. Ah, there, that comed of sp'iling Bibles.

DOCTOR. That comed—as you call it—of not having sense enough to know honest air from poison! Camp in a bog, would you? Silver, I'm surprised at you! [*Gives Dick medicine*] Well, that's done for today. And now I should wish to have a talk with that boy, please. [*Nodding carelessly in Jim's direction*]

GEORGE. [*Who has been in the meantime taking medicine with much sputtering and a wry face, turning suddenly*] No!

SILVER. [*To the men; striking barrel with open hand*] Silence! [*Pleasantly to the Doctor*] Doctor, I was thinking of that, knowing as how you had a fancy for the boy. We're all humbly grateful for your kindness, and, as you see, puts faith in you, and takes the drugs down like that much grog. And I take it I've found a way as'll suit all. Hawkins, will you give me your word of honor as a young gentleman—for a young gentleman you are, though poor born—your word of honor not to slip your cable?

JIM. [*Haughtily*] You may depend upon me—I pledge my word as a gentleman.

SILVER. Then, Doctor, we'll just step outside, and leave you and the boy to yarn on the inside. Come men!

The men mutter and look back disapprovingly, but follow Silver, leaving the Doctor and Jim alone. Jim watches them through a loophole until he knows they are far enough away not to hear their conversation.

DOCTOR. So, Jim, here you are—[*Silver re-enters cautiously*] Well, Silver, I thought Jim and I were to hold a private council.

SILVER. Sh! Doctor, I've just a minute—I made an excuse to return, but they'll suspect, if I'm away long. [*Rapidly and excitedly*] You'll make a note of this here, also, doctor, and the boy'll tell you how I saved his life, and were deposed for it, too, and you may lay to that. Doctor, when a man's steering as near to the wind as me—playing chuck-farthing with the last breath in his body, like—you wouldn't think it too much, mayhap, to give him one good word! You'll please bear in mind it's not my life only now—it's that boy's into the bargain; and you'll speak me fair, doctor, and give me a bit o' hope to go on, for the sake of mercy.

DOCTOR. Why, John, you're not afraid?

SILVER. Doctor, I'm no coward; no, not I—not *so* much! [*Snapping his fingers*] If I was I wouldn't say it. But I'll own up fairly, I've the shakes upon me for the gallows. You're a good man and a true; I never seen a better man! And you'll not forget what I done good, not any more than you'll forget the bad, I know. And I step outside and leave you and Jim alone. And you'll put that down for me, too, for it's a long stretch, is that!

DOCTOR. Ay! Ay! Silver.

Silver hastens out, leaving the Doctor and Jim alone again.

DOCTOR. So, Jim, here you are! As you have brewed, so shall you drink, my boy. Heaven knows I cannot find it in my heart to blame you; but this much I will say, be it kind or unkind: when Captain Smollett was well, you dared not have gone off; and when he was ill, and couldn't help it, by George, it was downright cowardly!

JIM. [*Appealingly*] Doctor, you might spare me. I have blamed myself enough; my life's forfeit anyway, and I should have been dead by now, if Silver hadn't stood for

me; and, doctor, believe this, I can die—and I dare say I deserve it—but what I fear is torture. If they come to torture me—

DOCTOR. [*In a changed voice*] Jim, I can't have this! Whip over, and we'll run for it. [*Pointing to opposite direction from the one taken by the men*] The block-house will shelter us from view—and—

JIM. [*Interrupting*] Doctor, I passed my word.

DOCTOR. I know, I know. We can't help that, Jim, now. I'll take it on my shoulders—one jump, and we're out, and we'll run like antelopes!

JIM. No, you know right well you wouldn't do the thing yourself. No more will I. Silver trusted me, and here I stay! But doctor, you did not let me finish. If they come to torture me, I might let slip a word of where the ship is, for I got the ship, part by luck and part by risking.

DOCTOR. The ship! You got the ship?

JIM. Yes. And she lies in the North Inlet, on the southern beach, and just below high water.

DOCTOR. There's no time now to tell me how you worked that miracle. Heaven send there be time later on! But there is a kind of fate in this, my boy. Every step, it's you that saves our lives; and do you suppose by any chance that we are going to let you lose yours? You found out the plot; you found Ben Gunn—the best deed that ever you did, or will do, though you live to ninety. Oh, by Jupiter, and talking of Ben Gunn!—why this is the mischief in person. [*Slight noise outside. They listen. The Doctor walks toward loophole and calls*] Silver! Silver! [*Enter Silver*] Don't you be in any great hurry after that treasure.

SILVER. Why, sir, I do my possible, which that ain't. I can only, asking your pardon, save my life and the boy's by seeking for that treasure; and you may lay to that.

DOCTOR. Well, Silver, if that is so, I'll go one step farther; look out for squalls when you find it!

SILVER. Sir, as between man and man, that's too much and too little. What you're after, why you left the block-house, why you given me that there chart, I don't know, now, do I? And yet I done your bidding with my eyes shut and never a word of hope! But no, this here's too much. If you won't tell me what you mean plain out, just say so, and I'll leave the helm.

DOCTOR. No, I've no right to say more; it's not my secret, you see, Silver, or, I give you my word, I'd tell it to you. But I'll go as far with you as I dare go, and a step beyond; for I'll have my wig sorted by the captain, or I'm mistaken! And first, I'll give you a bit of hope: Silver, if we both get alive out of this wolf-trap, I'll do my best to save you, short of perjury.

SILVER. [*With radiant face*] You couldn't say more, sir, not if you was my mother.

DOCTOR. Well, that's my first concession. My second, is a piece of advice. Keep the boy close beside you, and when you need help, halloo. I'm off to seek it for you! Good bye, Jim. [*Shakes hands with Jim, nods to Silver, then goes out*]

SILVER. [*To Jim*] Jim, if I saved your life, you saved mine, and I'll not forget it. I was peeking through the loophole, when the doctor asked you to run. And I heard you say "No." Then I went away. This is the first glint of hope I've had since the attack failed, and I owe it to you. And now, Jim, we're to go in for this here treasure-hunting, with sealed orders, too, and I don't like it; and you and me must stick close, back to back like, and we'll save our necks in spite o' fate and fortune. But sh! Here come the men!

Curtain goes down as the men enter.

IVANHOE

Sir Walter Scott

PREFATORY NOTE

Chap. xi is the basis for the first episode from *Ivanhoe.* The dramatic adaptation of this chapter follows the original very closely. The dialogue remains practically unchanged, and the details for stage setting and appropriate action are taken bodily from Scott's narrative.

The fight in this scene becomes most effective by the preliminary twirling of the staves, (see stage directions, page 28), for which boys may be readily trained. The actual combat should be reduced to two or three passes. It has been found by experience that the apparent difficulties in the way of presenting such a scene, quickly disappear in working it out by assigning definite positions and actions to the combatants.

The second episode includes parts of chaps. xvi, xvii, and xx. In the dramatization of these chapters the scene remains unchanged. The action throughout occurs within the cell of the Clerk of Copmanhurst. This necessitates slight changes here and there. The opening situation is suggested by the paragraph beginning: *Accordingly, the knight took no time to consider minutely the particulars which we have detailed,* etc. The Knight's first speech and a few others in the course of the dialogue that ensues necessarily are interpolations. The songs are sung without the accompaniment of the harp, on account of the difficulty of obtaining such an instrument. The old song, *The hottest horse will oft be cool,* is taken from the heading of chap. xxvi and introduced into the revels of the two jolly companions, and the drinking song, *Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,* found in chap. xx, is sung just as the merry-makers are disturbed by the loud knocking of Locksley.

The action of chap. xx is taken up at the point where Locksley, Wamba, and Gurth seek admittance to the holy clerk's cell. The paragraph beginning: *While they were thus speaking, Locksley's loud and repeated knocks had at length disturbed the anchorite and his guest,* suggests the situation. Throughout this chapter the changes made are very slight and are of the character of those previously indicated.

For suggestions for the incidental music see Bibliography, (p. 64.)

Gurth and the Outlaws

Characters:
Gurth.
The Captain of the Outlaws and Three Other Outlaws.

The scene represents a forest; in the rear, a thickly wooded path; toward the front, a clear space. Gurth is discovered walking quickly down the path. Suddenly four men spring out of the trees upon him. They have short swords by their sides and quarter-staves in their hands; all wear visors. One of the men carries a lantern with light concealed. The time is twilight. The light on the stage is dim.

The Captain. Surrender your charge; we are the deliverers of the commonwealth, who ease every man of his burden.

Gurth. [*In a surly manner*] You should not ease me of mine so lightly, had I it but in my power to give three strokes in its defence.

The Captain. We shall see that presently. [*To his companions*] Bring along the knave. I see he would have his head broken as well as his purse cut, and so be let blood in two veins at once.

They drag him roughly into the open.

First Outlaw. What money hast thou, churl?

Gurth. [*Doggedly*] Thirty zecchins of my own property.

Second Outlaw. A forfeit—a forfeit! A Saxon hath thirty zecchins, and returns sober from a village! An undeniable and unredeemable forfeit of all he hath about him.

Gurth. I hoarded it to purchase my freedom.

Third Outlaw. Thou art a fool. Three quarts of double ale had rendered thee as free as thy master, ay, and freer too, if he be a Saxon like thyself.

GURTH. A sad truth; but if these same thirty zecchins will buy my freedom from you, unloose my hands and I will pay them to you.

THE CAPTAIN. Hold, this bag which thou bearest, as I can feel through thy cloak, contains more coin than thou hast told us of.

GURTH. It is the good knight my master's, of which, assuredly, I would not have spoken a word, had you been satisfied with working your will upon mine own property.

THE CAPTAIN. Thou art an honest fellow, I warrant thee; and we worship not St. Nicholas so devoutly but what thy thirty zecchins may yet escape, if thou deal uprightly with us. Meantime, render up thy trust for the time. [*He takes from Gurth's breast a well-filled purse. Then he places Gurth in the hands of two of the band*] Who is thy master?

GURTH. The Disinherited Knight.

THE CAPTAIN. Whose good lance won the prize in today's tourney? What is his name and lineage?

GURTH. It is his pleasure that they be concealed; and from me, assuredly, you will learn nought of them.

THE CAPTAIN. What is thine own name and lineage?

GURTH. To tell that, might reveal my master's.

THE CAPTAIN. Thou art a saucy groom, but of that anon. How comes thy master by this gold? is it of his inheritance, or by what means hath it accrued to him?

GURTH. By his good lance. These bags contain the ransom of four good horses, and four good suits of armor.

THE CAPTAIN. How much is there?

GURTH. Two hundred zecchins.

THE CAPTAIN. Only two hundred zecchins! Your master hath dealt liberally by the vanquished, and put them to a

cheap ransom. The ransom of four vanquished knights in today's tourney. [*Pausing*] And where is the fifth? The armor and horse of the Templar Brian de Bois-Guilbert—at what ransom were they held? Thou seest thou canst not deceive me.

GURTH. My master will take nought from the Templar save his life's-blood. They are on terms of mortal defiance, and cannot hold courteous intercourse together.

THE CAPTAIN. Indeed! [*Pausing*] And what wert thou now doing at Ashby with such a charge in thy custody?

GURTH. I went thither to render to Isaac the Jew of York the price of a suit of armor with which he fitted my master for this tournament.

THE CAPTAIN. And how much didst thou pay to Isaac? Methinks to judge by weight, there is still two hundred zecchins in this pouch.

GURTH. I paid to Isaac eighty zecchins, and he restored me a hundred in lieu thereof.

THE OUTLAWS. [*Excitedly*] How! what!

THE CAPTAIN. Thou tellest improbable lies!

GURTH. What I tell you is as true as the moon is in heaven. You will find the just sum in a silken purse within the leathern pouch, and separate from the rest of the gold.

THE CAPTAIN. Bethink thee, man, thou speakest of Isaac of York, a man as unapt to restore gold as the dry sand of his deserts to return the cup of water which the pilgrim spills upon them.

GURTH. It is, however, as I say.

THE CAPTAIN. A light instantly! I will examine this said purse, and see if it be as this fellow says.

The man with the lantern steps forward and uncovers the light. The Captain proceeds to examine the purse. The two who have hold of Gurth relax their grasp while they stretch their necks to watch. By a sudden exertion of strength

and activity, Gurth shakes himself free of their hold. He wrenches a quarter-staff from one of the robbers, strikes down the Captain and seizes the purse. The thieves, however, recapture Gurth and again secure the bag.

THE CAPTAIN. [*Getting up*] Knave! thou hast broken my head, and with other men of our sort thou wouldst fare the worse for thy insolence. But thou shalt know thy fate instantly. First let us speak of thy master; the knight's matters must go before the squire's, according to the due order of chivalry. Stand thou fast in the meantime; if thou stir again, thou shalt have that will make thee quiet for thy life. Comrades! [*addressing the outlaws*] this purse is embroidered with Hebrew characters, and I well believe the yeoman's tale is true. The errant knight, his master, must needs pass us toll-free. He is too like ourselves for us to make booty of him, since dogs should not worry dogs where wolves and foxes are to be found in abundance.

FIRST OUTLAW. [*Contemptuously*] Like us! I should like to hear how that is made good.

THE CAPTAIN. Why, thou fool, is he not poor and disinherited as we are? Doth he not win his substance at the sword's point as we do? Hath he not beaten Front-de-Bœuf and Malvoisin, even as we would beat them if we could? Is he not the enemy to life and death of Brian de Bois Guilbert, whom we have so much reason to fear? And were all this otherwise, wouldst thou have us show a worse conscience than Isaac of York?

FIRST OUTLAW. Nay, that were a shame.—And this insolent peasant—he too, I warrant me, is to be dismissed scatheless?

THE CAPTAIN. Not if *thou* canst scathe him.—Here, fellow, [*addressing Gurth*] canst thou use the staff, that thou startst to it so readily?

GURTH. I think thou shouldst be best able to reply to that question.

THE CAPTAIN. Nay, by my troth, thou gavest me a round knock; do as much for this fellow, and thou shalt pass scot-free; and if thou dost not—why, by my faith, as thou art such a sturdy knave, I think I must pay thy ransom myself. [*To the First Outlaw*] Take thy staff, Miller, and keep thy head; [*To the other Outlaws*] and do you others let the fellow go, and give him a staff—there is light enough to lay on load by.

The First Outlaw and Gurth, armed alike with quarter-staves, step forward into the center of the open space.

THE OUTLAWS. [*Laughing*] Miller, beware!

FIRST OUTLAW. [*Holding his quarter-staff in the center and flourishing it round his head. Boastfully*] Come on churl, an thou darest: thou shalt feel the strength of a miller's thumb!

GURTH. [*Undauntedly, making his weapon play round his head with equal dexterity*] If thou be'st a miller, thou art doubly a thief, and I, as a true man, bid thee defiance.

The two champions close together, and at first display great equality in strength, courage, and skill. The robbers laugh loudly at seeing the Miller so stoutly opposed. This vexes the Miller who loses his temper and strikes wildly. Gurth suddenly hurls his staff at the Miller's head. The Miller instantly measures his length upon the ground.

THE OUTLAWS. [*Severally*] Well and yeomanly done!—fair play and old England forever!—The Saxon has saved both his purse and his hide! The Miller has met his match.

THE CAPTAIN. [*Stepping up to Gurth and addressing him*] Thou mayst go thy ways, my friend, and [*beckoning to two of the Outlaws*] I will cause two of my comrades to guide thee by the best way to thy master's pavilion,

and to guard thee from night-walkers that might have less tender consciences than ours; for there is many one of them upon the amble in such a night as this. [*Looking sternly at Gurth*] Take heed, however; remember thou hast refused to tell thy name; ask not after ours, nor endeavor to discover who or what we are, for, if thou makest such an attempt, thou wilt come by worse fortune than has yet befallen thee.

GURTH. I thank thee, Captain. I will heed what thou sayest. As I have refused thee my name and the good knight, my master's, so I will not ask after thine.

THE CAPTAIN. Bethink thee, man. Keep secret what has this night befallen thee and thou shalt have no room to repent it; neglect what is now told thee and the Tower of London shall not protect thee against our revenge. And now good-night, my man!

GURTH. Good-night to you, kind sir. I shall remember your orders and trust that there is no offence in wishing you an honester trade.

He leaves with the two Outlaws designated by the Captain as his guides.

Curtain

THE REVELS OF THE BLACK KNIGHT AND THE CLERK OF COPMANHURST

Characters:

The Black Knight.	*Locksley.*
The Hermit, the Clerk of Copmanhurst.	*Wamba.*
	Gurth.

The scene represents the interior of the Hermit's cell. It is meagerly furnished. In the center is a rough-hewn table and two stools. At one side, on the floor, a bed of leaves; at the other,

a small table on which stand a crucifix rudely carved in oak, a missal (mass book), and a twisted iron candlestick holding a lighted candle. In the rear is a rude fireplace, piled with logs. A dark curtain at the left conceals a cupboard or chest containing food and wine. In the corresponding position, right, a similar curtain conceals a closet containing weapons. The Hermit is discovered making ready for his evening meal. He is a large, strongly built man, dressed in a gray gown and hood, around his waist a rope girdle. As he places on the table a huge meat pie, a loud knock is heard at the door as if made with the butt of a lance. The Hermit does not answer. Instead, he goes to the cupboard or chest and takes out a jug of wine. Then he starts toward the table, but as the knocking continues, returns to the cupboard with the wine. As the knocking grows louder and more insistent, he hastily removes the pie and hides it also in the cupboard. He then stands listening.

THE KNIGHT. [*Without*] A poor wanderer craves admittance, worthy father.

THE HERMIT. [*In a hoarse voice*] Pass on, whosoever thou art, and disturb not the servant of God and St. Dunstan in his evening devotions.

THE KNIGHT. Worthy father, here is a poor wanderer bewildered in these woods, who gives thee the opportunity of exercising thy charity and hospitality.

THE HERMIT. Good brother, it has pleased Our Lady and St. Dunstan to destine me for the object of those virtues, instead of the exercise thereof. I have no provisions here which even a dog would share with me.

THE KNIGHT. But how is it possible for me to find my way through such a wood as this, when darkness is coming on? I pray you, reverend father, as you are a Christian, to undo your door, and at least point out to me my road.

THE HERMIT. And I pray you, good Christian brother, to disturb me no more. You have already interrupted one *pater*, two *aves*, and a *credo*, which I, miserable sinner that I am, should, according to my vow, have said before moonrise.

While talking he fetches from the chest a platter of parched pease and a large drinking can of water and places them on the table. Then he covers his head with his cowl, takes up his missal, and mumbles a Latin prayer.

THE KNIGHT. The road—the road! give me directions for the road, if I am to expect no more from thee.

THE HERMIT. The road is easy to hit. The path from the wood leads to a morass, and from thence to a ford, which, as the rains have abated, may now be passable. When thou hast crossed the ford, thou wilt take care of thy footing up the left bank, as it is somewhat precipitous, and the path, which hangs over the river, has lately, as I learn—for I seldom leave the duties of my chapel—given way in sundry places. Thou wilt then keep straight forward—

THE KNIGHT. [*Interrupting*] A broken path—a precipice—a ford—and a morass! Sir Hermit, if you were the holiest that ever wore beard or told bead, you shall scarce prevail on me to hold this road tonight. I tell thee, that thou, who livest by the charity of the country—ill deserved as I doubt it is—hast no right to refuse shelter to the wayfarer when in distress. Either open the door quickly, or, by the rood, I will beat it down and make entry for myself.

THE HERMIT. Friend wayfarer, be not importunate; if thou puttest me to use the carnal weapon in mine own defence, it will be e'en the worse for you. [*Furious pounding on the door without is heard. The Hermit takes up the candlestick and approaches the door*] Patience—

patience; spare thy strength, good traveler, and I will presently undo the door, though it may be, my doing so will be little to thy pleasure. [*He opens the door and the stranger, an imposing figure in the full armor of a knight, enters*]. Enter, friend wayfarer. The multitude of robbers and outlaws abroad in this land, who give no honor to Our Lady or St. Dunstan, nor to those holy men who spend life in their service, force me to be chary about admitting strangers to my cell.

The Knight. [*Looking around*] The poverty of your cell, good father, should seem a sufficient defence against any risk of thieves.

The Hermit. It would seem so, Sir Knight, and yet must I needs be careful.

He puts the candlestick on the small table, goes to the fire, throws on a log, then places a stool at the side of the table facing the audience and beckons the Knight to do the same at the end. The Knight does his bidding and they seat themselves and gaze at each other with great gravity.

The Knight. Reverend hermit, [*looking fixedly at his host*] were it not to interrupt your devout meditations, I would pray to know three things of your holiness; first, where I am to put my horse? secondly, what I can have for supper? thirdly, where I am to take up my couch for the night?

The Hermit. I will reply to you with my finger, it being against my rule to speak by words where signs can answer the purpose. [*Pointing to the door*] Your stable is out there; your bed, there [*pointing to the bed of leaves*] and, [*pointing to the platter of pease*] your supper here.

The Knight. Holy father, I thank you for your courtesy. Shall we now eat?

The Hermit. After grace, Sir Knight. [*Mumbles a Latin prayer*] And now fall to.

THE KNIGHT. [*Rising*]. First, by your leave—[*He lays aside his helmet and corselet. The Hermit also rises and throws back his cowl. Then they both reseat themselves and begin to eat from the dish of pease.*]

THE HERMIT. A poor hermit's fare is no fit food for a weary traveler, Sir Knight.

THE KNIGHT. [*With difficulty masticating a mouthful of pease*] By my sword, no.—Holy father, I beg somewhat to drink; I can scarce swallow.

THE HERMIT. [*Placing before the Knight the large can*] Here is water, Sir Knight, from the well of St. Dunstan, in which, betwixt sun and sun he baptized five hundred heathen Danes and Britons—blessed be his name!

THE KNIGHT. It seems to me, reverend father, that the small morsels which you eat, together with this holy but somewhat thin beverage, have thriven with you marvelously. You appear a man more fit to win the ram at a wrestling-match, or the ring at a bout at quarter-staff, or the bucklers at a sword-play, than to linger out your time in this desolate wilderness, saying masses, and living upon parched pease and cold water.

THE HERMIT. Sir Knight, your thoughts, like those of the ignorant laity, are according to the flesh. It has pleased Our Lady and my patron saint to bless the pittance to which I restrain myself.

THE KNIGHT. Holy father, upon whose countenance it hath pleased Heaven to work such a miracle, permit a sinful layman to crave thy name?

THE HERMIT. Thou mayst call me the Clerk of Copmanhurst, for so I am termed in these parts. They add, it is true, the epithet holy, but I stand not upon that as being unworthy of such addition. And now, valiant knight, may I pray ye for the name of my honorable guest?

THE KNIGHT. Truly, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst, men call me in these parts the Black Knight; many, sir, add to it the epithet of Sluggard, whereby I am no way ambitious to be distinguished.

THE HERMIT. I see, Sir Sluggish Knight, that thou art a man of prudence and of counsel; and moreover, I see that my poor monastic fare likes thee not, accustomed, perhaps, as thou hast been to the license of courts and of camps, and the luxuries of cities; and now I bethink me, Sir Sluggard, that the charitable keeper of this forest-walk left me some food, which, being unfit for my use, the very recollection of it had escaped me amid my more weighty meditations.

THE KNIGHT. I dare be sworn he did so; I was convinced that there was better food in the cell, Holy Clerk, since you first doffed your cowl. Your keeper is ever a jovial fellow; and none who beheld thy grinders contending with these pease, and thy throat flooded with this ungenial element, could see thee doomed to such horse-provender and horse-beverage [*pointing to the provisions upon the table*] and refrain from mending thy cheer. Let us see the keeper's bounty, therefore, without delay.

The Hermit goes to his cupboard and brings forth the pie. He places it before his guest, who uses his poniard to cut it open and immediately falls to.

THE KNIGHT. [*After swallowing a goodly mouthful*] How long is it since the good keeper has been here?

THE HERMIT. About two months.

THE KNIGHT. By the true Lord, everything in your hermitage is miraculous, Holy Clerk! for I would have been sworn that the fat buck which furnished this venison had been running on foot within the week.

He continues to eat ravenously. The Hermit looks with dismay at the inroads his guest is making.

THE KNIGHT. [*Stopping suddenly*] I have been in Palestine, Sir Clerk, and I bethink me it is a custom there that every host who entertains a guest shall assure him of the wholesomeness of his food by partaking of it along with him. Far be it from me to suspect so holy a man of aught inhospitable, nevertheless, I will be highly bound to you would you comply with this Eastern custom.

THE HERMIT. To ease your unnecessary scruples, Sir Knight, I will for once depart from my rule. [*He begins to eat greedily*]

THE KNIGHT. Holy Clerk, I would gage my good horse against a zecchin, that that same honest keeper to whom we are obliged for the venison has left thee a stoup of wine with this noble pasty. This would be a circumstance, doubtless, totally unworthy to dwell in the memory of so rigid an anchorite; yet, I think, were you to search yonder crypt once more, you would find that I am right in my conjecture.

The Hermit smiles, goes to the cupboard, and returns with a leather bottle, and two large drinking cups.

THE HERMIT. [*Filling both cups*] *Waes hael*, Sir Sluggish Knight!

THE KNIGHT. *Drinc hael*, Holy Clerk of Copmanhurst! [*They empty their cups*] Holy Clerk, I cannot but marvel that a man possessed of such thews and sinews as thine, and who therewithal shows the talent of so goodly a trencherman, should think of abiding by himself in this wilderness. In my judgment, you are fitter to keep a castle or a fort, eating of the fat and drinking of the strong, than to live here upon pulse and water, or even upon the charity of the keeper. At least, were I as thou, I should find myself both disport and plenty out of the king's deer. There is many a goodly herd in these forests, and a buck

will never be missed that goes to the use of St. Dunstan's chaplain.

THE HERMIT. Sir Sluggish Knight, these are dangerous words, and I pray you to forbear them. I am true hermit to the king and law, and were I to spoil my liege's game, I should be sure of the prison, and, an my gown saved me not, were in some peril of hanging.

THE KNIGHT. Nevertheless, were I as thou, I would take my walk by moonlight, when foresters and keepers were warm in bed, and ever and anon—as I pattered my prayers—I would let fly a shaft among the herds of deer that feed in the glades. Resolve me, Holy Clerk, hast thou never practised such a pastime?

THE HERMIT. Friend Sluggard, thou hast seen all that can concern thee of my housekeeping, and something more than he deserves who takes up his quarters by violence. Credit me, it is better to enjoy the good which God sends thee, than to be impertinently curious how it comes. Fill thy cup, and welcome; and do not, I pray thee, by further impertinent inquiries, put me to show that thou couldst hardly have made good thy lodging had I been earnest to oppose thee.

THE KNIGHT. By my faith, thou makest me more curious than ever! Thou art the most mysterious hermit I ever met; and I will know more of thee ere we part. As for thy threats, know, holy man, thou speakest to one whose trade it is to find out danger wherever it is to be met with.

THE HERMIT. Sir Sluggish Knight, I drink to thee, respecting thy valor much, but deeming wondrous slightly of thy discretion. If thou wilt take equal arms with me, I will give thee, in all friendship and brotherly love, such sufficing penance and complete absolution that thou shalt not for the next twelve months sin the sin of excess of curiosity.

THE KNIGHT. Name thy weapons, Holy Clerk.

THE HERMIT. [*Rising and going to the other cupboard*] There is none, from the scissors of Delilah, and the tenpenny nail of Jael, to the scimitar of Goliath, at which I am not a match for thee. But, if I am to make the election, what sayst thou, good friend, to these trinkets?

He opens the cupboard and takes out a couple of broadswords and bucklers. In the cupboard can be seen two or three longbows, a crossbow, a bundle of bolts for the latter, and a half dozen sheaves of arrows for the former.

THE KNIGHT. [*Who has followed the Hermit*] I promise thee, brother Clerk, I will ask thee no more offensive questions. The contents of that cupboard are an answer to all my inquiries.

The Hermit replaces the weapons and closes the cupboard door. Then they both return to their seats.

THE HERMIT. I hope, Sir Knight, thou hast given no good reason for thy surname of the Sluggard. I do promise thee, I suspect thee grievously. Nevertheless, thou art my guest, and I will not put thy manhood to the proof without thine own free will. Fill thy cup; let us drink, sing, and be merry. If thou knowest ever a good lay, thou shalt be welcome to a nook of pasty at Copmanhurst so long as I serve the chapel of St. Dunstan, which, please God, shall be till I change my gray covering for one of green turf. But come, fill a flagon! A song! Friend, I drink to thy successful performance! [*They drink*]

THE KNIGHT. Shall it be a French lay or a ballad in vulgar English?

THE HERMIT. A ballad—a ballad. Downright English am I, Sir Knight, and downright English was my patron St. Dunstan; and downright English alone shall be sung in this cell.

THE KNIGHT. I will assay then, a ballad composed by a Saxon gleeman, whom I knew in Holy Land.

He sings. The Hermit joins in the singing from time to time.

The Crusader's Return

High deeds achieved of knightly fame,
From Palestine the champion came;
The cross upon his shoulders borne
Battle and blast had dimm'd and torn.
Each dint upon his batter'd shield
Was token of a foughten field;
And thus, beneath his lady's bower,
He sung, as fell the twilight hour:

"Joy to the fair!—thy knight behold,
Return'd from yonder land of gold;
No wealth he brings, nor wealth can need
Save his good arms and battle-steed;
His spurs, to dash against a foe,
His lance and sword to lay him low;
Such all the trophies of his toil,
Such—and the hope of Tekla's smile!

"Joy to the fair! whose constant knight
Her favor fired to feats of might;
Unnoted shall she not remain,
Where meet the bright and noble train;
Minstrel shall sing and herald tell:
'Mark yonder maid of beauty well,
'Tis she for whose bright eyes was won
The listed field at Askalon!

"'*Note well her smile!—it edged the blade*
Which fifty wives to widows made,
When, vain his strength and Mahound's spell,
Iconium's turban'd Soldan fell.
Seest thou her locks, whose sunny glow
Half shows, half shades, her neck of snow?
Twines not of them one golden thread,
But for its sake a Paynim bled.'

"*Joy to the fair! my name unknown,*
Each deed, and all its praise thine own;
Then oh! unbar this churlish gate,
The night dew falls, the hour is late
Inured to Syria's glowing breath,
I feel the north breeze chill as death;
Let grateful love quell maiden shame
And grant him bliss who brings thee fame."

THE HERMIT. By the rood, a good song and well sung withal. And yet I think my Saxon countrymen had herded long enough with the Normans to fall into the tone of their melancholy ditties. What took the honest knight from home? or what could he expect but to find his mistress agreeably engaged with a rival on his return, and his serenade, as they call it, as little regarded as the caterwauling of a cat in the gutter? Nevertheless, Sir Knight, I drink this cup to thee, to the success of all true lovers. [*He drains his cup again but the Knight, before drinking, pours water into his cup.—As he observes this action of the Knight*] I fear you are none.

THE KNIGHT. Why, did you not tell me that this water was from the well of your blessed patron, St. Dunstan?

THE HERMIT. Ay, truly, and many a hundred of pagans did he baptize there, but I never heard that he drank any

of it. Everything should be put to its proper use in this world. St. Dunstan knew, as well as any one, the prerogatives of a jovial friar.—Now hark, Sir Knight, to my song, *The Barefooted Friar.*

Sings to the tune of an old English ditty.

The Barefooted Friar

I'll give thee, good fellow, a twelvemonth or twain,
To search Europe through, from Byzantium to Spain;
But ne'er shall you find, should you search till you tire,
So happy a man as the Barefooted Friar.

Your knight for his lady pricks forth in career,
And is brought home at evensong prick't through with a spear;
I confess him in haste—for his lady desires
No comfort on earth save the Barefooted Friar's.

Your monarch! Pshaw! many a prince has been known
To barter his robes for our cowl and our gown;
But which of us e'er felt the idle desire
To exchange for a crown the gray hood of a Friar!

The Friar has walk'd out, and where'er he has gone,
The land and its fatness is mark'd for his own;
He can roam where he lists, he can stop when he tires,
For every man's house is the Barefooted Friar's.

He's expected at noon, and no wight till he comes
May profane the great chair, or the porridge of plums;
For the best of the cheer, and the seat by the fire,
Is the undenied right of the Barefooted Friar.

He's expected at night, and the pasty's made hot,
They broach the brown ale, and they fill the black pot,
And the goodwife would wish the goodman in the mire,
Ere he lacked a soft pillow, the Barefooted Friar.

THE KNIGHT. By my troth, thou hast sung well and lustily, and in high praise of thine order.

THE HERMIT. And by St. Dunstan, I serve the duty of my chapel duly and truly. Two masses daily, morning and evening, primes, noons, and vespers, *aves*, *credos*, *paters*—

THE KNIGHT. Excepting moonlight nights, when the venison is in season!

THE HERMIT. *Exceptis excipiendis*, as our old abbot taught me to say when impertinent laymen should ask me if I kept every punctilio of mine order. Come, another song, Sir Knight.

He sings.

The hottest horse will oft be cool,
The dullest will show fire;
The friar will often play the fool,
The fool will play the friar.

A loud knock sounds at the door, but the Hermit and the Knight pay no attention to it.

THE KNIGHT. Well sung, jolly friar. How like you this?

He sings.

Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Bully boy, bully boy,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me,
Ho! jolly Jenkin, I spy a knave in drinking,
Come, trowl the brown bowl to me.

The Hermit joins in at the last line and they sing it all over together. During the singing the knocking continues at intervals, finally becoming so insistent that the singers stop to listen.

THE HERMIT. [*With a grand flourish*] By my beads, here come more benighted guests. I would not for my cowl that they found us in this goodly exercise. All men have their enemies, good Sir Sluggard; and there be those

malignant enough to construe the hospitable refreshment which I have been offering to you, a weary traveler, for the matter of three short hours, into sheer drunkenness, a vice alike alien to my profession and my disposition.

THE KNIGHT. Base calumniators! I would I had the chastising of them. Nevertheless, Holy Clerk, it is true that all have their enemies; and there be those in this very land whom I would rather speak to through the bars of my helmet than barefaced.

THE HERMIT. [*Rising*] Get thine iron pot on thy head then, friend Sluggard, as quickly as thy nature will permit, while I remove these pewter flagons, whose late contents run strangely in mine own pate; and to drown the clatter strike into the tune which thou hearest me sing. It is no matter for the words; I scarce know them myself.

He strikes up a thundering "De Profundis Clamavi," under cover of which he removes the remains of their banquet: the Knight laughing heartily, and arming himself all the while, assists his host with his voice as his mirth permits.

LOCKSLEY. [*Without*] What devil's matins are you after at this hour?

THE HERMIT. Heaven forgive you, Sir Traveler! Wend on your way, in the name of God and St. Dunstan, and disturb not the devotions of me and my holy brother.

LOCKSLEY. [*Without*] Mad priest, open to Locksley!

THE HERMIT. [*To the Knight*] All's safe—all's right.

THE KNIGHT. But who is he? it imports me much to know.

THE HERMIT. Who is he? I tell thee he is a friend.

THE KNIGHT. But what friend? for he may be a friend to thee and none of mine.

THE HERMIT. What friend! that, now, is one of the questions that is more easily asked than answered.

What friend! why, he is now that I bethink me a little, the very same honest keeper I told thee of a while since.

The knocking continues.

THE KNIGHT. Ay, as honest a keeper as thou art a pious hermit, I doubt it not. But undo the door to him before he beat it from its hinges.

The Hermit speedily unbolts the door and admits Locksley, Gurth, and Wamba.

LOCKSLEY. Why, hermit, what boon companion hast thou here?

THE HERMIT. A brother of our order; we have been at our orisons all night.

LOCKSLEY. He is a monk of the church militant, I think, and there be more of them abroad. I tell thee, Friar, thou must lay down the rosary and take up the quarter-staff; we shall need every one of our merry men, whether clerk or layman. But [*taking him aside*] art thou mad? to give admittance to a knight thou dost not know? Hast thou forgot our articles?

THE HERMIT. [*Boldly*] Not know him! I know him as well as the beggar knows his dish.

LOCKSLEY. And what is his name, then?

THE HERMIT. His name,—his name is Sir Anthony of Scrablestone; as if I would drink with a man, and did not know his name!

LOCKSLEY. Thou hast been drinking more than enough, Friar, and, I fear, prating more than enough, too.

THE KNIGHT. [*Approaching them*] Good yeoman, be not wroth with my merry host. He did but afford me the hospitality which I would have compelled from him if he had refused it.

THE HERMIT. [*Excitedly*] Thou compel! wait but till I have changed this gray gown for a green cassock, and if I make not a quarter-staff ring twelve upon thy pate, I

am neither true clerk nor good woodsman. [*He takes off his gown and appears in green hose and cassock.—To Wamba*] I pray thee truss my points and thou shalt have a cup of sack for thy labor.

WAMBA. Gramercy for thy sack; but think'st thou it is lawful for me to aid you to transmew thyself from a holy hermit into a sinful forester?

THE HERMIT. Never fear, I will but confess the sins of my green cloak to my gray friar's frock, and all shall be well again.

WAMBA. Amen! A broadcloth penitent should have a sackcloth confessor, and your frock may absolve my motley doublet into the bargain.

As he talks, he assists in tying the laces of the Hermit's cassock.

LOCKSLEY. [*Leading the Knight a little apart*] Deny it not, Sir Knight, you are he who decided the victory to the advantage of the English against the strangers on the second day of the tournament at Ashby.

THE KNIGHT. And what follows if you guess truly, good yeoman?

LOCKSLEY. I should in that case hold you a friend to the weaker party.

THE KNIGHT. Such is the duty of a true knight, at least, and I would not willingly that there were reason to think otherwise of me.

LOCKSLEY. But for my purpose, thou shouldst be as well a good Englishman as a good knight; for that which I have to speak of concerns, indeed, the duty of every honest man, but is more especially that of a true-born native of England.

THE KNIGHT. You can speak to no one, to whom England, and the life of every Englishman, can be dearer than to me.

LOCKSLEY. I would willingly believe so, for never had this

country such need to be supported by those who love her. Hear me, and I will tell thee of an enterprise, in which, if thou be'st really that which thou seemest, thou mayst take an honorable part. A band of villains, in the disguise of better men than themselves, have made themselves master of the person of a noble Englishman, called Cedric the Saxon, together with his ward and his friend Athelstane of Coningsburgh, and have transported them to a castle in this forest, called Torquilstone. I ask of thee, as a good knight and a good Englishman, wilt thou aid in their rescue?

THE KNIGHT. I am bound by my vow to do so, but I would willingly know who you are, who request my assistance in their behalf?

LOCKSLEY. I am a nameless man; but I am the friend of my country, and of my country's friends. With this account of me you must for the present remain satisfied, the more especially since you yourself desire to continue unknown. Believe, however, that my word, when pledged, is as inviolate as if I wore golden spurs.

THE KNIGHT. I willingly believe it; I have been accustomed to study men's countenances, and I can read in thine honesty and resolution. I will, therefore, ask thee no further questions, but aid thee in setting at freedom these oppressed captives; which done, I trust we shall part better acquainted and well satisfied with each other.

They move away, continuing their conversation in whispers.

WAMBA. [*To Gurth*] So, we have got a new ally? I trust the valor of the knight will be truer metal than the religion of the hermit or the honesty of the yeoman; for this Locksley looks like a born deer-stealer, and the priest like a lusty hypocrite.

GURTH. Hold thy peace, Wamba; it may all be as thou dost guess; but were the horned devil to rise and proffer

me his assistance to set at liberty Cedric and the Lady Rowena, I fear I should hardly have religion enough to refuse the foul fiend's offer, and bid him get behind me.

The Hermit in the meantime has gone to the cupboard. He selects a sword and buckler, and a bow and quiver, with which he adorns himself, and finally takes a strong partizan which he places over his shoulder. He now steps forward, twirling his partizan around his head.

THE HERMIT. Where be those false ravishers, who carry off wenches against their will? May the foul fiend fly off with me, if I am not man enough for a dozen of them.

THE KNIGHT. [*Laughing*] Swearest thou, Holy Clerk?

THE HERMIT. Clerk me no clerks; by St. George and the Dragon, I am no longer a shaveling than while my frock is on my back. When I am cased in my green cassock, I will drink, swear, and woo a lass, with any blythe forester in the West Riding.

LOCKSLEY. Come on, Jack Priest, and be silent; thou art as noisy as a whole convent on a holy eve, when the Father Abbot has gone to bed. Come on you, too, my masters, tarry not to talk of it—I say, come on; we must collect all our forces, and few enough we shall have, if we are to storm the castle of Reginald Front-de-Bœuf.

THE KNIGHT. [*In great astonishment*] What! is it Front-de-Bœuf, who has stopt on the king's highway the king's liege subjects? Is he turned thief and oppressor?

LOCKSLEY. Oppressor he ever was.

THE HERMIT. And for thief, I doubt if ever he were even half so honest a man as many a thief of my acquaintance.

LOCKSLEY. Move on, priest, and be silent; it were better you led the way to the place of rendezvous, than say what should be left unsaid, both in decency and prudence.

They all move off as the curtain drops.

Curtain

ROBIN HOOD BALLADS

PREFATORY NOTE

The ballad is essentially dramatic; music and dance and dialogue are its elements. The early ballad was a song and a drama; it was intended to minister to the dramatic instinct of the folk. Hence, the ballad lends itself readily to dramatic adaptation.

The two following dramatic adaptations are based on the ballads, *Robin Hood and Little John* and *Robin Hood and Allin a Dale*, as given in Gayley and Flaherty's, *Poetry of the People*, and are used by special permission of the publishers, Ginn and Company. In the dramatization, of the first, the scene opens with the meeting of Robin Hood and the Stranger. The situation is given in stanzas 6 and 7 of the ballad, but the meeting-place in the adaptation occurs on a forest path instead of on a bridge, for obvious reasons. The dialogue begins with stanza 7. It is often necessary to change indirect to direct discourse, to fill out lines from which omissions have been made, and to supply stanzas now and then, as for instance the stanza *O your life is so free, 'tis the one life for me.* At the end, a Robin Hood song is introduced to make merry the dance. The stage directions are based on the stanzas.

Perhaps a word might be said about the fight that occurs in this adaptation. Care should be taken not to make it too prominent; and it should be brief; one or two passes with the staves sufficing.

The second ballad is given in two scenes. In the first scene, Allin is seized by Little John and the Miller's Son and brought before Robin; he tells Robin of the loss of his bride, and Robin leaves in search of her. The opening situation is suggested by stanzas 2 and 5. Action begins with stanza 6 and continues through 14, closing with two stanzas interpolated for dramatic effect.

In the second scene Robin, disguised as a minstrel, interrupts the wedding of the Knight and the "finnikin lass" and turns the tables on the Knight and the Bishop by having Little John perform the marriage service for Allin and this same "finnikin lass." The scene occurs out of doors instead of within the church as in the original. It closes with a merry dance on the green. Several bridesmaids are introduced to make the wedding scene more picturesque and to lend beauty to the dance. Tennyson's song from *The Foresters* is introduced as a closing feature. Changes are made in the text as in the preceding adaptation, and occasional lines and stanzas are invented, such as Little John's speech blessing the bride and groom.

For suggestions for the incidental music, see Bibliography (p. 64).

The Baptism of Little John

Characters:

Robin Hood.
The Stranger, Little John
William Stutly.
Other Members of Robin Hood's Band.

The scene is the forest. Toward the front of the stage is an open space. Robin Hood and the Stranger are discovered walking on a narrow forest path toward each other. They meet, but neither will give way.

Robin Hood. [*Trying to thrust the Stranger out of the way*]
Back stranger! 'Tis Robin that makes the command.
This instant, back! Out of my way!
I'm bold Robin Hood, I'll not be withstood!
I'll shew you right Nottingham-play!
He draws an arrow from his quiver.

The Stranger.
Thou talks't like a coward, a coward I 'trow
Well arm'd with a long bow you stand,
To shoot at my breast, while I, I protest,
Have naught but a staff in my hand.

Robin Hood.
The name of a coward, O stranger, I scorn,
Wherefore my long bow I'll lay by,
And now, for thy sake, a staff will I take
The truth of thy manhood to try.
While speaking, he steps to the thicket near by, and chooses a staff. Then, running back, he speaks merrily.
Lo! see my staff is lusty and tough,
Now here on the path we will play;
Whoever falls down, shall lose all renown
Of the battle, and so we'll away.

THE STRANGER.

With all my whole heart, O Robin the bold,
I scorn in the least to give out;
Come, hasten—fall to 't, without more dispute
I'll lay you right low, never doubt.

They fight; Robin delivers a great blow, the Stranger never flinches; but with his return stroke lays Robin low.

THE STRANGER. [*Laughing*]

I prithee, good fellow, where art thou now,
With all thy boasting and pride?
Up quick, before any one passes this way,
Run into the forest and hide!

ROBIN HOOD. [*Slowly recovering, he gradually pulls himself up, and looks with frank admiration at the Stranger*]

I needs must acknowledge thou art a brave soul,
With thee I'll no longer contend;
For needs must I say, thou hast got the day;
Our battle shall be at an end.

The Stranger, who has stepped back a short distance, listens with open astonishment to Robin, then steps toward him, but suddenly halts as Robin winds a loud blast on his horn. Immediately, from all sides, Robin's stout bowmen rush in, clothed in green and bearing long bows. They surround Robin, look with amazement at his plight, and cast angry glances at the Stranger, who stands transfixed with wonder.

WILLIAM STUTLY. [*Excitedly*]

O, what's the matter, good master, O tell,
Thy plight it is awful, I trow.

ROBIN HOOD.

No matter, my Willie, the lad which you see,
In fighting hath laid me low.

WILLIAM STUTLY. [*Rushing at the Stranger*]

He shall not go scot-free, by my faith, not he!
The dust of the earth he shall wear!

All the bowmen rush upon the Stranger who makes ready to resist.

ROBIN HOOD. [*To his band*]

Hold men, touch him not, let go, I command!
He is a stout fellow; forbear!
[*Robin approaches the Stranger and offers his hand*]
There's no one shall wrong thee, friend, be not afraid;
These bowmen upon me do wait;
There's three score and nine; if thou wilt be mine,
Thou shalt have my livery straight.

THE STRANGER. [*Grasping Robin Hood's hand*]

O, here is my hand, I'll join your bold band
And serve you with all my whole heart;
You'll find I'll be true to men such as you
Ne'er doubt me for I'll play my part.

ROBIN HOOD.

I'll give you accoutrements fit for a man.
Look up, jolly blade, never fear;
I'll teach you also the use of the bow,
To shoot at the fat fallow deer.

THE STRANGER.

O your life is so free, 'tis the one life for me,
For thee I'll leave kindred and home.
My name is John Little, a man of good mettle
With thee in the greenwood to roam.

WILLIAM STUTLY.

Thy name shall be altered, John Little, no more,
And I will thy god-father be.
[*To the others*]
Prepare now a feast and none of the least,
For we will be merry, pardee.

Some of the men run off, but soon return with food and flagons of wine. They spread a feast on the green. Others form a half circle about the Stranger; Robin stands on

one side, and Stutly on the other, officiating at the christening.

WILLIAM STUTLY. [*Pours from his flagon on the Stranger's head as he speaks*]

This infant was called John Little, you know,
Which name shall be changed anon;
The words we'll transpose, so wherever he goes,
His name shall be called Little John.

THE STRANGER.

'Tis true my good masters, I'm but seven feet high,
And, may be, an ell in the waist;
I'm little indeed and a new name I need,
So Little John's just to my taste.

They all shout and laugh approval and drink his health.

ROBIN HOOD. [*Presenting him with a curious long bow*]

Thou shalt be an archer as well as the best,
And range in the greenwood with us;
Where we'll not want gold nor silver, behold,
While bishops have aught in their purse.

We live here like squires or lords of renown,
Each one of us is a free lance.
Come, drink his good health, and wish him much wealth,
And finish the day with a dance.

They all drink the health of Little John and join in a merry woodland dance. While dancing they sing the following:

Song of Robin Hood and His Huntsmen

Now wend we together, my merry men all,
Unto the forrest side a:
And there to strike a buck or a doe,
Let our cunning all be a tride a.

Then go we merrily, merrily on,
To the green-wood to take up our stand,
Where we will lye in waite for our game,
With our bent bowes in our hand.

What life is there like to bold Robin Hood's?
It is so pleasant a thing a:
In merry Shirwood he spends his dayes,
As pleasantly as a king a.

No man may compare with Robin Hood,
With Robin Hood, Scathlocke, and John.
Their like was never, nor never will be,
If in case that they were gone.

They will not away from merry Shirwood
In any place else to dwell;
For there is neither city nor towne,
That likes them halfe so well.

Our lives are wholly given to hunt,
And haunt the merry greene-wood,
Where our best service is daily spent
For our Master Robin Hood.

Curtain

The Marriage of Allin a Dale

Scene I

Characters:

Robin Hood.	*Little John.*
Allin a Dale.	*Nick*, the Miller's Son.

The scene is the forest. At one side of the stage, partly hidden, sits Robin busy with his bow. Allin a Dale is discovered walking dejectedly along the path.

ALLIN A DALE.

O, sad am I and full of grief,
For my true love is tane away!
O woe is me, O where is she,
Alack and a well a day!

Little John and Nick, the Miller's Son, appear suddenly and rush upon him. Allin draws his bow.

ALLIN.

Stand off, stand off, ye merry men,
What is your will with me?

LITTLE JOHN.

You must come before our master straight,
Under yon greenwood tree.

They seize him and take him before Robin.

ROBIN.

Why, who comes here with look so drear,
Roaming the forest free?
But first what money canst thou spare [*Rising*]
For my merry men and me?

ALLIN.

I have no money, O Robin, my lord,
But five shillings and a ring;
And that I have kept this seven long years
To have it at my wedding.

Yesterday I should have married a maid,
But she is now from me tane,
And chosen to be an old knight's delight,
Whereby my poor heart is slain.

ROBIN.

What is thy name, O, love-lorn lad,
Come tell me, without any fail.

ALLIN.

By the faith of my body, O, bold Robin Hood,
My name, it is Allin a Dale.

ROBIN.

What wilt thou give me, Allin a Dale,
In ready gold or fee,
To help thee to thy true love again,
And deliver her unto thee?

ALLIN.

I have no money, O Robin the bold,
No ready gold nor fee;
But I will swear upon a book
Thy true servant for to be.

If thou bringest here my sweetheart dear,
Thy servant I'll be for aye;
I'll swear to thee my faith, pardee,
Forever and a day.

Robin extends a book toward Allin, who kneels before him, kisses the book, and then rises.

ROBIN.

How many miles is it to thy true love?
Come tell me without any guile.

ALLIN.

By the faith of my body, if I speak true,
It is but five little mile.

ROBIN.

I'll go straightway without delay!
To your true love and her knight;
When the blast you hear of my bugle clear,
Come and join me in the fight.

ALLIN.

O, gladly I'll join your merry men,
When I hear you wind the blast;
O give her to me and then you'll see
I'll never more be downcast.

Robin goes off.

Curtain

Scene II

Characters:

Robin Hood.	*Allin a Dale.*
The Bishop.	*Little John.*
The Knight.	Robin Hood's Band.
The Bride.	Bride's Attendants.

The scene is the forest. The Bishop stands waiting for the Bride and the Knight. Enter Robin, disguised as a minstrel, a lyre strung over his shoulder.

THE BISHOP.

What dost thou do here, what wilt thou, my man?
I prithee now tell to me.

ROBIN.

I am a bold harper, Sir Priest, you see,
And the best in the north country.

THE BISHOP.

O welcome, O welcome, my harper so bold,
Thou shalt play at our wedding gay;
For the knight comes anon, with his finnikin lass,
To be married by me today.

ROBIN.

You shall have no musick, Sir Priest, not a note,
'Till the bride and the bridegroom I see.
Then I'll give thee musick quite after thy heart,
Under yon greenwood tree.

Enter the Bride, her raiment glistening, on the arm of the bridegroom, an old knight richly dressed. They are attended by a train of maidens in wedding array. The wedding party steps before the Bishop.

ROBIN. [*Striding up to the Bishop*].

This is not a fit match for this finnikin lass,
That you do seem to make here;

For since we are come unto this place,
The bride shall chuse her own dear.

Robin blows his horn three times. Immediately his men come rushing in, Allin leading, carrying Robin's long bow. He delivers it to Robin, then shakes his fist at the Knight, steps up to the Bride and takes her hand. She turns her back on the Knight and seems much pleased. The Knight still stands before the Bishop unwilling to yield his position. Robin turns to Allin a Dale,

This is thy true love, this finnikin lass,
Young Allin, as I hear say,
And you shall be married at this same time
Before we depart away.

He makes a sign, whereupon his stout bowmen rush upon the Knight and seize him.

The Bishop. [*Shaking his fist threateningly at Robin*]
This shall not be, bold harper, I say,
For thy word shall not stand;
This knight and this maid shall be married by me,
As the law is of our land.

Robin goes up to the Bishop, pulls off his robe and hands him over to the men. Then he throws the robe on Little John and places him where the Bishop had stood. At the same time, the men who have seized the Knight take him off and bind him to a tree. Allin takes the place of the Knight beside the Bride, who looks well pleased.

Little John.
Who gives this maid to marry, I pray?
Robin.
That do I, I, Robin the bold.
Little John.
I give her to Allin, to Allin a Dale
For aye to have and to hold.

ALLIN.

I take her with glee, Sir Priest, from thee,
For aye to have and to hold;
And he that takes her from Allin a Dale,
Must needs be very bold.

LITTLE JOHN. [*Blessing them*]

And now you are married, my finnikin lass,
To Allin a Dale by me;
A wedding most gay, on this happy day,
Under the greenwood tree.

ROBIN.

Come, join hands, and finish this merry wedding
With a roundelay to our queen;
Let us sing loud and long a gay wedding song,
And end with a dance on the green.
They sing the following song as they advance:

The Song—(From Tennyson's *The Foresters*, Act II, Scene I)

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no men like Englishmen,
So tall and bold as they be.

There is no land like England,
Where'er the light of day be;
There are no maids like English maids,
So beautiful as they be.

And these shall wed with freemen,
And all their sons be free,
To sing the songs of England
Beneath the greenwood tree.

Curtain

EPISODES FROM THE ODYSSEY

Translation by Butcher and Lang

PREFATORY NOTE

Among the many dramatic situations in Homer's *Odyssey*, the following, taken from Books IV and V, respectively, are especially adapted to our purpose, because they admit of very simple treatment, with an open air setting.

Telemachus at the Palace of Menelaus

Characters:

Telemachus.	*Eteoneus.*
Peisistratus.	*Athene.*
Menelaus.	Housekeeper, Serving Maids,
Helen.	and Dancing Girls.

The stage represents the portico of the palace of Menelaus. At one side, or in the rear, is an opening through which a gleam of gold catches the eye, suggesting the splendors of the palace within. The furniture consists of a bench, on the left, toward the front of the stage, and a chair on the right for Helen. If painted scenery is not available, pedestals surmounted by Greek vases, and pieces of statuary, placed in the rear of the stage, will help to suggest the Greek setting. As the curtain rises, Telemachus and Peisistratus are discovered entering the portico from the right, near the front of the stage; Telemachus' left arm is thrown about the shoulders of Peisistratus, and with his right he is pointing toward the opening into the hall of the palace.

Telemachus. Son of Nestor, delight of my heart, mark the flashing of bronze through the echoing halls, and the flashing of gold and of amber and of silver and of ivory. Such like, methinks, is the court of Olympian Zeus within.

Eteoneus, the Squire, enters.

ETEONEUS. I have taken the harness from your horses, strangers, and now my master comes to welcome you. He has bidden the grave housekeeper to set food and drink before you, giving freely of such things as she has by her. But here comes heaven-descended Menelaus.

Menelaus is followed by the Housekeeper and Maids bearing platters and vessels with food and drink, to make ready for the entertainment of the guests.

MENELAUS. Welcome, young strangers, to our high-roofed house! Taste ye food and be glad, and thereafter, when ye have supped, we will ask what men ye are; for the blood of your parents is not lost in you, but ye are of the line of men that are sceptred kings, the fosterlings of Zeus: for no churls could beget sons like you.

PEISISTRATUS. When we have put from us the desire of meat and drink, heaven-descended Menelaus, we will gladly tell the purpose of our coming hither.

MENELAUS. Sit down, children dear, and while ye taste food, we will summon hither our maids to crown our feast with dancing.

He commands Eteoneus by a gesture to do his bidding, then sits down near his guests, who have in the meantime seated themselves at the table which the Maids have placed on the left, in front of the bench. While they are eating, maidens in white Greek gowns, with garlands of flowers, dance for their entertainment. Toward the close of the dance, Helen enters from the right, opposite the two youths, unobserved by them, and is joined by Menelaus.

HELEN. [*To Menelaus*] Menelaus, fosterling of Zeus, know we now who these men avow themselves to be that have come under our roof? Shall I dissemble or shall I speak the truth?

MENELAUS. I am eager for thy thought.

HELEN. I am minded to tell it. None, I say, have I ever yet seen so like another, man nor woman—wonder comes over me as I look on him—as this man is like the son of great hearted Odysseus, Telemachus, whom he left a new-born child in his house.

MENELAUS. Now I too, lady, mark the likeness even as thou tracest it. For such as these were his feet, such his hands, and the glances of his eyes, and his head, and his hair withal.

Telemachus catches the name of Odysseus.

TELEMACHUS. [*To Peisistratus*] Odysseus!—O Peisistratus, may Menelaus, king of men, give me tidings of my father!

PEISISTRATUS. [*Coming forward*] Menelaus, son of Atreus, fosterling of Zeus, leader of the host, assuredly this is the son of that very man, even as thou sayest. But he is of a sober wit, and thinketh it shame in his heart as on this his first coming to make show of presumptuous words in the presence of thee, in whose voice we twain delight as in the voice of a god.

MENELAUS. Lo! now in good truth there has come unto my house the son of a friend indeed, who for my sake endured many adventures. [*Goes to Telemachus, who in the meantime, overcome with the weight of his woes, sits with bowed head*] Dear child! son of long-tried Odysseus, I knew thou wert of the line of heaven-descended sceptred kings. The son of brave Odysseus is welcome to our home.

Telemachus rises, and crosses with Menelaus to the right of the stage where Helen stands.

HELEN. Welcome, noble Telemachus, whom thy father left at home a new-born child, when the Achaeans, for my sake, came under the walls of Troy, eager for battle.

Maids in the meantime remove the table, and bring a distaff and silver basket for Helen, who sits in the chair

already placed on the right of stage. Menelaus and the two youths seat themselves on the bench to the left.

MENELAUS. Wise Telemachus, I thought to welcome him on his coming more nobly than all the other Argives, if but Olympian Zeus, of the far-borne voice, had vouchsafed us a return over the sea in our swift ships.

Telemachus covers his eyes with his robe.

PEISISTRATUS. Nestor of Gerenia, lord of chariots, sent me forth to be his guide on the way; for he desired to see thee that thou mightest put into his heart some word or work. For a son hath many griefs in his halls when his father is away, if perchance he has none to stand by him.

MENELAUS. Sad it is to lack a father's help. And here in far-off Lacedaemon we know how sore beset by the proud wooers is the wise Penelope.

PEISISTRATUS. Son of Atreus, the ancient Nestor in his own halls was ever wont to say that thou wert wise beyond man's wisdom, whensoever we made mention of thee and asked one another concerning thee. And now, if it be possible, be persuaded by me, who for one have no pleasure in weeping at supper time—the new-born day will right soon be upon us. Not indeed that I deem it blame at all to weep for any mortal who hath died and met his fate.

MENELAUS. My friend, lo, thou hast said all that a wise man might say or do, yea, and an elder than thou;—for from such a sire too, thou art sprung, wherefore thou dost even speak wisely. But we will cease now the weeping which was erewhile made.

HELEN. [*Turning to sorrowing Telemachus; pouring a soothing draught into a bowl*] O son of wise Odysseus, drink this healing draught to soothe thy sorrow. Some comfort there is in the knowledge of thy father's noble deeds.

Telemachus drinks.

MENELAUS. To what end hath thy need brought thee hither, hero Telemachus, unto fair Lacedaemon, over the broad back of the sea? Is it a matter of the common weal or of thine own? Herein tell me the plain truth.

TELEMACHUS. Menelaus, son of Atreus, fosterling of Zeus, leader of the host, I have come if perchance thou mayest tell me some tidings of my father. My dwelling is being devoured and my fat lands are ruined, and of unfriendly men my house is full. So now, am I come hither to thy knees, if haply thou art willing to tell me of his pitiful death, as one that saw it perchance with thine own eyes, or heard the story from some other wanderer.

MENELAUS. My heart is moved by thine appeal. For truly in the home of a brave-hearted man were they minded to lie, very cravens as they are!

TELEMACHUS. I do entreat thee—tell me the very truth!

MENELAUS. O son of brave Odysseus, tomorrow ere thou departest, I will tell thee all the story of my wanderings, if thou wilt stay to hear. In the river Aegyptus much I learned of that ancient one of the sea, whose speech is sooth, the deathless Egyptian Proteus, who knows the depths of every sea, and is the thrall of Poseidon.

TELEMACHUS. Of my father—did he tell thee aught?

MENELAUS. When I bade him declare me this, and plainly tell me if all those Achaeans returned safe with their ships, all whom Nestor and I left as we went from Troy, he told me of the fate of Ajax, and of the sad death of Agamemnon, shepherd of the people, slain by the crafty Aegisthus.

TELEMACHUS. [*Excitedly*] And of my father naught?

MENELAUS. He said there was a third who is yet living and holden on the wide deep—Laërtes' son, whose home is Ithaca.

TELEMACHUS. [*Changing quickly from joy to grief*] Alive?

—But where is he delayed? Why comes he not to save his wasting flocks and bring peace to my mother, sorrowing Penelope.

MENELAUS. The ancient man of the sea saw thy dear father, brave Odysseus, on the island of Ogygia, in the halls of the nymph, Calypso, who holds him there perforce; so he may not come to his own country, for he has by him no ships with oars, and no companions to send him on his way over the broad back of the sea.

TELEMACHUS. [*Kneeling at the feet of Menelaus*] O Menelaus, fosterling of Zeus, keep me no longer here. Let me go hence to offer hecatombs to the gods to restore my long-absent father to his home and save us from the wasteful wooers.

MENELAUS. Thou art of gentle blood, dear child, so gentle the words thou speakest. But lo, now tarry in my halls till it shall be the eleventh day hence or the twelfth. Then will I send thee with all honor on thy way, and give thee splendid gifts.

PEISISTRATUS. Delay him not, O Son of Atreus! He longs to bear to the sorrowing Penelope the tidings that his father is alive and may yet return.

MENELAUS. I do grant thy prayer. [*To Telemachus*] So soon as early Dawn shines forth, the rosy-fingered, shalt thou go upon thy way.

HELEN. O son of brave Odysseus, rest in the meantime. Here beneath the corridor I have bidden the maids to set the bedsteads.

TELEMACHUS. O fair-haired Helen, let our beds be brought, that so, at last, lulled in sweet sleep, we be at ease.

MENELAUS. Who knows, but yet the great Odysseus may return and recompense the wooers' crimes! May gray-eyed Athene be thy friend, as formerly she aided great Odysseus, there in the Trojan land where we Achaeans suffered.

HELEN. And so let comforting sleep visit thine eyelids.

The curtain goes down and rises again on a closing tableau.

Tableau

The two youths, one on either side of the stage, are discovered asleep on couches covered with fur rugs. In the center of the stage stands Athene, with right hand raised as if in appeal to Zeus, and the other outstretched toward the sleeping Telemachus, who is smiling happily.

Curtain

HERMES' VISIT TO CALYPSO

Characters:

Calypso.	*Odysseus.*
Hermes.	Handmaidens.

The stage represents the vine-covered entrance to the grotto of the nymph Calypso. If painted scenery is available, the description in the text may be closely followed; if not, the surroundings of the grotto may be suggested by vines and flowers on the side and rear curtains and a green floor-covering to give the effect of grass, with plants scattered here and there. A bench and table, preferably green, to make them inconspicuous, stand at one side of the opening. Calypso and Hermes are discovered, the nymph just emerging from the grotto, Hermes at one side of the stage. Calypso greets Hermes somewhat coldly but with a certain degree of awe.

CALYPSO. Wherefore, I pray thee, Hermes, of the golden wand, hast thou come hither, worshipful and welcome, whereas of old thou wert not wont to visit me? Tell me all thy thought; my heart is set on fulfilling it, if fulfil it I may. But after thou hast supped and comforted thy soul with food, then thou mayest answer me.

Calypso enters the cave. While she is gone, Hermes looks with admiration upon the surroundings of the grotto.

HERMES. [*Alone*] This is a pleasant spot to rest. Here, even an immortal may feast his eyes and at the sight be glad at heart.

Calypso returns, accompanied by two handmaidens bearing food and drink, which they place on the table.

HERMES. [*Sitting down*] Thou makest question of me on my coming, a goddess of a god, and I will tell thee this, my saying truly, at thy command.

CALYPSO. Do not be in haste. My grotto, even an immortal may find a pleasant spot.

HERMES. Who of his free will would speed over such a wondrous space of brine?

CALYPSO. To thee, Hermes of the golden wand, whose lovely sandals that wax not old, bear thee alike over the wet sea and over the limitless land, swift as the breath of the wind, the way cannot seem so long.

HERMES. Interminable! Whereby is no city of mortals that do sacrifice to the gods, and offer choice hecatombs. But surely it is in no wise possible for another god to go beyond or to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis.

CALYPSO. The will of Zeus, lord of the aegis?

HERMES. Yea, fair-haired nymph.—'Twas Zeus that bade me come hither, by no will of mine.

CALYPSO. Thy message, Hermes of the golden wand?

HERMES. He saith that thou hast with thee a man most wretched beyond his fellows, beyond those men that round the burg of Priam for nine years fought, and in the tenth year sacked the city and departed homeward. Yet on the way they sinned against Athene, and she raised upon them an evil blast and long waves of the sea. Then all the rest of his good company was lost, but it

came to pass that the wind bare and the wave brought him hither. And now Zeus biddeth thee send him hence with what speed thou mayest.

CALYPSO. Why should he be unhappy on this peaceful island?

HERMES. It is not ordained that he die away from his friends, but rather it is his fate to look on them even yet, and to come to his high-roofed home and his own country.

CALYPSO. [*Shuddering*] Hard are ye gods and jealous exceeding, who now grudge that a mortal man should dwell with me. Yet him I saved!

HERMES. Have regard unto the wrath of Zeus!

CALYPSO. Yea, forasmuch as it is in no wise possible for another god to make void the purpose of Zeus, lord of the aegis, let him away over the unharvested seas, if the summons and the bidding be of Zeus.

HERMES. Even so then let him go; despatch him on his way!

CALYPSO. Nay, I will give him no despatch, not I, for I have no ships by me with oars, nor company to bear him on his way over the broad back of the sea. Yet will I be forward to put this in his mind, and will hide nought, that all unharmed he may come to his own country.

HERMES. Yonder he comes. I must depart over the broad back of the sea. But let him go quickly hence. Let not the wrath of Zeus grow hot against thee!

Hermes departs. Odysseus enters with head bowed, his whole bearing suggestive of despondency.

CALYPSO. Hapless man, sorrow no more I pray thee in this isle, nor let thy good life waste away, for even now will I send thee hence with all my heart. [*Odysseus lifts his head in surprise*] Nay, arise and cut long beams, and fashion a wide raft with the axe, and lay deckings high thereupon, that it may bear thee over the misty deep.

Odysseus. [*Seating himself wearily*] Herein, goddess, thou hast plainly some other thought, and in no wise my furtherance, for that thou biddest me to cross in a raft the great gulf of the sea so dread and difficult, which not even the swift gallant ships pass over rejoicing in the breeze of Zeus.

Calypso. No other purpose have I. I will supply thee with bread and water, and red wine to thy heart's desire, to keep hunger far away. And I will put raiment upon thee and send a fair gale in thy wake, that so thou mayest come all unharmed to thine own country, if indeed it be the good pleasure of the gods who hold wide heaven, who are stronger than I am both to will and to do.

Odysseus. [*Still incredulously*] Never will I go aboard a raft unless thou wilt deign, O goddess, to swear a great oath not to plan any hidden guile to mine own hurt.

Calypso. [*Smiling upon Odysseus and seating herself by his side*] Knavish thou art, and no weakling in wit!

Odysseus. I have been long tried.

Calypso. How hast thou conceived and spoken such a word! [*Rising*] Let earth be now witness hereto, and the wide heaven above, and that water of the Styx that flows below, the greatest oath and the most terrible to the blessed gods, that I will not plan any hidden guile to thine own hurt.

Odysseus. So long the gods have tossed me on the wine-dark deep, I cannot yet believe I shall set forth upon my homeward way.

Calypso. My thoughts are such, and such will be my counsel, as I would devise for myself, if ever so sore a need came over me. For I too have a righteous mind, and my heart within me is not of iron, but pitiful even as thine. [*Falling on her knees at his feet*] Son of Laërtes, of the seed of Zeus, Odysseus of many devices, so it is indeed

thy wish to get thee home to thine own dear country, even in this hour, to see thy wife, for whom thou hast ever a desire day by day? Yet I avow me to be not less noble than she in form or fashion.

She rises and goes to the opposite side, standing against a background of vines.

ODYSSEUS. Be not wroth with me hereat, goddess and queen. Myself, I know it well, how wise Penelope is meaner to look upon than thou, in comeliness and stature. But she is mortal and thou knowest not age nor death. Yet even so, I wish and long day by day to fare homeward and see the day of my returning.

CALYPSO. Yet didst thou know in thine heart what a measure of suffering thou art ordained to fulfil, or ever thou reach thine own country, here, even here, thou wouldst abide with me and keep this house, and wouldst never taste of death.

ODYSSEUS. [*Rising*] Nay, and if some god shall wreck me in the wine-dark deep, even so I will endure, with a heart within me patient of affliction. For already have I suffered full much, and much have I toiled in perils of waves and war; let this be added to the tale of those.—But let me go I pray.

CALYPSO. So soon as early Dawn shines forth, the rosy-fingered, I will show thee where the trees grow tall and furnish thee with all that is needful to build thy broad-beamed raft. Farewell then, even so! When the fourth day comes, thou wilt have accomplished all. It is the will of Zeus, lord of the aegis!

Calypso, pointing toward the sky with her right hand extends her left toward Odysseus, in sorrow at the thought of parting. Odysseus, kneeling, takes the outstretched hand, and looks up into the face of the nymph with an expression of gratitude. The curtain goes down on this tableau.

TABLEAUX FROM THE ODYSSEY, WITH DESCRIPTIVE READINGS

(Translation by Butcher and Lang)

PREFATORY NOTE

The following tableaux are planned to suggest the story of the *Odyssey*. The Reader for each scene is dressed in Greek costume and stands as near the edge of the stage as possible, and off to one side, so as not to obscure the view or mar the picture. One Reader may be used throughout, or different Readers for the various descriptions.

The following is an appropriate setting for all the tableaux: a long curved seat draped in white to represent marble, and placed well to the rear; a number of white-draped screens making a continuous curved wall, about two feet back of the seat, allowing space for the grouping of characters in the longer tableaux; against the curtain in the rear, on the right, a tall white pedestal surmounted by a Greek vase, and on the left, reaching nearly to the ceiling, a slender pine sapling suggestive of the sky-stretching pine of the *Odyssey*. This setting is based upon the Alma Tadema picture, "A Reading from Homer." Painted scenery may be substituted for the curtain as a background, but is not essential.

The curved seat, supplemented by stools, affords sufficient room for grouping the seated figures in the middle-distance in the more elaborate tableaux. As in photographs of large groups, some stand in the background, others are seated on the floor. With this arrangement, few changes in the setting are necessary for the different tableaux. The front of the stage is left free for the central figures. The picture is in every case suggested by the descriptive reading. Where the text does not furnish sufficient details, these must be worked out by the instructor in charge.

Tableau I

Athene's Appeal to Zeus

Reading before curtain rises.

And the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him, saying:

"O father, our father Kronides, throned in the highest; my heart is rent for wise Odysseus, the hapless one, who

far from his friends this long while suffereth affliction in a seagirt isle, where is the navel of the sea, a woodland isle, and therein a goddess hath her habitation, the daughter of the wizard Atlas. Wherefore wast thou then so wroth with him, O Zeus?"

And Zeus, the cloud-gatherer answered her, and said:

"My child, what word hath escaped the door of thy lips? Yea, how should I forget divine Odysseus, who in understanding is beyond mortals and beyond all men hath done sacrifice to the deathless gods, who keep the wide heaven? Nay, but it is Poseidon, the girdler of the earth, that hath been wroth continually with quenchless anger for the Cyclops' sake whom he blinded of his eye, even godlike Polyphemus, whose power is mightiest amongst all the Cyclops."

Then the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, answered him, and said:

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

"O father, our father Kronides, throned in the highest, if indeed this thing is now well pleasing to the blessed gods, that wise Odysseus should return to his own home, let us then speed Hermes, the Messenger, the slayer of Argos, to the island of Ogygia. There with all speed, let him declare to the lady of the braided tresses our unerring counsel, even the return of the patient Odysseus, that so he may come to his home. But as for me, I will go to Ithaca that I may rouse his son yet the more, planting might in his heart. And I will guide him to Sparta and to sandy Pylos to seek tidings of his dear father's return, if peradventure he may hear thereof, and that so he may be had in good report among men."

Curtain

Tableau II

Telemachus' Address to the Wooers

Reading before curtain rises.

Now the wooers clamored throughout the shadowy halls and wise Telemachus first spake among them:

"Wooers of my mother, men despiteful out of measure, let us feast now and make merry and let there be no brawling; for, lo, it is a good thing to list to a minstrel such as him, like to the gods in voice. But in the morning let us all go to the assembly and sit us down, that I may declare my saying outright, to wit that ye leave these halls."

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

"And busy yourselves with other feasts, eating your own substance, going in turn from house to house. But if ye deem this a likelier and a better thing, that one man's goods should perish without atonement, then waste ye as ye will; and I will call upon the everlasting gods, if haply Zeus may grant that acts of recompense be made; so should ye hereafter perish within the halls without atonement."

Curtain

Tableau III

The Recognition of Telemachus at the Home of Menelaus

Reading before curtain rises.

And Menelaus marked Telemachus and mused in his mind and his heart whether he should leave him to speak of his father, or first question him and prove him in every word. While yet he pondered these things in his mind and in his heart, Helen came forth from her fragrant vaulted chamber, like Artemis of the golden arrows.

Approaching Menelaus, anon she spake to her lord and questioned him of each thing:

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

"Menelaus, fosterling of Zeus, know we now who these men avow themselves to be that have come under our roof? Shall I dissemble or shall I speak the truth? Nay, I am minded to tell it. None, I say, have I ever yet seen so like another, man nor woman—wonder comes over me as I look on him—as this man is like the son of great-hearted Odysseus, Telemachus, whom he left a new-born child in his house, when for the sake of me, ye Achaeans came up under Troy with bold war in your hearts."

Curtain

Tableau IV

PENELOPE AWAITING THE RETURN OF TELEMACHUS

Reading before curtain rises.

But the wise Penelope lay there in her upper chamber, fasting and tasting neither meat nor drink, musing whether her noble son should escape death, or even fall before the proud wooers. So was she musing when deep sleep came over her. And she sank back in sleep and all her joints were loosened.

Now the goddess, gray-eyed Athene, turned to other thoughts. She made a phantom, and fashioned it after the likeness of a woman, Iphthime, daughter of great-hearted Icarius. And she sent it to the house of divine Odysseus to bid Penelope, amid her sorrow and lamenting to cease from her weeping and tearful lamentation. So the phantom passed into the chamber by the thong of the bolt, and stood above her head and spake unto her, saying:

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

"Sleepest thou, Penelope, stricken at heart? Nay, even the gods who live at ease suffer thee not to wail or be afflicted, seeing that thy son is yet to return; for no sinner is he in the eyes of the gods. Take courage, and be not so sorely afraid. For lo, such a friend goes to guide him, as all men pray to stand by them, for that she hath the power, even Pallas Athene. And she pitieth thee in thy sorrow, and now hath sent me forth to speak these words to thee".

Curtain

Tableau V

THE DEPARTURE OF ODYSSEUS FROM OGYGIA

Reading before curtain rises.

So soon as early Dawn shone forth, the rosy-fingered, anon Odysseus put on him a mantle and doublet. And now Calypso led the way to the border of the isle where tall trees grew, alder and poplar, and pine that reacheth to heaven, seasoned long since and sere that might lightly float for him. Now after she had shown him where the tall trees grew, Calypso, the fair goddess, departed homeward. And he set to cutting timber, and his work went busily. It was the fourth day when he had accomplished all. And, lo, on the fifth, the fair Calypso sent him on his way from the island.

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

Moreover, the goddess gave him two skins, one of dark wine, and another, a great one, of water, and corn, too, in a wallet, and a store of dainties to his heart's desire, and sent forth a warm and gentle wind to blow.

Curtain

Tableau VI (Motion Pictures)

ARRIVAL OF ODYSSEUS IN THE LAND OF THE PHAEACIANS

1. The Game of Ball.—Nausicaä's Maids.
2. The Meeting of Odysseus and Nausicaä.

Reading before curtain rises.

Now when Nausicaä and her maids were come to the beautiful stream of the river, where truly were the unfailing cisterns, and bright water welled up from beneath, and flowed past, there the girls unharnessed the mules from the chariot. Then they took the garments from the wain, in their hands, and bore them to the black water and briskly trod them down in the trenches, in busy rivalry. Now when they had washed and cleansed all the stains, they spread all out in order along the shore of the deep, even where the sea in beating on the coast, washed the pebbles clean. Anon, when they were satisfied with food, the maidens fell to playing at ball, casting away their tires. Nausicaä of the white arms watched their sport. And as they played, the goodly Odysseus awoke and sat up pondering in his heart and spirit:

"Woe is me! to what men's land am I come now? say, are they froward, and wild, and unjust, or are they hospitable and of God-fearing mind? How shrill a cry of maidens rings round me, of the nymphs that hold the steep hill-tops, and the river-springs, and the grassy water meadows! It must be, methinks, that I am near men of human speech. Go to, I, myself will make trial and see."

Therewith the goodly Odysseus crept out from under the coppice to meet the maids. And they fled cowering here and there about the jutting spits of the shore.

The curtain rises on the tableau presenting Nausicaä at the right, near the front of the stage, watching her maidens, posed for the first position of a ball game such as is taught in high-school physical culture work. At a given signal, the music begins and the game proceeds. The Reader remains in position. Just before the close of the game, Odysseus appears at the left, stands a moment, and is seen by the maidens, who throw down their balls and run off the stage in different directions, leaving Nausicaä and Odysseus alone. Odysseus approaches Nausicaä to center of stage, and stands with outstretched arms during the reading of the following passage.

And the daughter of Alcinoüs alone stood firm to meet him. So straightway he spake a sweet and cunning word:

"I supplicate thee, O queen! Grievous sorrow is upon me. Yesterday, on the twentieth day, I escaped from the wine-dark deep, but all that time continually the wave bare me, and the vehement winds drave, from the isle Ogygia. Then, queen, have pity on me, for after many trials and sore, to thee first of all am I come. Show me the town. And may the gods grant thee all thy heart's desire.

The pose changes on cue "Then Nausicaä of the white arms answered him." Nausicaä turns as if addressing Odysseus, and points toward the city in the distance. The reading does not stop during this change of pose.

Then Nausicaä of the white arms answered him, and said: "Stranger, forasmuch as thou seemest no evil man nor foolish, I will show thee the town, and name the name of the people. The Phaeacians hold this city and land, and I am the daughter of Alcinoüs, great of heart, on whom all the might and force of the Phaeacians depend.

Curtain

Tableau VII

Odysseus' Appeal to Arete

Reading before curtain rises.

Now the steadfast goodly Odysseus went through the house, clad in a thick mist, which Athene shed around him, till he came to Arete and the king Alcinoüs. And Odysseus knelt at the feet of Arete and then it was that the wondrous mist melted from off him, and a silence fell on them that were within the house at the sight of him, and they marvelled as they beheld him. Then Odysseus began his prayer:

Curtain rises on tableau — Odysseus at the feet of Arete. This picture represents the court of Alcinoüs — with bard, flower-maidens, pages, etc.

Reading for tableau.

"Arete, daughter of god-like Rhexenor, after many toils am I come to thy husband and to thy knees and to these guests, and may the gods vouchsafe them a happy life, and may each one leave to his children after him his substance in his halls and whatever dues of honor the people have rendered unto him. But speed, I pray you, my parting right quickly, that I may come to mine own country, for already too long do I suffer affliction far from my friends."

Curtain

Tableau VIII

Odysseus Relating His Story at the Court of Alcinoüs

The group is the same as for the previous tableau, with positions slightly changed. Odysseus, on a stool in the center, is relating his story.

Reading before curtain rises.

And Odysseus of many counsels answered him saying: "King Alcinoüs, most notable of all the people, there is no more gracious or perfect delight than when a whole people makes merry, and the men sit orderly at feast in the halls and listen to the singer, and the tables by them are laden with bread and flesh, and a wine-bearer drawing the wine serves it round and pours it into the cups. But now thy heart was inclined to ask my grievous troubles, that I may mourn for more exceeding sorrow. What then shall I tell of first, what last? First, I will tell my name, that ye, too, may know it."

Curtain rises. Reading for tableau.

"I am Odysseus, son of Laërtes, who am in men's minds for all manner of wiles, and my fame reaches unto heaven. And I dwell in clear-seen Ithaca, wherein is a mountain Neriton, standing manifest to view. And for myself I can see nought beside sweeter than a man's own country. Surely there is nought sweeter than a man's own country and his parents, even though he dwell far off in a rich home, in a strange land, away from them that begat him. But come, let me tell thee too of the troubles of my journeying, which Zeus laid on me as I came from Troy."

Curtain

Tableau IX

THE MEETING OF ODYSSEUS AND TELEMACHUS

Reading before curtain rises.

And now Odysseus went into the hut, and his dear son marvelled at him and looked away for fear lest it should be a god, and he uttered his voice and spake to him in winged words:

"Even now, stranger, thou art other in my sight than that thou wert a moment since, and other garments thou hast, and the color of thy skin is no longer the same. Surely thou art a god of those that keep the wide heaven. Nay, then, be gracious, that we may offer to thee well-pleasing sacrifices and golden gifts, beautifully wrought; and spare us, I pray thee." Then the steadfast goodly Odysseus answered him, saying:

Curtain rises for two pictures. First pose,—Telemachus gazing with awe upon his father. Reading for tableau.

"Behold, no god am I; why likenest thou me to the immortals? Nay, thy father am I, for whose sake thou sufferest many pains and groanest sore, and submittest thee to the despite of men."

But Telemachus (for as yet he believed not that it was his father) answered in turn and spake:

"Thou art not Odysseus, my father, but some god beguiles me, that I may groan for more exceeding sorrow."

Then Odysseus of many counsels, answered him saying:

"Telemachus, it fits thee not to marvel overmuch that thy father is come home, or to be amazed."

Second pose as reading continues. Telemachus' expression changes to one of joy as Odysseus extends his hands toward him.

"Nay for thou shalt find no other Odysseus come hither any more; but lo, I, all as I am, after suffering and much wandering have come in the twentieth year to mine own country."

The Reader retires.

Curtain

Tableau X (Motion Pictures)

Celebration of Odysseus' Home-coming

Passing over the story of the slaughter of the wooers and the punishment of the unfaithful servants, the celebration of Odysseus' home-coming and reunion with the faithful Penelope are suggested by tableau and procession which should be marked by a spirit of rejoicing. Bright flowers, strewn by flower-maidens, cheerful music, and laughing faces characterize the scene. As the curtain rises, Athene, who has aided Telemachus and Odysseus, stands, spear in right hand, shield in left, in the center of the stage; Penelope and Telemachus on her left, a little in front, Odysseus on her right, the other characters picturesquely grouped in a semi-circle behind them. All the characters are utilized in this tableau. At the first chord of music, Penelope meets Odysseus, center; they march to front of stage, turn to right; Athene joins Telemachus; they march to front and turn to left; the other characters fall in similarly, alternating right and left, leave stage, and march through the auditorium. The march may be elaborated as desired.

FEATHERTOP: A MORALIZED LEGEND

Nathaniel Hawthorne

PREFATORY NOTE

Feathertop, (*Mosses from an Old Manse*), offers a good humorous incident for high school production. The dramatization gives the story in two scenes, *The Making of Feathertop* and *The Awakening of Feathertop*. The adventures of Feathertop while out in the world, are omitted because of the difficulty of staging. The presentation of this selection ought to be dramatically effective. The main changes of text necessary for dramatizing are the shortening of Mother Rigby's speeches and the introduction of appropriate comments for the Scarecrow. Dickon is materialized as a Sprite and the Scarecrow is sufficiently humanized to admit of impersonation.

Scene I

The Making of Feathertop

Characters:
Mother Rigby, a Witch.
The Scarecrow (Feathertop.)
Dickon, a Sprite.

The scene represents the interior of Mother Rigby's hut. At the left is a rude hearth, on which is a heap of ashes. At the right, in a corner concealed by a curtain, is the Scarecrow. A rough table and chair complete the furnishings. The time is early morning. As the curtain rises, Mother Rigby is discovered seated at the table, pipe in hand. She has just finished a frugal breakfast.

Mother Rigby. Dickon! a light for my pipe! [*Enter Dickon with a lighted taper. He hands Mother Rigby the light*] Good! Thank ye, Dickon! Be within call, Dickon, in case I need ye again.

Dickon. At your service, Mother Rigby. [*Exit*]

MOTHER RIGBY, [*Rising*] And now I must look at the scarecrow I made for my corn-patch last night. [*She hobbles to the corner, throws aside the curtain, and discloses the Scarecrow, a marvelous figure, wearing a powdered wig surmounted by a three-cornered hat, in which is stuck the white tail-feather of a rooster. A plum-colored coat, scarlet knee breeches, and white silk stockings complete the costume. The boy representing this Scarecrow must be exceedingly jerky and angular in his movements. For further details, see text*] Surely it looks as if it were saying "Come and look at me!" [*To the Scarecrow*] And you are well worth looking at, that's a fact! [*Returning to her seat*] I've made many a puppet since I've been a witch; but methinks this is the finest of them all. 'Tis almost too good for a scarecrow. And by the by, I'll just fill a fresh pipe of tobacco, and then take him out to the corn-patch. [*While filling her pipe she gazes thoughtfully at the Scarecrow and becomes visibly more pleased as she gazes*] Dickon! [*rather sharply*] another light for my pipe!

Enter Dickon with taper.

DICKON. Here, Mother Rigby, at your service.

He hands the taper to Mother Rigby, then leaves. Mother Rigby seats herself in the chair again, turns toward the Scarecrow, puffs away at her pipe, and continues to gaze at the Scarecrow as she talks.

MOTHER RIGBY. That puppet yonder is too good a piece of work to stand all summer in a corn-patch, frightening away crows and blackbirds. He's capable of better things. Why, I've danced with a worse one, when partners happened to be scarce, at our witch meetings in the forest! [*Pauses*] What if I should let him take his chance among the other men of straw and empty fellows who go bustling about the world? [*She takes two or*

three more whiffs of her pipe and smiles broadly] He'll meet plenty of his brethren at every street corner! [*After a pause, rising and going toward the Scarecrow*] Yes, I'll make a man of my Scarecrow, were it only for the joke's sake! [*She takes the pipe from her own lips and places it in the Scarecrow's mouth.—Addressing the Scarecrow*] Puff, darling, puff! Puff away, my fine fellow! Your life depends on it! It is the breath of life to ye.

The figure gradually becomes animated, raises its right hand, seizes the pipe, and takes two or three puffs.

MOTHER RIGBY. Well puffed, my pretty lad! Puff on, puff for thy life, I tell thee! [*The figure continues to puff away vigorously*] Why lurkest thou in the corner, lazy one? Step forth! Thou hast the world before thee! [*The figure extends one arm toward Mother Rigby, makes a step forward, a kind of hitch and jerk, totters and almost loses its balance. Mother Rigby scowls and beckons to it and speaks angrily*] Puff away, wretch! Puff, puff, puff, thou thing of straw and emptiness! thou rag or two! thou meal bag! thou pumpkin head! thou nothing!

The Scarecrow, frightened, puffs away frantically as if for dear life. With each puff the figure seems to get more and more control of itself.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Sternly, shaking her fist at the Scarecrow*] Thou hast a man's aspect. Have also the echo and mockery of a voice! I bid thee speak!

THE SCARECROW. [*Gasping, struggling, and finally mumbling*] Mother, be not so awful with me! I would fain speak. But being without wits, what can I say?

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Smiling*] Thou canst speak, darling, canst thou? And what shalt thou say, quotha! Say, indeed! Art thou of the brotherhood of the empty skull, and demandest of me what thou shalt say? Thou

shalt say a thousand things, and saying them a thousand times over, thou shalt still have said nothing! Be not afraid, I tell thee! When thou comest into the world (whither I purpose sending thee forthwith) thou shalt not lack the wherewithal to talk. Talk! Why, thou shalt babble like a mill-stream, if thou wilt. Thou hast brains enough for that, I trow!

THE SCARECROW. [*Bowing stiffly*] At your service, mother.

MOTHER RIGBY. And that was well said, my pretty one. Then thou spakest like thyself, and meant nothing. Thou shalt have a hundred such set phrases, and five hundred to the boot of them. And now, darling, give heed to what I say!

THE SCARECROW. [*Placing hand on heart*] Yes, kind mother, with all my heart!

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Laughing loudly*] With all thy heart! Thou hast such a pretty way of speaking. With all thy heart! And thou didst put thy hand to the left side of thy waistcoat as if thou really hadst one!

THE SCARECROW. To be sure!

MOTHER RIGBY. And now go and play thy part in the big world. That thou mayst hold up thy head with the best of them, I endow thee with untold wealth—a gold mine in Eldorado, ten thousand shares in a broken bubble, half a million acres of vineyard at the North Pole and a castle in the air, in Spain, with all the rents accruing therefrom. And here is a copper for ready cash. And here the best of all!

She takes a piece of brass from her pocket and rubs his forehead with it.

THE SCARECROW. The best of all? Is it possible?

MOTHER RIGBY. Indeed it is. With that brass alone thou canst pay thy way all over the earth. And now, pretty darling, I have done my best for thee.

THE SCARECROW. [*Caressing Mother Rigby*] Indeed thou hast, pretty mother, and I thank thee a thousand times!

MOTHER RIGBY. How like a man that sounds! And now go forth! I send thee direct to the worshipful Justice Gookin. The worshipful Justice knows Mother Rigby, [*laughing*] and Mother Rigby knows him. Whisper but this word in his ear, [*whispering to him*] and he will be like putty in thy hands.

THE SCARECROW. Indeed? I can scarce believe it.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Aside*] He is getting more and more human every second. He will soon be a man. [*To him*] And the worshipful Master Gookin hath a comely maiden to his daughter.

THE SCARECROW. [*Much interested*] So? Pray tell me about her.

MOTHER RIGBY. Well, hark ye, my pet! Thou hast a fair outside, and a pretty wit enough of thy own.

THE SCARECROW. [*With protesting modesty*] Oh, Mother Rigby!

MOTHER RIGBY. Yea, a pretty wit enough! Thou wilt think better of it when thou hast seen more of other people's wits.

THE SCARECROW. Really?

MOTHER RIGBY. Never doubt it! Now *thou* art the very man to win a girl's heart.

The Scarecrow straightens up with pride.

THE SCARECROW. Indeed? Oh! Ah! Hem!

MOTHER RIGBY. Put a bold face on the matter, sigh, smile, flourish thy hat, thrust forth thy leg like a dancing master, put thy right hand to the left side of thy waistcoat, and pretty Polly Gookin is thine own!

As she speaks the Scarecrow performs the various acts as directed, smiles, sighs, etc. He repeats these acts

several times. He has been puffing away at his pipe intermittently and seems now to take great enjoyment in it. The more vigorously he smokes the more human he becomes in his motions.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Approaching him and taking the pipe from his unwilling hands. As she takes it away a change comes over the Scarecrow; he suddenly stiffens in every joint and loses much of his human semblance*] I see, my dear, that your pipe is getting low. Let me fill it for thee. [*She takes tobacco from her pouch and fills it*] Dickon! another light for this pipe.

Enter Dickon with lighted taper.

DICKON. And it is here, my mistress!

He gives the taper to Mother Rigby and vanishes.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Lighting the pipe*] Here, mine own heart's darling. [*The Scarecrow grasps the pipe eagerly, puts it to his mouth, puffs vigorously, and gradually becomes less rigid*] Now, whatever happens, thou must stick to thy pipe. Thy life is in it. Stick to thy pipe, I say! Smoke, puff, blow thy cloud.

THE SCARECROW. That will I, Mother Rigby. Never fear. [*Puffing away*]

MOTHER RIGBY. And tell the people if any question be made, that it is for thy health, and that so the physician orders thee to do.

THE SCARECROW. [*Slyly*] Ah, I see! I'll follow thy bidding, pretty mother.

MOTHER RIGBY. And, sweet one, when thou shalt find thy pipe getting low, go apart into some corner, and cry sharply, "Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco!" and have it into thy pretty mouth as speedily as may be. Else, instead of a gallant gentleman in a gold-laced coat, thou wilt be but a jumble of sticks and tattered clothes, and a bag of straw .

THE SCARECROW. [*Startled*] Ah! Really? Let me try—Dic—Dickon—Dickon. [*Trying to imitate Mother Rigby's tone*] Dickon, a fresh pipe of tobacco! Just so, just so.

MOTHER RIGBY. Well done, my pretty. And now depart, and good luck go with thee!

THE SCARECROW. [*Going up to her and taking her hand*] Never fear, mother! I will thrive, if an honest man and a gentleman may!

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Convulsed with laughter*] Oh, thou wilt be the death of me! That was well said, If an honest man and a gentleman may! Thou playest thy part to perfection. Get along with thee for a smart fellow! Did *I* not make thee? [*Looking at him with pride*] And I defy any witch in New England to make such another! Here, take my staff along with thee!

She gives him her staff which suddenly becomes a gold-headed cane. This transformation can be easily made by Mother Rigby's slipping unnoticed a cap made of gilt paper on the end of the stick.

THE SCARECROW. [*Taking the gold-headed cane and looking at it curiously*] Upon my word!

MOTHER RIGBY. That gold head has as much sense in it as thine own.

THE SCARECROW. Really?

MOTHER RIGBY. And it will guide thee straight to worshipful Master Gookin's door.

THE SCARECROW. Is it possible?

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Laughing.—Aside*] How like a wit he speaks! [*To him*] It is. Now get thee gone, my pretty pet, my darling, my precious one, my treasure. [*Caressing him*] And if any ask thy name, it is Feathertop. For thou hast a feather in thy hat, and I have thrust a handful of feathers into the hollow of thy head, and thy wig too is of the fashion they call Feathertop,—so be thy name Feathertop!

THE SCARECROW. [*Bowing low and kissing Mother Rigby's hand*] So be it. Hereafter I shall know myself as Feathertop, and whithersoever I go, men shall know me as *Lord* Feathertop. Adieu, sweet mother, I go to seek my fortune at the portals of Justice Gookin.

He strides manfully out of the door, leaving Mother Rigby shaking her sides with laughter.

Curtain

Scene II

THE AWAKENING OF FEATHERTOP

The scene and the characters are the same. The time is evening. A candle burns on the table, beside which sits Mother Rigby, smoking her pipe. As the curtain rises, a noise like the clatter of sticks is heard outside.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Taking the pipe from her mouth, and shaking out the ashes*] Ha! What step is that? Whose skeleton is out of the grave now, I wonder?

Feathertop bursts headlong into the cottage, his pipe still alight, his aspect still human. He approaches Mother Rigby and stands despondently before her.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Excitedly*] What has gone wrong? Did yonder sniffling hypocrite thrust my darling from his door? The villain! I'll set twenty fiends to torment him till he offer thee his daughter on his bended knees!

FEATHERTOP. [*Despairingly*] No, mother, it was not that.

MOTHER RIGBY. [*Vindictively*] Did the girl scorn my precious one? I'll cover her face with pimples! Her nose shall be as red as the light in thy pipe! Her front teeth shall drop out! In a week hence she shall not be worth thy having!

FEATHERTOP. [*Despondently*] Let her alone, mother.—The girl was half won; and methinks a kiss from her

sweet lips might have made me altogether human. But—[*he pauses*] there was a full length mirror in the room. [*He pauses again*] It showed me myself, mother, and no illusion. [*Then, excitedly, in a tone of utter self-contempt*] I've seen myself, mother! I've seen myself for the wretched, ragged, empty thing I am! I'll exist no longer!

He flings his pipe angrily against the chimney and sinks upon the floor, a formless heap.

Mother Rigby. [*Rising and standing over him. She speaks ruefully*] Poor fellow! My poor, dear, pretty Feathertop! There are thousands upon thousands of coxcombs and charlatans in the world, made up of just such a jumble of worn out, forgotten, and good-for-nothing trash as he was! Yet they live in fair repute, and never see themselves for what they are. And why should my poor puppet be the only one to know himself and perish for it? [*She slowly fills her pipe and stands irresolute. Then she stoops and is about to thrust it into Feathertop's mouth, but she hesitates, and finally draws it slowly away*] Poor Feathertop! [*With much feeling*] I could easily give him another chance and send him forth again tomorrow. But no; his feelings are too tender, his sensibilities too deep. He seems to have too much heart to bustle for his own advantage in such an empty and heartless world. [*Pauses; then more cheerfully*] Well! well! I'll make a scarecrow of him, after all. 'Tis an innocent and useful vocation, and will suit my darling well; and, if each of his human brethren had as fit a one, 'twould be the better for mankind; and as for this pipe of tobacco, I need it more than he. [*She puts the pipe between her lips and puffs*] Dickon! Another light for my pipe!

As Dickon enters with a lighted taper, the curtain drops.

SECOND YEAR

THE ILIAD

Translation by Lang, Leaf, and Myers

PREFATORY NOTE

The scene chosen from Homer's *Iliad,* Book I is the Assembly of the Argive chiefs to consider the means for appeasing the wrath of Apollo, in which the great dramatic incident is the quarrel of Agamemnon and Achilles. The appeal of Chryses serves as Prologue.

The historical details necessary to a presentation of the Greek Assembly may be gleaned from the several accounts of Assemblies in the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey.* The Homeric narratives show that the procedure was extremely informal. The Assembly was convened without ceremony, and the rising of the presiding chief was the signal for the dissolution. The peace Assembly, of which we find an illustration in the *Odyssey,* Book II, does not differ essentially from the war Assembly of the *Iliad,* except that the latter seems to be a degree less formal. Therefore in making suggestions for the "business" of the scenes selected, the two have been used interchangeably. The one formality in the procedure noted in the *Odyssey,* Book II, has been utilized for dramatic effect in the scene here given: *And he stood in mid Assembly; and the Herald Peisenor . . . . . placed the staff in his hands.*

Scene I

The Appeal of Chryses

Characters:

Agamemnon. *Calchas.*
Achilles. *Nestor,* and Other Greek Chiefs.
Heralds. *Chryses,* Priest of Apollo.
Apollo, as a Shepherd.

The scene presents an Assembly of chiefs held on the shore near the Greek ships. On one side, rudely constructed benches are arranged in a semi-circle so that the main characters may face the audience. Agamemnon occupies a rough-

hewn seat in front of the benches, so placed that the audience may watch his expression throughout the scene, and far enough away from the benches to allow space for Chryses between him and the assembled chiefs. On either side of Agamemnon is a Herald seated on the ground, leaning against the base of the king's seat. As the curtain rises, Chryses appears at the rear-center of the stage, bearing a golden scepter with the fillets of Apollo, the symbols of his priesthood.

CHRYSES. [*Addressing the Assembly*] Ye sons of Atreus and all ye well-greaved Achaeans, now may the gods that dwell in the mansions of Olympus grant you to lay waste the city of Priam, and to fare happily homeward; only set ye my dear child free, and accept the ransom in reverence to the son of Zeus, far-darting Apollo.

ONE OF THE CHIEFS. [*Amid applause of majority*] Ye Argive warriors, heed a father's prayer. Revere the priest, and take the liberal gifts he offers. Give him back his well-loved child!

AGAMEMNON. [*Scornfully, with threatening air*] Let me not find thee, old man, amid the hollow ships, whether tarrying now, or returning again hereafter, lest the staff and fillet of the god avail thee naught. And her will I not set free; nay, ere that shall old age come on her in our house in Argos, far from her native land, where she shall ply the loom. But depart, provoke me not, that thou mayest the rather go in peace.

Agamemnon, rising, dismisses the Assembly. The old priest walks slowly toward the left of the stage; the council silently dissolves, the warriors going out to the right. When the old man reaches the exit, he suddenly turns, watches the departing chiefs a moment, then offers his prayer to Apollo.

CHRYSES. Hear me, god of the silver bow, that standest over Chrysa and holy Cilla and rulest Tenedos with

might, O Smintheus! if ever I built a temple gracious in thine eyes, or if ever I burnt to thee fat flesh of thighs of bulls or goats, fulfill thou this my desire; let the Danaäns pay by thine arrows for my tears.

Apollo appears to Chryses in the form of a Greek shepherd, with silver bow and quiver.

Apollo. Priest of Apollo, the god of the silver bow hath heard thy prayer, and, wroth at heart, because the bearer of the fillet hath been dishonored, granteth thee thy desire.

Apollo disappears. Chryses stands a moment amazed.

Chryses. [*In attitude of prayer*] Mayest thou, O Far-darting Apollo, let fly thy arrows upon the Achaean host, and send a sore plague upon them, that the folk perish, because Atrides hath done dishonor to thy priest.

Curtain

Scene II

The Quarrel

Characters:

Achilles.	*Nestor*, and Other
Agamemnon.	Greek Chiefs.
Calchas.	*Athene.*
Patroclus.	*Thetis.*
Heralds.	*Briseis.*
Talthybius.	*Eurybates.*

The setting is the same. The Greek chiefs are assembled in council. Achilles rises in their midst.

Achilles. Son of Atreus, now deem I that we shall return wandering home again—if verily we might escape death—if war at once and pestilence must indeed ravage the Achaeans. But come, let us now inquire of some

soothsayer or priest, yea, or an interpreter of dreams—seeing that a dream too is of Zeus—who shall say wherefore Phoebus Apollo is so wroth, whether he blame us by reason of vow or hecatomb; if perchance he would accept the savor of lambs or unblemished goats, and so would take away the pestilence from us.

Achilles takes his seat. Agamemnon speaks to Eurybates, the Herald, who goes to Calchas, the seer, and delivers to him the scepter, the signal for him to address the Assembly.

CALCHAS. [*Rising and addressing Agamemnon*] Atrides, king of men, thou biddest me tell the wrath of Apollo, the king that smiteth afar. Therefore will I speak. [*Turning to Achilles*] But do thou, O Peleus' son, make covenant with me, and swear that verily with all thy heart thou wilt aid me both by word and deed. For of a truth I deem that I shall provoke one that ruleth all the Argives with might, and whom the Achaeans obey. For a king is more of might when he is wroth with a meaner man; even though for one day he swallow his anger, yet doth he still keep his displeasure thereafter in his breast till he accomplish it. Consider thou, then, if thou wilt hold me safe.

ACHILLES. [*Rising*] Yea, be of good courage, speak whatever soothsaying thou knowest; for by Apollo dear to Zeus, him by whose worship thou, O Calchas, declarest thy soothsaying to the Danaäns, no man while I live and behold light on earth shall lay violent hands upon thee amid the hollow ships; no man of all the Danaäns, not even if thou mean Agamemnon that now avoweth him to be greatest far of the Achaeans.

Some of the warriors applaud Achilles' words. One of them rises and speaks.

A GREEK CHIEF. Speak thou in safety, as Achilles bids, O Calchas, Son of Thestor and the chief of augurs, one

to whom are known things past and things to come; who, through the art of divination, which Apollo gave, once guided Iliumward the ships of Greece!

SEVERAL IN CHORUS. Speak, son of Thestor! Speak!—

CALCHAS. O Argive chiefs, Atrides and the rest, since it is the will of all, I will unfold the cause of Smintheus' rage against the Grecian camp. Neither by reason of a vow is he displeased, nor for any hecatomb, but for his priest's sake to whom Agamemnon did despite, and set not his daughter free and accepted not the ransom; therefore hath the Far-darter brought woes upon us, yea, and will bring. Nor will he ever remove the loathly pestilence from the Danaäns till we have given the bright-eyed damsel to her father, unbought, unransomed, and carried a holy hecatomb to Chrysa; then might we propitiate him to our prayer.

Calchas takes his seat. Agamemnon rises wrathfully, eyes sparkling with rage; he fixes a menacing look on Calchas.

AGAMEMNON. Thou seer of evil, never yet hast thou told me the thing that is pleasant. Evil is ever the joy of thy heart to prophesy, but never yet didst thou tell any good matter nor bring it to pass. And now with soothsaying thou makest harangue among the Danaäns, how that the Far-darter bringeth woes upon them because, forsooth, I would not take the goodly ransom of the damsel Chryseis, seeing I am the rather fain to keep her ownself within mine house. Yet for all this will I give her back, if that is better; rather would I see my folk whole than perishing. [*Applause*] Only make ye me ready a prize of honor forthwith, lest I alone of all the Argives, be disprized which thing beseemeth not; for ye all behold how my prize is departing from me.

The expression of faces in the Assembly changes from

relief to disappointment. As he sits down, he looks significantly at Achilles.

ACHILLES. [*Rising angrily*] Most noble son of Atreus, of all men most covetous, how shall the great-hearted Achaeans give thee a meed of honor? We know naught of any wealth of common store, but what spoil soe'er we took from captured cities hath been apportioned, and it beseemeth not to beg all this back from the folk. Nay, yield thou the damsel to the god, and we Achaeans will pay thee back threefold and fourfold, if ever Zeus grant us to sack some well-walled town of Troy-land.

AGAMEMNON. [*Scornfully*] Not in this wise, strong as thou art, O godlike Achilles, beguile thou me by craft; thou shalt not outwit me nor persuade me. Dost thou wish, that thou mayest keep thy meed of honor, for me to sit idle in bereavement, and biddest me give her back? Nay, if the great-hearted Achaeans will give me a meed suited to my mind, that the recompense be equal—but if they give it not, then I, myself will go and take a meed of honor, thine be it, or Ajax's, or Odysseus', that I will take unto me; wroth shall he be to whomsoever I come. But for this we will take counsel hereafter.

ACHILLES. [*Wrathfully*] Ah me, thou clothed in shamelessness, thou of crafty mind, how shall any Achaean hearken to thy bidding with all his heart, be it to go a journey or to fight the foe amain? Not by reason of the Trojan spearmen came I hither to fight, for they have not wronged me; never did they harry mine oxen nor my horses, nor ever waste my harvest in deep-soiled Phthia, the nurse of men; seeing there lieth between us long space of shadowing mountains and sounding sea; but thee, thou shameless one, followed we hither to make thee glad, by earning recompense at the Trojans' hands for Menelaus and for thee, thou dog-face! All this

thou reckonest not nor takest thought thereof; and now thou threatenest thyself to take my meed of honor, wherefore I travailed much, and the sons of the Achaeans gave it me. Never win I meed like unto thine, when the Achaeans sack any populous citadel of Trojan men; my hands bear the brunt of furious war, but when the apportioning cometh, then is thy meed far ampler, and I betake me to the ships with some small thing, yet mine own, when I have fought to weariness. Now will I depart to Phthia, seeing it is far better to return home on my beaked ships; nor am I minded here in dishonor to draw thee thy fill of riches and wealth.

Achilles strides wrathfully away from Agamemnon, but pauses and turns at Agamemnon's first words.

AGAMEMNON. Yea, flee, if thy soul be set thereon. It is not I that beseech thee to tarry for my sake; I have others by my side that shall do me honor, and above all, Zeus, lord of counsel. Most hateful art thou to me of all kings, fosterlings of Zeus; thou ever lovest strife and wars and fightings. Though thou be very strong, yet that I ween, is a gift to thee of God. Go home with thy ships and company and lord it among thy Myrmidons; I reck not aught of thee nor care I for thine indignation; and this shall be my threat to thee: seeing Phoebus Apollo bereaveth me of Chryseis, her with my ship and my company will I send back; and mine own self will I go to thy hut and take Briseis of the fair cheeks, even that thy meed of honor, that thou mayest well know how far greater I am than thou, and so shall another hereafter abhor to match his words with mine and rival me to my face.

He turns abruptly to the Assembly to give directions for the return of Chryseis, while Achilles on the opposite side of the stage, stands debating, with growing anger, hand on

sword, whether or not to push back the rest and smite Agamemnon. During this time, Agamemnon speaks to the Assembly.

Come, now let us launch a black ship on the great sea, and gather picked oarsmen, and set therein a hecatomb, and embark Chryseis of the fair cheeks, herself, and let one of our counsellors be captain, [*turning to each, as he mentions their names*] Ajax or Idomeneus or goodly Odysseus, or thou, Pelides [*to Achilles*] most redoubtable of men, to do sacrifice for us and propitiate the Far-darter.

Achilles clutches his sword more firmly. Agamemnon scornfully turns his back on Achilles, and continues talking with the Greek chiefs, who have left their seats and gathered about Agamemnon. Meanwhile Athene suddenly appears from an entrance near Achilles, coming up from behind, just as Achilles starts forward to attack Agamemnon. She stays his hand as he draws his sword. Achilles turns in wonder.

ACHILLES. [*In awed tones*] Why now art thou come hither, thou daughter of aegis-bearing Zeus? Is it to behold the insolence of Agamemnon, son of Atreus? Yea, I will tell thee that I deem shall even be brought to pass: by his own haughtinesses shall he soon lose his life.

He again starts toward Agamemnon. Athene gently draws him back.

ATHENE. I came from heaven to stay thine anger, if perchance thou wilt hearken to me, being sent forth of the white-armed goddess Juno that loveth you twain alike and careth for you. Go to now, cease from strife, and let not thine hand draw the sword; yet with words indeed revile him, even as it shall come to pass. For thus will I say to thee, and so it shall be fulfilled; hereafter shall goodly gifts come to thee, yea in threefold

measure, by reason of this despite; hold thou thine hand, and hearken to us.

ACHILLES. Goddess, needs must a man observe the saying of you twain, even though he be very wroth at heart; for so is the better way. Whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken.

He thrusts his sword back into its sheath as Athene disappears behind the scene. Achilles stands looking toward the entrance where Athene disappeared, repeating meditatively, "Whosoever obeyeth the gods, to him they gladly hearken." Then with a sudden return of his wrath, he turns to Agamemnon, giving vent to his rage. They meet in the center-front of the stage. Agamemnon turns at Achilles' first words. Patroclus enters while Achilles is speaking, (cue, "Far better booteth it.") and stands apart, intent on Achilles' words.

Thou heavy with wine, thou with face of dog and heart of deer, never didst thou take courage to arm for battle among thy folk or to lay ambush with the princes of the Achaeans; that to thee were even as death. Far better booteth it, forsooth, to seize for thyself the meed of honor of every man through the wide host of the Achaeans that speaketh contrary to thee. Folk-devouring king! seeing thou rulest men of naught; else were this despite, thou son of Atreus, thy last. But I will speak my word to thee, and swear a mighty oath therewith: verily—by this staff that shall no more put forth leaf or twig, seeing it hath for ever left its trunk among the hills, neither shall it grow green again, because the axe hath stripped it of leaves and bark; and now the sons of the Achaeans that exercise judgment bear it in their hands, even they that by Zeus' commands watch over the traditions—so shall this be a mighty oath in thine eyes—verily shall longing for Achilles come hereafter upon the

sons of the Achaeans, one and all; and then wilt thou in no wise avail to save them, for all thy grief, when multitudes fall dying before man-slaying Hector. Then shalt thou tear thy heart within thee for anger that thou didst in no wise honor the best of the Achaeans.

Achilles flings his gold-studded wand to the ground at the feet of Agamemnon and takes his seat in the Assembly once more. He is joined by Patroclus who sits by him, and throws his arm about his shoulder. In the meantime Agamemnon starts toward Achilles, fierce with rage, but is restrained by the aged Nestor, who rises and motions him back into his seat.

NESTOR. Alas, of a truth sore lamentation cometh upon the land of Achaia. Verily Priam would be glad and Priam's sons, and all the Trojans would have great joy of heart, were they to hear all this tale of strife between you twain that are chiefest of the Danaäns in counsel and chiefest in battle. Nay, hearken to me; ye are younger both than I. Of old days held I converse with better men even than you, and never did they make light of me. Yea, I never beheld such warriors, nor shall behold. Mightiest of growth were they of all men upon the earth; mightiest were they and with the mightiest fought they; and with them could none of men that are now on earth do battle. And they laid to heart my counsels, and hearkened to my voice. Even so, hearken ye also, for better is it to hearken. [*To Agamemnon*] Neither do thou, though thou art very great, seize from him his damsel, but leave her as she was given at the first by the sons of the Achaeans to be a meed of honor; [*turning to Achilles*] nor do thou, son of Peleus, think to strive with a king, might against might; seeing that no common honor pertaineth to a sceptred king to whom Zeus apportioneth glory. Though thou be strong, and a

goddess mother bare thee, yet his is the greater place, for he is king over more. [*To Agamemnon*] And thou, Atrides, abate thy fury; nay, it is even I that beseech thee to let go thine anger with Achilles, who is made unto all the Achaeans a mighty bulwark of evil war.

AGAMEMNON. Yea verily, old man, all this thou sayest is according unto right. But this fellow would be above all others, he would be lord of all and king among all and captain to all; wherein I deem none will hearken to him. Though the immortal gods made him a spearman, do they therefore put revilings in his mouth for him to utter?

ACHILLES. [*Who has shown great impatience, now starts forward. Nestor lays his hand upon his shoulder, but Achilles gently pushes him aside, even in his wrath against Agamemnon showing respect for the aged Nestor.—To Nestor*] Nay, stay me not! for I should be called coward and man of naught, if I yield to him in every matter, howsoe'er he bid. [*To Agamemnon*] To others give now thine orders, not to me play master; for thee I deem that I shall no more obey. This, moreover, will I say to thee, and do thou lay it to thy heart. Know that not by violence will I strive for the damsel's sake, neither with thee nor any other; ye gave and ye have taken away. But of all else that is mine, beside my fleet black ship, thereof shalt thou not take anything or bear it away against my will. Yea, go to now, make trial that all these may see; forthwith thy dark blood shall gush about my spear.

Achilles turns to go and is joined by Patroclus. Agamemnon rises, dismissing the Assembly with a motion of his scepter, but beckons to his two heralds, Talthybius and Eurybates, who remain, as the other chiefs go out in different directions.

AGAMEMNON. [*To Heralds*] Go ye to the tent of Achilles, Peleus' son, and take Briseis of the fair cheeks by the hand and lead her hither; and if he give her not, then will I myself go, and more with me, and seize her; and that will be yet more grievous for him.

As Agamemnon sits in meditation, awaiting the return of the messengers with Briseis, Thetis appears, clad in sparkling silvery robes suggesting sea mists. Agamemnon starts, rises, and gazes with awe upon her.

AGAMEMNON. Whence comest thou, and art thou indeed, as thou seemest, one of the immortals?

THETIS. Yea, an immortal am I, goddess mother of Achilles, lamentable beyond all men! Him I left sorrowing beside his hut and black ship; to thee I come in an evil hour bearing a mother's curse. And I go hence to snow-clad Olympus, to tell to Zeus the grievous woe thou hast brought upon Peleus' son, and think to win him.

As Thetis disappears, the messengers enter, leading Briseis. The curtain goes down as Agamemnon turns to greet her.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

James Fenimore Cooper

PREFATORY NOTE

The three scenes selected from Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans* are based on chaps. xviii, xxviii, xxix, xxx, and xxxiii. The scene of the council is very much condensed. The incident of the trial of skill with the rifle between Heyward and Hawkeye has been wholly eliminated as impracticable under high school conditions; many of the speeches have been cut; and the parting between Alice and Cora has been reduced to pantomime because it would approach dangerously near to the melodramatic in the hands of the average high school pupil.

Since, in selecting scenes from *The Last of the Mohicans*, all those which involve fighting (a characteristic feature of the story) must be eliminated, the device of introducing the Spirit of the Mohicans, to serve the purpose of Chorus, as in the Greek drama, has been adopted. In this capacity, he suggests briefly the main events of the first seventeen chapters of the novel, in the Prologue; covers the period of the search from chap. xix through chap. xxviii, in the first Interlude; bridges over the story from chap. xxxi through xxxii and part of xxxiii, in the second Interlude, and rounds out the play with an Epilogue. A long, involved narrative is thus materially condensed, without too great sacrifice, and three widely scattered scenes are made into a compact dramatic unit. To differentiate the Chorus from the actors in the play itself his speeches are written in verse; the meter of Hiawatha has been chosen for its obvious appropriateness. These lines may be delivered in front of the curtain, or with the curtain raised, at will.

The characteristic features of the Indian costume are so well known, and the materials so easily obtainable, that the costuming of the Indians in the play will not be a difficult problem. In the council of the Delawares, the various tribes may be distinguished by touches suggestive of the tribal name: Hawk, Deer, Bear, Big Snake, Wolf, etc. The totem of the Mohicans, the tortoise, should be the distinctive mark of Uncas and Chingachgook. The dress of the Spirit of the Mohicans should be that of a Mohican warrior, somewhat etherealized: a soft misty gray, with touches of white, will give the desired effect. The costume of the Scout is fully described in Cooper's text. To reproduce the English officers' uniform of the Colonial Period with historical accuracy may

be difficult, but as the scenes in which Heyward and Munro appear follow scenes of forest tramping or hard fighting, the costumes may be modified to meet the situation. The closing scene demands one or more French officers in trim uniforms. These of course must be historically correct and may require the help of costumers.

Prologue

Spirit of the Mohicans

Spirit of the great Mohicans—
Earth-bound till the last brave warriors,
Chingachgook and agile Uncas,
Seek the Happy Hunting Grounds—
I am sent to you with tidings,
Tidings drear, of wile and bloodshed;
Treachery of vengeful Magua;
Loyalty of brave Mohican.
Listen to the direful tidings!
At the dawn, the hour of silence,
Forth the serpent Magua led them:
Forth he led the youthful warrior,
Led the agéd chieftain's daughters,
Dark-eyed Cora, quiet, thoughtful,
Blue-eyed Alice, full of sunshine.
Light of heart, they followed after,
Thinking of their distant father,
Thinking how they soon would meet him;
How his care-worn face would brighten,
When they came within the fortress.
But the Huron, full of hatred,
Led them into many dangers,
Ere they reached the longed-for portals
Of the fort beside the waters,
Where their father sadly waited,

Waited vainly for assistance,
While the enemy, the Frenchman,
Close and closer pressed upon him,
Bringing dread disaster nearer!
  But the agéd warrior's daughters,
Rescued by the brave Mohicans,
And their friend, the dauntless Hawkeye,
From the hand of hated Huron,
Came at last to cheer their father,
Cheer him in his hour of peril.
  Short-lived was their hearts' rejoicing:
They must leave the shelt'ring fortress!
Forth they marched, the "pale-face" warriors;
In the rear the sick and wounded;
Women, children, at the mercy
Of the lurking Iroquois!
And the watchful Magua saw them,
Saw the daughters of Munro!
Then amidst the awful slaughter
That o'ertook the helpless band,
Crafty Magua bore the sisters
O'er the pathless wilderness!—
  But I hear the friendly footsteps
Of the last of the Mohicans!
Chingachgook and clear-eyed Uncas
Follow closely on his trail—
On the trail of cruel Magua!
Silently I follow after,—
Like the mist of mighty waters—
Where the brave Mohicans lead.

Scene I

The Search

Characters:

Chingachgook, a Mohican Chief.
Uncas, his Son.
Hawkeye, the Scout.
Colonel Munro, an English Officer.
Major Heyward, an English Officer.

The stage represents an opening in the forest, with a background of trees. Here and there, forming a trail winding back and forth across the stage, are bushes of different heights. The floor is strewn with dried leaves. The movement along the trail must be slow, and the action, as the searchers discover the various signs of the passing of the sisters and their captor at different points on the trail, must be carefully planned with reference to the stage setting, to create the illusion. If the scene is given out of doors, the solution of the problem will be less difficult. As the curtain rises, Uncas, Chingachgook, Hawkeye, Munro, and Heyward enter left.

Uncas. [*Pointing to a tree close at hand*] Hugh!

Hawkeye. [*Cautiously*] What is it, boy? God send it be a tardy Frencher, skulking for plunder. I do believe "Killdeer" would take an uncommon range today!

Uncas, without replying, bounds away, and in the next instant is seen tearing from the branches of the tree, a fragment of the green riding-veil of Cora. As he cries out, the whole party gather about him.

Munro. [*Wildly*] My child! Give me my child!

Uncas. [*Gently*] Uncas will try.

The father seizes the piece of gauze, crushes it in his

hand, and looks fearfully about him as if expecting to see the body of his daughter.

HEYWARD. Here are no dead; the storm seems not to have passed this way.

HAWKEYE. [*Calmly*] That's manifest, and clearer than the heavens above our heads, but either she, or they that have robbed her, have passed the bush; for I remember the rag she wore to hide a face that all did love to look upon. Uncas, you are right; the dark-hair has been here and she has fled, like a frightened fawn, to the wood; none who could fly would remain to be murdered. Let us search for the marks she left; for to Indian eyes I sometimes think even a humming-bird leaves his trail in the air. [*Uncas darts away, looking closely at each bush, and examining the ground for foot-prints. Suddenly he utters a cry, and holds up another fragment of the veil which he has found on a bush a little farther on the trail. Heyward starts eagerly forward, but the Scout holds him back, extending his rifle to stop his progress*] Softly, softly, we now know our work, but the beauty of the trail must not be deformed. A step too soon may give us hours of trouble. We have them, though; that much is beyond denial.

MUNRO. Bless ye, bless ye, worthy man! Whither, then, have they fled, and where are my babes?

HAWKEYE. The path they have taken depends on many chances. If they have gone alone, they are quite as likely to move in a circle as straight, and they may be within a dozen miles of us; but if the Hurons, or any of the French Indians, have laid hands on them, 'tis probable they are now near the borders of the Canadas.

MUNRO. [*Changing from hope to disappointment*] Alas!

HEYWARD. [*Eagerly*] Is there not a chance that we may overtake them?

HAWKEYE. Ay, my lad. Here are the Mohicans and I on one end of the trail, and, rely on it, we find the other, though they should be a hundred leagues asunder. [*To Uncas, who moves about, impatient of delay*] Gently, gently, Uncas, you are as impatient as a man in the settlements; you forget that light feet leave but faint marks!

CHINGACHGOOK. [*Who in the meantime has been examining an opening in the bushes, standing erect and pointing downward*] Hugh!

HEYWARD. [*Bending over the spot*] Here is the palpable impression of the footstep of a man; the mark cannot be mistaken. They are captives.

HAWKEYE. Better so than left to starve in the wilderness, and they will leave a wider trail. I would wager fifty beaver skins against as many flints that the Mohicans and I enter their wigwams within the month! Stoop to it, Uncas, and try what you can make of the moccasin; for moccasin it plainly is, and no shoe.

Uncas bends over the track, removes the scattered leaves, examines it closely, and then rises from his knees with a satisfied expression on his face.

HAWKEYE. [*Who has been observing him attentively*] Well, boy, what does it say? Can you make anything of the tell-tale?

UNCAS. Le Renard Subtil!

Munro and Heyward look startled. Chingachgook is unmoved.

HAWKEYE. [*Patting his rifle significantly*] Ha! that rampaging devil again! There never will be an end of his loping till "Killdeer" has said a friendly word to him.

HEYWARD. [*Hopefully*] One moccasin is so much like another, it is probable there is some mistake.

HAWKEYE. One moccasin like another! You may as well say that one foot is like another; though we all know that some are long, and others short; some broad, and others narrow; some with high, and some with low insteps; some in-toed, and some out. One moccasin is no more like another than one book is like another; though they who can read in one are seldom able to tell the marks of the other. Which is all ordered for the best, giving to every man his natural advantages. Let me get down to it, Uncas; neither book nor moccasin is the worse for having two opinions, instead of one. [*Examines the track carefully*] You are right, boy; here is the patch we saw so often in the other chase. And the fellow will drink when he can get an opportunity; your drinking Indian always learns to walk with a wider toe than the natural savage, it being the gift of a drunkard to straddle, whether of white or red skin. 'Tis just the length and breadth, too! [*Turning to Chingachgook*] Look at it, Sagamore; you measured the prints more than once, when we hunted the varmints from Glenn's to the health-springs.

CHINGACHGOOK. [*Stooping to examine the footprint, then rising quietly*] Magua!

HAWKEYE. Ay, 'tis a settled thing; here then have passed the dark-hair and Magua.

HEYWARD. [*Anxiously*] And not Alice?

HAWKEYE. [*Looking closely around at the trees, bushes, and ground*] Of her we have not yet seen the signs. [*Suddenly pointing to a bush a little farther to the right*] What have we there? Uncas, bring hither the thing you see dangling from yonder thorn-bush. [*Uncas obeys quickly and returns with a pitch-pipe. The Scout holds it up, laughing quietly*] 'Tis the tooting we'pon of the singer! Now we shall have a trail a priest might

travel. Uncas, look for the marks of a shoe that is long enough to uphold six feet two of tottering human flesh. I begin to have some hopes of the fellow, since he has given up squalling to follow some better trade.

HEYWARD. At least, he has been faithful to his trust, and Cora and Alice are not without a friend.

HAWKEYE. [*Leaning on his rifle—with an air of contempt*] Yes, he will do their singing! Can he slay a buck for their dinner, journey by the moss on the beeches, or cut the throat of a Huron? If not, the first catbird he meets is the cleverest of the two. [*To Uncas who has been searching for David's footprint*] Well, boy, any signs of such a foundation?

HEYWARD. [*Who has also been searching during Hawkeye's last speech*] Here is something like the footstep of one who has worn a shoe; can it be that of our friend?

HAWKEYE. [*Coming forward quickly*] Touch the leaves lightly, or you 'll disconsart the formation. That! That is the print of a foot, but 'tis the dark-hair's; and small it is, too, for one of such a noble height and grand appearance. The singer would cover it with his heel.

MUNRO. [*Excitedly, shoving the bushes aside and bending over the track*] Where! Let me look on the footsteps of my child.

HEYWARD. [*Trying to divert the old man's grief*] As we now possess these infallible signs, let us commence our march. A moment, at such a time, will appear an age to the captives.

HAWKEYE. [*Glancing at first one, then another of the marks that have been discovered*] It is not the swiftest-leaping deer that gives the longest chase. We know that the rampaging Huron has passed,— and the dark-hair,— and the singer,— but where is she of the yellow locks and blue eyes? Though little, and far from being as

bold as her sister, she is fair to the view and pleasant in discourse. Has she no friend, that none care for her?

HEYWARD. God forbid she should ever want hundreds! Are we not in her pursuit? For one, I will never cease the search till she is found.

HAWKEYE. In that case we may have to journey by different paths; for here she has not passed, light and little as her footstep would be. There is no woman in this wilderness could leave such a print as that [*Pointing to the footprint*] but the dark-hair or her sister. We know that the first has been here, but where are the signs of the other? We must look more closely at the trail and if nothing offers, we must go back to the plain and strike another scent. Move on, Uncas, and keep your eyes on the dried leaves. I will watch the bushes, while your father shall run with a low nose to the ground.

They resume the search in silence.

HEYWARD. Is there nothing I can do?

HAWKEYE. You! Yes, you can keep in our rear, and be careful not to cross the trail.

Uncas and Chingachgook stop, look at the ground, and then at each other, in mutual satisfaction.

HAWKEYE. [*Moving forward*] They have found the little foot!—[*On nearer view*]—What have we here? By the truest rifle on the frontiers, here have been them one-sided horses again! Now the whole secret is out, and all is plain as the north star at midnight! Yes, here they have mounted. There the beasts have been bound to a sapling, in waiting; and yonder runs the broad path away to the north, in full sweep for the Canadas.

HEYWARD. But still there are no signs of Alice—of the younger Miss Munro!

HAWKEYE. [*Looking in the direction of Uncas, who holds in his hand a shining jewel*] Unless the shining bauble

Uncas has just lifted from the ground should prove one. Pass it this way, lad, that we may look at it.

HEYWARD. [*Excitedly seizing the jewel*] It is hers! I saw it on her neck the morning we left the fort!—I'll keep it to deliver to her at the end of the trail!—Let us hasten!—Why do we delay longer?

HAWKEYE. Young blood and hot blood, they say, are much the same thing. We are not about to start on a squirrel hunt, or to drive a deer into the Horican, but to outlie for days and nights, and to stretch across a wilderness where the feet of men seldom go, and where no bookish knowledge would carry you through harmless. An Indian never starts on such an expedition without smoking over his council-fire; and, though a man of white blood, I honor their customs in this particular, seeing that they are deliberate and wise. We will, therefore, go back, and light our fire tonight in the ruins of the old fort, and in the morning we shall be fresh and ready to undertake our work like men, and not like babbling women or eager boys.

Uncas springs lightly ahead, followed by Chingachgook. Heyward takes the arm of Munro, who has been leaning against a tree in a sort of lethargy, and Hawkeye brings up the rear.

Curtain

First Interlude

Spirit of the Mohicans

Honor to the brave Mohicans,
And the ever-faithful Hawkeye!
Northward moving through the forest,

Cautiously they cut their pathway,
Oft in danger from the arrows
Of the hostile Mingo warriors.
Near the Canadas they tracked him,
Tracked the wily reptile, Magua!
As they skirted round the outposts
Of the hated Huron chieftain,
There they found within the forest,
David, captive of the Huron.
Soon the story he had told them
Of the gentle sisters' capture;
Of the journey to the northward;
How the younger sister languished
In the camp they saw before them,
Parted from the dark-eyed Cora,
Wearily her fate awaiting,
In the Delaware encampment.
When they heard the singer's story,
Knew the sisters safe, though captive,
They rejoiced—but did not tarry;
For they knew the dangers lurking,
Knew the hatred which the Huron
Bore the daughters' agéd father!
Long the story—swift the action:
Alice borne by Duncan Heyward
From the cave where she had sorrowed;
Uncas, rescued for the moment
From the cruel Magua's power,
By the ever-faithful Hawkeye.
But no more—in silence moving
They are coming to the council.
Come with me! I follow after
To the council of the chieftains,
Chieftains of the Delawares.

Scene II

The Council of the Delawares

Characters:

Hard Heart, a Delaware Chief.
Tamenund, a Delaware Patriarch.
First Chief, *Second Chief* } Escorts of Tamenund.
Magua, a Huron Chief.
Uncas.
Hawkeye.
Alice.
Cora.
Major Heyward.
David Gamut, the Singer.
Delaware Chiefs, Squaws, and Boys.

The stage represents a clearing in the woods, on the outskirts of the Delaware encampment. The same background may be used as in scene i. In the rear-center, on a platform raised the height of two steps above the ground, is a rudely constructed throne for the presiding chief, with a seat to right and left. Ranged on either side, somewhat irregularly, but preserving the general outline of a semi-circle, are a number of low seats, suggestive of stumps of trees and irregularities in the ground, for the chiefs in council. Openings for entrances, and space in the rear, for the passing of squaws and Indian boys at play, are left. By this arrangement, which departs somewhat from the historical accounts of Indian councils, the center of the stage is free for the action. As the curtain rises, Magua is presenting the last of a number of gifts, which he has been distributing among a small group of Delaware chiefs gathered about him. Curious squaws, passing back and forth during the dialogue, and boys at play, stop now and then to peer at the gifts.

HARD HEART. My brother is a wise chief. He is welcome.

MAGUA. The Hurons love their friends the Delawares. Why should they not? They are colored by the same sun, and their just men will hunt in the same grounds after death. The redskins should be friends, and look with open eyes on the white men.—Has not my brother scented spies in the woods?

HARD HEART. There have been strange moccasins about my camp. They have been tracked into my lodges.

MAGUA. Did my brother beat out the dogs?

HARD HEART. It would not do. The stranger is always welcome to the children of the Lenape.

MAGUA. The stranger, but not the spy. The Yengeese have sent out their scouts. They have been in my wigwams, but they found there no one to say welcome. Then they fled to the Delawares—for, say they, the Delawares are our friends; their minds are turned from their Canada father!

Hard Heart and the other Delaware chiefs lose their native calm for a moment, and their faces show a suggestion of anger at this insinuation. They quickly recover their poise, however. Magua watches them intently.

HARD HEART. Let my father look in my face; he will see no change. It is true, my young men did not go out on the war-path; they had dreams for not doing so. But they love and venerate the great white chief.

MAGUA. Will he think so when he hears that his greatest enemy is fed in the camp of his children? When he is told a bloody Yengee smokes at your fire? That the pale face who has slain so many of his friends goes in and out among the Delawares? Go! My great Canada father is not a fool!

The Delaware chiefs show signs of excitement by looking at each other, though the expression of their faces scarcely changes. Hard Heart is the first to recover.

HARD HEART. Where is the Yengee that the Delawares fear? Who has slain my young men? Who is the mortal enemy of my Great Father?

MAGUA. [*In a low, but penetrating voice*] La Longue Carabine!

The Delaware warriors start at this well-known name. The squaws pause in their labors to listen with interest. A boy running in the rear, stops suddenly, intent upon the words of Magua.

HARD HEART. [*Betraying his excitement*] What does my brother mean?

MAGUA. A Huron never lies! [*Standing erect, with arms folded across his chest, and glaring toward the opening in the trees, in the direction of the camp*] Let the Delawares count their prisoners; they will find one whose skin is neither red nor pale.

Hard Heart summons, with a gesture, three of the Indian youths who have approached during the dialogue and whispers to them. Then they dart out quickly in different directions.

HARD HEART. [*To Magua*] The Delawares must take council. I have spread the word.

One by one, the chiefs enter, and seat themselves, glancing at Magua, who stands immovable, as they assemble. Squaws gather in the background and groups of boys sit on the ground here and there, outside of the circle of chiefs. Low guttural mutterings are heard. When they are all seated, three aged men appear at the entrance on one side of the stage. The central figure is the oldest,—a patriarch of great age. His face is wrinkled; his long, white hair is encircled with a glittering diadem and adorned with black ostrich plumes. Medals cover his breast. His weapons, the tomahawk and knife, glisten with jewels. The assembled company rise on his entrance and stand in an attitude of

veneration, as he is escorted to the throne. Whispers of "Tamenund" are heard. Magua shows his interest by stepping forward to get a nearer view. When Tamenund is seated, with his companions on either side, the chief on his right hand rises, signals the company to be seated, and resumes his seat. At this moment, under escort of Delaware warriors, Cora and Alice enter, closely followed by Heyward and Hawkeye. David Gamut brings up the rear. The prisoners are escorted into the open space in front of the throne. During the first part of the scene, Tamenund sits, with closed eyes, oblivious of his surroundings. During the gathering of the chiefs, strains of Indian music may be softly played.

First Chief. [*At Tamenund's right*] Which of the prisoners is La Longue Carabine?

Neither Heyward nor Hawkeye answers. Heyward looks around the assembly, and starts slightly, when his eye falls upon Magua.

Second Chief. [*In a clearer voice*] Which of the prisoners is La Longue Carabine?

Heyward. [*Haughtily stepping forward*] Give us arms and place us in yonder woods. Our deeds shall speak for us!

First Chief. [*Regarding Heyward with some interest*] This is the warrior whose name has filled our ears! What has brought the white man into the camp of the Delawares?

Heyward. My necessities. I come for food, shelter, and friends.

First Chief. It cannot be. The woods are full of game. The head of a warrior needs no other shelter than a sky without clouds; and the Delawares are the enemies, and not the friends of the Yengeese. Go! The mouth has spoken, while the heart said nothing.

HAWKEYE. [*Approaching, stands in front of the two chiefs and Tamenund, with his rifle slung across his shoulder*] That I did not answer to the call for La Longue Carabine was not owing either to shame or fear, for neither one nor the other is the gift of an honest man. But I do not admit the right of the Mingoes to bestow a name on one whose friends have been mindful of his gifts, in this particular; especially as their title is a lie, "Killdeer" being a grooved barrel and no carabyne. I am the man, however, that got the name of Nathaniel from my kin; the compliment of Hawkeye from the Delawares, who live on their own river; and whom the Iroquois have presumed to style the "Long Rifle," without any warranty from him who is most concerned in the matter.

The two chiefs look puzzled, as they glance from Hawkeye to Heyward. The eyes of the assembly are directed toward Hawkeye, displaying an interest unusual among chiefs in council.

FIRST CHIEF. [*Looking toward Magua*] My brother has said that a snake crept into my camp. Which is he?

Magua points to Hawkeye.

HEYWARD. Will a wise Delaware believe the barking of a wolf? A dog never lies, but when was a wolf known to speak the truth?

MAGUA. [*Starts forward as if to answer, a flash of anger in his face; then resumes his former position, turning toward the chief*] The Huron never lies. Magua has spoken. There stands La Longue Carabine.

FIRST CHIEF. It is good. Brother, the Delawares listen.

Magua, thus challenged to declare his purpose, takes his place on the step of the platform, in front of the three aged chiefs and facing the assembly.

MAGUA. The Spirit that made men colored them differently. Some he made with faces paler than the

ermine of the forests; and these he ordered to be traders—dogs to their women, and wolves to their slaves. He gave this people the nature of the pigeon; wings that never tire, and appetites to devour the earth. He gave them tongues like the false call of the wild-cat, hearts like rabbits, and arms longer than the legs of the moose. With his tongue he stops the ears of the Indians; his heart teaches him to pay warriors to fight his battles; his cunning tells him how to get together the goods of the earth; and his arms inclose the land from the shores of the salt-water to the islands of the great lake. God gave him enough, and yet he wants all. Such are the palefaces. Some the Great Spirit made with skins brighter and redder than the sun. If the Great Spirit gave different tongues to his red children, [*in a low, melancholy voice*] it was that all animals might understand them. Some he placed near the setting sun, on the road to the happy hunting-grounds; some on the lands around the great fresh waters; but to his greatest, and most beloved, he gave the sands of the salt lake. Do my brothers know the name of this favored people?

SEVERAL VOICES. It was the Lenape!

MAGUA. It was the tribes of the Lenape! But why should I, a Huron of the woods, tell a wise people their own traditions? Why remind them of their injuries; their ancient greatness; their deeds; their glory; their happiness—their losses; their defeats; their misery? Is there not one among them who has seen it all, and who knows it to be true? [*Turning to Tamenund*] I have done. My tongue is still, for my heart is of lead. I listen. [*Steps down and goes a short distance away*]

As Magua speaks, Tamenund betrays signs of consciousness for the first time, and raises his head once or twice, as if to listen. When the name of his nation is

spoken, the old man's eyelids open and he looks out upon the assembly with dull eyes. When Magua's voice ceases, he struggles to rise and is supported by his two companions.

TAMENUND. [*In a deep, guttural voice*] Who calls upon the children of the Lenape?

MAGUA. [*Approaching the platform again*] It is a Wyandot; a friend of Tamenund.

TAMENUND. [*Frowning*] A friend! Are the Mingoes rulers of the earth? What brings a Huron here?

MAGUA. Justice. His prisoners are with his brothers, and he comes for his own.

TAMENUND. Justice is the law of the great Manitou. My children, give the stranger food. Then, Huron, take thine own and depart.

As these words are spoken, two young warriors step quickly behind Hawkeye, and bind him with thongs before he can resist. Magua, with a malicious look toward Cora, seizes Alice, and beckons Heyward to follow, but Cora, to Magua's surprise, instead of following, rushes toward the platform and throws herself at the Patriarch's feet. Magua stops, spell-bound for the moment.

CORA. Just and venerable Delaware, on thy wisdom and power we lean for mercy! Be deaf to yonder remorseless monster who poisons thy ears with falsehoods to feed his thirst for blood!

TAMENUND. [*Aroused again by Cora's voice, opening his eyes heavily*] What art thou?

CORA. A woman. One of a hated race, if thou wilt—a Yengee. But one who has never harmed thee, and who cannot harm thy people, if she would; who asks for succor. Art thou not Tamenund—the father—the judge of this people?

TAMENUND. I am Tamenund of many days.

CORA. Tell me, is Tamenund a father?

TAMENUND. [*Looking down with a benignant smile, and then turning his eyes toward the whole assembly*] Of a nation.

CORA. For myself I ask nothing. [*Turning toward Alice*] But yonder is one who has never known the weight of Heaven's displeasure until now. Save her to comfort an aged father's last days! Save her from that cruel villain! [*Tamenund does not answer. Cora stands a moment with arms outstretched in appeal*] There is yet one of thine own people who has not been brought before thee; before thou lettest the Huron depart in triumph, hear him speak.

Tamenund looks doubtfully toward one of his companions.

FIRST CHIEF. It is a snake—a redskin in the pay of the Yengeese. We keep him for the torture.

TAMENUND. Let him come.

The Second Chief beckons to a youth near the platform, to bring the prisoner. Silence falls on the assembly, as the messenger departs. All eyes are turned in the direction of his exit. The messenger returns quickly, followed by Uncas, who glances hastily about him; then, as his eye falls upon Tamenund, he steps forward, and stands erect before the platform.

FIRST CHIEF. [*To Tamenund, who sits with closed eyes*] The prisoner stands before thee.

TAMENUND. [*Still with closed eyes*] With what tongue does the prisoner speak to the Manitou?

UNCAS. Like his fathers, with the tongue of a Delaware.

A hostile murmur runs through the assembly.

TAMENUND. A Delaware! I have lived to see the tribes of the Lenape driven from their council-fires, and scattered, like broken herds of deer, among the hills of the Iroquois, but never before have I found a Delaware so base as to creep, like a poisonous serpent, into the camps of his nation.

UNCAS. [*In a low, distinct, musical tone*] The singing-birds have opened their bills, and Tamenund has heard their song.

Tamenund starts and bends his head to listen, as if to strains of music.

TAMENUND. Does Tamenund dream! What voice is at his ear! Have the winters gone backward! Will summer come again to the children of the Lenape!

The assembly is awed, as at the voice of a prophet. Tamenund sinks into a lethargy again, but is aroused by the First Chief.

FIRST CHIEF. The false Delaware trembles lest he should hear the words of Tamenund. 'Tis a hound that howls when the Yengeese show him a trail.

UNCAS. [*Looking sternly around him*] And ye are dogs that whine, when the Frenchman casts ye the offals of his deer!

Some of the warriors spring up, brandishing knives, but are quieted at a signal from the Second Chief.

TAMENUND. Delaware! Little art thou worthy of thy name. The warrior who deserts his tribe when hid in clouds is doubly a traitor. The law of the Manitou is just. He is thine, my children; deal justly by him.

With a growl of vengeance, the warriors spring toward Uncas, but he leaps to one side, toward the front of the stage, throws aside the skin which he wears, and reveals the tortoise, the totem of his tribe, painted on the front of his close-fitting jacket. The warriors are awed, and stand back. Uncas draws himself up proudly and speaks with the air of a king.

UNCAS. Men of the Lenni Lenape! My race upholds the earth! Your feeble tribe stands on my shell! What fire that a Delaware can light would burn the child of my fathers? [*Pointing proudly to the tortoise*] The blood that came from such a stock would smother your flames! My race is the grandfather of nations!

TAMENUND. [*Rising excitedly*] Who art thou?

UNCAS. [*Bending his head toward Tamenund reverently*] Uncas, the son of Chingachgook, a son of the great Unamis, of the tribe of the Tortoise.

TAMENUND. The hour of Tamenund is nigh! The day is come, at last, to the night! I thank the Manitou that one is here to fill my place at the council-fire. Uncas, the child of Uncas, is found! Let the eyes of a dying eagle gaze on the rising sun.

Uncas steps proudly upon the platform; Tamenund gazes intently upon the youth.

TAMENUND. Our wise men have often said that two warriors of the unchanged race were in the hills of the Yengeese. Why have their seats at the council-fires of the Delawares been so long empty?

UNCAS. [*Raising his head, and lifting his voice so as to be heard by the assembly*] Once we slept where we could hear the salt lake speak in its anger. Then we were rulers and sagamores over the land. But when a pale face was seen on every brook, we followed the deer back to the river of our nation. The Delawares were gone. Then said my fathers, "Here will we hunt. The waters of the river go into the salt lake. If we go toward the setting sun, we shall find streams that run into the great lakes of sweet water; there would a Mohican die, like fishes of the sea in the clear springs. When the Manitou is ready, and shall say 'Come,' we will follow the river to the sea, and take our own again." Such, Delawares, is the belief of the children of the Turtle. Our eyes are on the rising, and not toward the setting sun. We know whence he comes, but we know not whither he goes. It is enough. [*Uncas, looking over the assembly from his elevated position, for the first time sees Hawkeye, bound. He steps down quickly, hastens to his friend, cuts*

his bonds, and motions to the assembly to divide. They form a semi-circle as at first. Then he leads Hawkeye to the platform] Father, look at this pale face, a just man, and the friend of the Delawares.

TAMENUND. What name has he gained by his deeds?

UNCAS. We call him Hawkeye; for his sight never fails. the Mingoes know him better as "The Long Rifle."

TAMENUND. [*Sternly*] La Longue Carabine! My son hast not done well to call him friend.

UNCAS. I call him so who proves himself such!

TAMENUND. The pale face has slain my young men; his name is great for the blows he has struck the Lenape.

HAWKEYE. If a Mingo has whispered that much in the ear of the Delaware, he has only shown that he is a singing-bird. That I have slain the Maquas I am not the man to deny, even at their own council-fires; but that, knowingly, my hand has ever harmed a Delaware, is opposed to the reason of my gifts, which is friendly to them, and all that belongs to their nation.

Low murmurs of applause are heard among the warriors.

TAMENUND. Where is the Huron? Has he stopped my ears?

MAGUA. [*Coming forward*] The just Tamenund will not keep what a Huron has lent.

TAMENUND. [*Turning to Uncas*] Tell me, son of my brother, has the stranger a conqueror's right over you?

UNCAS. He has none. The panther may get into snares set by the women; but he is strong, and knows how to leap through them.

TAMENUND. La Longue Carabine?

UNCAS. Laughs at the Mingoes!

TAMENUND. The stranger and the white maiden that came into my camp together?

UNCAS. Should journey on an open path.

TAMENUND. And the woman that the Huron left with my warriors? [*Uncas bows his head sadly, and is silent. Tamenund repeats*] And the woman that the Mingo has brought into my camp?

MAGUA. [*Shaking his hand triumphantly at Uncas*] She is mine, Mohican, you know that she is mine!

TAMENUND. [*Trying to look into the youth's averted face*] My son is silent!

UNCAS. [*Sorrowfully*] It is so!

TAMENUND. Huron, depart with what is thine own.

Magua advances and seizes Cora by the arm. Alice reaches out her arms toward her sister, then staggers, faint with grief, and is supported by Heyward.

HEYWARD. Hold, hold!—Huron, have mercy! Her ransom shall make thee rich!

MAGUA. Magua is a redskin; he wants not the beads of the pale faces.

HAWKEYE. Gold—silver—powder—lead! All that becomes the greatest chief shall be yours!

MAGUA. Le Subtil is very strong. [*Taking hold of Cora's arm roughly*] He has his revenge.

HEYWARD. To you, just Tamenund, I appeal for mercy.

TAMENUND. The words of the Delaware are said. Men speak not twice!

HAWKEYE. Huron, you love me not. Take me in the maiden's place.

MAGUA. [*Shaking his head and motioning impatiently for the crowd to open a way for him*] No, no! This is my revenge! Only one of the blood of Munro can pay for the stripes I carry on my back.

HAWKEYE. My life!

MAGUA. Le Renard Subtil is a great chief; he has but one mind. [*To Cora*] Come!

She turns toward Alice, but the Huron drags her forward.

HEYWARD. [*Placing Alice in the arms of an Indian girl*] Ay, go! Go, Magua, go! These Delawares have their laws, which forbid them to detain you; but I—I have no such obligation. Go, malignant—why do you delay?

MAGUA. [*With an expression of triumph followed quickly by a look of cunning*] The woods are open; "The Open Hand" may come.

HAWKEYE. [*Seizing Heyward by the arm and detaining him by force*] Hold! You know not the craft of the imp. He would lead you to an ambushment and your death—

UNCAS. Huron, the justice of the Delawares comes from the Manitou. Look at the sun. He is now in the upper branches of the hemlock. Your path is short and open. When he is seen above the trees, there will be men on your trail.

MAGUA. [*With a taunting laugh*] I hear a crow! Go! [*Shaking his fist at the crowd which has slowly opened to admit his passage*] Where are the petticoats of the Delawares! Let them send their arrows and their guns to the Wyandots; they shall have venison to eat, and corn to hoe. Dogs, rabbits, thieves—I spit on you!

Cora gives a despairing look toward the fainting Alice, as she is dragged away by Magua.

Curtain

Second Interlude

Spirit of the Mohicans

Silent stood the young Mohican,
As the cruel Huron left them,
Followed by his sad-eyed captive,
Till the forest closed about him!
Then the agile-footed Uncas
Woke the nation's slumbering passion;
Led the war-dance of the nation;

Raised the well-known shout of battle!
And they gathered at the war-cry,
Following their youthful leader.
Chingachgook was not far distant,
And the maiden's agêd father
Bore his share in that day's conflict.
But with foe so unrelenting,
Maddened by the thirst for bloodshed,
Was there any hope of rescue
For the maid in Huron's power?
Fierce the fight and sad the ending:
Slain the dark-eyed, pale-face daughter!
Slain the hope of Chingachgook!
Magua's vengeful shout of triumph,
Soon the faithful Hawkeye silenced—
Gone the reptile-hearted Magua!
But the gentle, dark-eyed daughter
And the agile-footed Uncas
Leave their fathers broken-hearted!
Sad-faced maidens gently bore her
To her grave among the strangers;
And the last sad rites are over
For the Sagamore's brave son.—
Now above the solemn music,
And the mourning of the nation,
Hearken to the measured marching,
Hearken to the tread of soldiers!
They have come, who long have tarried—
Tardy escort!—Ah, the suffering,
Laggard Frenchman, thou hast cost them!
Silent as the mists of morning,
View with me the scene of parting:
Sagamore and pale-face warrior,
Brothers now through sorrows borne!

Scene III

The Parting

Characters:

Munro.	*David Gamut.*
Heyward.	*Montcalm's Aide.*
Alice.	*Guide.*
Hawkeye.	*Chingachgook.*
Tamenund.	*The Delawares.*

For the setting of this scene, the platform and seats used in scene ii are removed. The stage represents a clearing in the forest, not far from the graves of Cora and Uncas. In the background, as the curtain rises, the Delaware chiefs, women, and youths are already assembled. To the left, Montcalm's Aide, and his Guide, appear, waiting for Munro's return. Strains of weird Indian music chanted by the Delaware maidens are heard. From the right enter: first, the maidens, who join the other Delawares, but continue the chanting in subdued tones until the dialogue begins; then, Munro, leaning on the arm of Hawkeye, followed by four Indian youths bearing a rude litter on which Alice lies; Heyward walks by her side, and David Gamut closes the procession. As Munro and Hawkeye reach the center of the stage, the Indian youths rest their burden near the entrance, in such a position as to complete an effective stage picture. At this moment, unseen by Munro, who stands with bowed head, Montcalm's Aide approaches and salutes. Hawkeye touches Munro on the shoulder and whispers in his ear. Munro instinctively returns the salute.

Munro. [*With forced calm*] I understand you, sir. I understand you.—It is the will of Heaven, and I submit. [*Raising his eyes as if in prayer*] Cora, my child! If the prayers of a heartbroken father could avail thee now, how blessed shouldst thou be!—Come, gentlemen.

[*Controlling his grief with an effort*] Our duty here is ended; let us depart. [*He goes to the side of the litter, looks down upon his daughter a moment, then turns to shake the hand of Hawkeye in farewell*] Good friend, you have done me and mine, noble service. A broken-hearted father thanks you—Come, gentlemen!

The Indian youths take up the litter at a signal from Heyward, who then grasps the hand of Hawkeye and moves slowly on. Hawkeye follows in the rear of the procession as it passes from the stage at the left. As they disappear he turns to join the Delawares. At the same moment, Chingachgook appears on the opposite side, bowed with grief, but suddenly lifts his head, as if by a supreme effort, and addresses the mourning chiefs in a voice at first weak and trembling, but growing stronger as he proceeds.

CHINGACHGOOK. Why do my brothers mourn? Why do my daughters weep? That a young man has gone to the happy hunting-grounds! That a chief has filled his time with honor! He was good; he was dutiful; he was brave. Who can deny it? The Manitou had need of such a warrior, and he has called him away. As for me, the son and the father of Uncas, I am a blazed pine in a clearing of the pale faces. My race has gone from the shores of the salt lake, and the hills of the Delawares. But who can say that the Serpent of his tribe has forgotten his wisdom? I am alone—

HAWKEYE. [*Approaching*] No, no! No, sagamore, not alone. The gifts of our colors may be different, but God has so placed us as to journey in the same path. I have no kin, and I may also say, like you, no people. He was your son, and a redskin by nature; and it may be that your blood was nearer—but if I ever forget the lad who has so often fought at my side in war, and slept at my side in peace, may He who made us all,

whatever may be our color or our gifts, forget me! The boy has left us for a time; but, sagamore, you are not alone!

Chingachgook grasps the hand of the Scout. The two friends stand for a moment with bowed heads. Quietly, the Delawares in the background divide, and Tamenund appears, leaning, as before, on the arms of his two companions. With hands raised as if in blessing, in a clear voice he addresses his people.

TAMENUND. It is enough. Go, children of the Lenape. The anger of the Manitou is not done. Why should Tamenund stay? The pale faces are masters of the earth, and the time of the red men has not yet come again. My day has been too long. In the morning I saw the sons of Unamis happy and strong; and yet, before the night has come, have I lived to see the last warrior of the wise race of the Mohicans.

Curtain

Epilogue

Spirit of the Mohicans

Last of all the brave Mohicans,
Chingachgook in sorrow lingers—
But the agéd, "pale face" warrior
Is at rest among his kindred—
And the blue-eyed daughter wedded
To the gallant Duncan Heyward.
Earth-bound still, I follow after,
Where the noble Chieftain loiters,
Loiters by the grave of Uncas.
In the forest wildernesses.—
Silently I follow after,
Follow Chingachgook, the mighty,
Last of all the brave Mohicans.

A TALE OF TWO CITIES

Charles Dickens

PREFATORY NOTE

The following situations from *A Tale of Two Cities* have been chosen for dramatization, as they suggest the plot of the story and offer good studies in character interpretation:

The Honest Tradesman at Home, Book II, chap. i.
Knitting, Book II, chap. xv.
Still Knitting, Book II, chap. xvi.
The Knitting Done, Book III, chap. xiv.

The only deviation of note from the original in the first scene is the introduction of some of the conversation that occurs between Mr. Cruncher and his son Jerry later on in chap. xiv. In the three scenes that follow, *Knitting, Still Knitting,* and *The Knitting Done,* Madame Defarge is the central figure and the progress of her knitting—the register she makes of those doomed to fall at the hands of the Revolutionists—marks the progress of the plot of the story. The three together form an interesting dramatic unit. In dramatizing these selections few changes are necessary. The dialogue of the novel is used practically as it stands with occasional abridgment. Change of scene is avoided by having the entire action take place in the first instance, *Knitting,* within the wine shop, instead of partly there and partly in Dr. Manette's old room over the shop. In the next scene, *Still Knitting,* the events of the evening and the next day are represented as occurring at the same time. In the last scene, *The Knitting Done,* both setting and time are kept as in the original.

The Honest Tradesman at Home

Characters:
Mr. Cruncher.
Mrs. Cruncher.
Young Jerry.

The setting of this scene is changed slightly from that given in the story. The stage should present a room in Mr. Cruncher's home,—bedroom, kitchen, dining-room, in

one. A couch with tumbled blankets, indicating that some one has just arisen; a table covered with a scrupulously clean cloth, and set for breakfast; and various pots and pans standing on a shelf in the background to suggest the kitchen, make up the stage furniture. A curtain cutting off a portion of the room is supposed to conceal a stove. In a rather conspicuous position stand dirty boots, a rusty shovel and pickaxe, and Jerry's wooden stool. Mr. Cruncher and his son are discovered finishing their toilets, instead of in bed, as in the original. Mrs. Cruncher is kneeling in one corner of the room.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Aside*] Bust me, if she ain't at it agin!

Mrs. Cruncher rises and sets about placing dishes on the breakfast table.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*To Mrs. Cruncher*] What! You're at it again, are you?

MRS. CRUNCHER. [*Meekly*] I'm sure I'm not doing anything, Jerry.

MR. CRUNCHER. I say you are. What are you up to, Aggerawayter?

MRS. CRUNCHER. I was only saying my prayers.

MR. CRUNCHER. Saying your prayers! You're a nice woman! What do you mean by flopping yourself down and praying agin me?

MRS. CRUNCHER. I was not praying against you; I was praying for you.

MR. CRUNCHER. You weren't. And if you were, I won't be took the liberty with. [*To Young Jerry*] Here! your mother's a nice woman, young Jerry, going a-praying agin your father's prosperity. You've got a dutiful mother, you have, my son. You've got a religious mother, you have, my boy—going and flopping herself down, and praying that the bread-and-butter may be snatched out of the mouth of her only child.

YOUNG JERRY. [*Whining. He has been slowly putting on his jacket, and tying his tie, while listening to his father*] Yes, I've got a dutiful mother, I've got a religious mother, and she keeps flopping and praying that my bread-and-butter may be snatched out of my mouth. And me her only child, too!

MR. CRUNCHER. Young Jerry, my boy, keep a eye upon your mother now, while I clean my boots, and if you see any signs of more flopping, give me a call.

YOUNG JERRY. All right, father.

Mr. Cruncher takes his boots off to one side and begins to brush them vigorously, talking as he works, to Mrs. Cruncher.

MR. CRUNCHER. And what do you suppose, you conceited female, that the worth of *your* prayers may be? Name the price that you put *your* prayers at!

MRS. CRUNCHER. [*Who is busily putting the finishing touches to the breakfast*] They only come from the heart, Jerry. They are worth no more than that.

MR. CRUNCHER. Worth no more than that! They ain't worth much, then. Whether or no, I won't be prayed agin, I tell you. I can't afford it—

YOUNG JERRY. [*As he sees his mother stoop to pick up a a knife which she had dropped*] You're going to flop, mother.—Halloa, father!

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Still rubbing a boot, steps up to his wife*] If you must go flopping yourself down, flop in favor of your husband and child, and not in opposition to 'em.

MRS. CRUNCHER. I'm always in favor of my husband and child.—Come now to breakfast.

They all three sit down. Mrs. Cruncher bends silently over her plate for a second.

MR. CRUNCHER. Now, Aggerawayter! What are you up to? At it agin?

MRS. CRUNCHER. I was only asking a blessing.

MR. CRUNCHER. Don't do it! I ain't a going to be blest out of house and home. I won't have my wittles blest off my table. Keep still!

Mrs. Cruncher silently pours tea, passes it, and serves the rest of the meal. Mr. Cruncher continues talking.

MR. CRUNCHER. If I had had any but a unnat'ral wife, and this poor boy had had any but a unnat'ral mother, I might have made some money last week, instead of being counter-prayed and counter-ruined and religiously circumwented into the worst of luck.

YOUNG JERRY. Yes, mother, he might have made some money last week if you hadn't always been a-flopping.

MRS. CRUNCHER. O, Jerry, my boy. You too!

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Addressing his wife*] I tell you, I won't be gone agin in this manner. I am as rickety as a hackney-coach, I'm as sleepy as laudanum, my lines is strained to that degree that I shouldn't know, if it wasn't for the pain in 'em which was me and which somebody else, yet I'm none the better for it in pocket; and it's my suspicion that you've been at it from morning to night to prevent me from being the better for it in pocket, and I won't put up with it, Aggerawayter, and what do you say now!

MRS. CRUNCHER. I try to be a good wife, Jerry.

MR. CRUNCHER. Is it being a good wife to oppose your husband's business? Is it honoring your husband to dishonor his business? Is it obeying your husband to disobey him on the wital subject of his business?

MRS. CRUNCHER. You hadn't taken to the dreadful business when I married you, Jerry.

MR. CRUNCHER. It's enough for you, to be the wife of a honest tradesman, and not to occupy your female mind with calculations when he took to his trade or when he

didn't. A honoring and obeying wife would let his trade alone altogether. Call yourself a religious woman? If you're a religious woman, give me a irreligious one! You have no more nat'ral sense of duty than the bed of this here Thames River has of a pile, and similarly it must be knocked into you.

As he finishes, he rises and goes over to continue cleaning on his boots.

MRS. CRUNCHER. Jerry, go and help your father clean his boots.

YOUNG JERRY. All right, mother.

Young Jerry does as he is bid. Mrs. Cruncher busies herself clearing the table.

MR. CRUNCHER. Here, Jerry, hurry and clean this boot!

YOUNG JERRY. [*Taking up the boot and beginning to work*] Father, what's a Resurrection-Man?

MR. CRUNCHER. How should I know?

YOUNG JERRY. [*Artlessly*] I thought you knowed everything, father.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Somewhat appeased*] Hem! Well, he's a tradesman.

YOUNG JERRY. [*Briskly*] What's his goods, father?

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Thoughtfully*] His goods is a branch of Scientific goods.

YOUNG JERRY. [*Brightly*] Persons' bodies, ain't it, father?

MR. CRUNCHER. I believe it is something of that sort.

YOUNG JERRY. [*With enthusiasm*] Oh, father, I should so like to be a Resurrection-Man when I'm quite growed up!

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Dubiously*] It depends upon how you dewelop your talents. Be careful to dewelop your talents, and never to say no more than you can help to nobody, and there's no telling at the present time what

you may not come to be fit for. [*He takes off his slippers and draws on his boots.—To his wife*] And now I'm going, Mrs. Cruncher. No flopping, remember! [*To Young Jerry*] Keep a eye on her, young Jerry. No flopping remember! [*Aside, as Young Jerry goes to fetch his father's hat and stool*] Jerry, you honest tradesman, there's hopes wot that boy will yet be a blessing to you, and a recompense to you for his mother!

Young Jerry hands his father his hat and stool, and accompanies him to the door.

YOUNG JERRY. Good bye, father. [*Exit Mr. Cruncher. Young Jerry comes back slowly, goes up to the tools and takes them up.—Meditatively*] Al-ways rusty! His fingers is al-ways rusty! Where does my father get all that iron rust from? He don't get no iron rust here!

In the meantime Mrs. Cruncher has retired to her corner where she has again "flopped."

Curtain

KNITTING

Characters:

Mme. Defarge. *Jacques Two.*
Jacques One. *Jacques Three.*
M. Defarge, Jacques Four.
The Mender of Roads, Jacques Five.
Three Other Men.

The scene represents the interior of Monsieur Defarge's wine shop. At the rear (right) is a counter on which are bottles, glasses, etc. Behind the counter are curtains, seemingly hiding windows. At the rear (left) is a door, leading to the street. A door which leads to another room is represented at one side (right). Several small tables are disposed about the room. Mme. Defarge sits at the counter industriously

knitting. Six men are grouped at two of the small tables, drinking and smoking. As the curtain rises, Defarge and the Mender of Roads, travel-stained, enter, and all the men look at them, though no one rises or speaks.

DEFARGE. Good day, gentlemen!

MEN. Good day!

DEFARGE. [*Shaking his head*] It is bad weather, gentlemen.

The men look at each other and remain silent. One man gets up and goes slowly out.

DEFARGE. [*After greeting his wife, who has risen and approached him, as he motions the Mender of Roads to a seat at one of the tables and seats himself beside him*] My wife, I have traveled certain leagues with this good Mender of Roads, called Jacques. I met him—by accident—a day and a half's journey out of Paris. He is a good child, this Mender of Roads, called Jacques. Give him to drink, my wife!

A second man gets up, and goes out. Mme. Defarge fetches wine from the counter and sets it before the Mender of Roads and Defarge. The Mender of Roads doffs his blue cap to the company and drinks. From the breast of his blouse he takes some coarse dark bread which he begins to eat. A third man gets up, and goes out. Defarge rises, goes to the door and bolts it.

DEFARGE. [*To his wife*] Draw the curtains, my wife. No one must come in for an hour or so.

MME. DEFARGE. Very well, my husband.

She draws the curtains, then takes a seat at a small table near the front of the stage and is absorbed in her knitting.

DEFARGE. [*To the men*] Come, now, my men. Jacques One, Jacques Two, Jacques Three! This is the witness encountered by appointment, by me, Jacques Four. He will tell you all. Speak, Jacques Five!

The men rise, bring their chairs and form a circle about the Mender of Roads who is still eating and drinking.

DEFARGE. Have you finished your repast, friend?

THE MENDER OF ROADS. Yes, Monsieur. [*He takes his blue cap and wipes his swarthy forehead with it*] Where shall I commence, Monsieur?

DEFARGE. Commence at the commencement.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. I saw him then, messieurs, a year ago this running summer, underneath the carriage of the Marquis, hanging by the chain. Behold the manner of it. I, leaving my work on the road, the sun going to bed, the carriage of the Marquis slowly ascending the hill, he hanging by the chain—like this.

He stands up, turns himself sideways to the table, leans back, with his face thrown up to the sky, and his head thrown back. Then he slowly recovers himself and sits down again.

JACQUES ONE. Had you ever seen the man before?

THE MENDER OF ROADS. Never.

JACQUES THREE. How did you afterwards recognize him, then?

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Softly*] By his tall figure. When Monsieur the Marquis demands that evening, "Say, what is he like?" I make response, "Tall as a specter."

JACQUES TWO. You should have said, short as a dwarf.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Dramatically*] But what did I know? The deed was not then accomplished, neither did he confide in me. Observe! Under those circumstances even, I do not offer my testimony. Monsieur the Marquis indicates me with his finger, standing near our little fountain, and says, "To me! Bring that rascal!" My faith, messieurs, I offer nothing.

DEFARGE. [*To Jacques Two*] He is right there, Jacques. Go on!

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Mysteriously*] Good! The tall man is lost, and he is sought—how many months? Nine, ten, eleven?

DEFARGE. No matter, the number. He is well hidden, but at last he is unluckily found. Go on!

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Rising*] I am again at work upon the hill-side, and the sun is again about to go to bed. I raise my eyes, and see coming over the hill six soldiers. In the midst of them is a tall man with his arms bound—tied to his sides—like this! [*Indicating with his arms*] I stand aside, messieurs, by my heap of stones, to see the soldiers and their prisoner pass, and at first, as they approach, I see no more than that they are six soldiers with a tall man bound, and that they are almost black to my sight—except on the side of the sun going to bed, where they have a red edge, messieurs. Also, I see that they are covered with dust, and that the dust moves with them as they come, tramp, tramp! But when they advance quite near to me, I recognize the tall man, and he recognizes me. Ah, but he would be well content to precipitate himself over the hill-side once again, as on the evening when he and I first encountered, close to the same spot!

DEFARGE. [*Pouring a glass of wine for the Mender of Roads*] Drink, Jacques Five—you are tired.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Continuing after he drains the glass*] I do not show the soldiers that I recognize the tall man; he does not show the soldiers that he recognizes me; we do it, and we know it, with our eyes. "Come on!" says the chief of that company, pointing to the village, "bring him fast to his tomb!" and they bring him faster. I follow. His arms are swelled because of being bound so tight, his wooden shoes are large and clumsy, and he is lame. Because he is lame, and con-

sequently slow, they drive him with their guns—like this! [*Indicating the motion; then he sits down, rests his head on his hand, and continues after a moment*] As they descend the hill like madmen running a race, he falls. They laugh and pick him up again. His face is bleeding and covered with dust, but he cannot touch it; thereupon they laugh again. They bring him into the village; all the village runs to look; they take him past the mill, and up to the prison; all the village sees the prison gates open in the darkness of the night, and swallow him—like this!

He opens his mouth as wide as he can and shuts it with a sounding snap of his teeth, and remains with his mouth firmly closed for a second or two.

DEFARGE. [*Urgently*] Go on, Jacques.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Rising and standing on tiptoe*] All the village withdraws; all the village whispers by the fountain; all the village sleeps; all the village dreams of that unhappy one. In the morning, with my tools upon my shoulders, eating my morsel of black bread as I go, I make a circuit by the prison, on my way to my work. There, I see him high up, behind the bars of a lofty iron cage, bloody and dusty as last night, looking through. He has no hand free, to wave to me; I dare not call to him; he regards me like a dead man.

Defarge and the three glance darkly at one another. Jacques One and Two sit, with chins resting on hands, and eyes intent on the road mender; Jacques Three, equally intent, nervously smooths his chin; Defarge sits between them and the narrator, by turns looking from him to them, and from them to him.

DEFARGE. Go on, Jacques.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. He remains up there in his iron cage some days. The village looks at him by stealth,

for it is afraid. But it always looks up, from a distance, at the prison on the crag; and in the evening, when the work of the day is achieved, and it assembles to gossip at the fountain, all faces are turned toward the prison. They whisper at the fountain, that although condemned to death he will not be executed; they say that petitions have been presented in Paris, showing that he was enraged and made mad by the death of his child; they say that a petition has been presented to the King himself. What do I know? It is possible. Perhaps yes, perhaps no.

JACQUES ONE. [*Sternly interposing*] Listen then, Jacques. [*The Mender of Roads sits down again*] Know that a petition was presented to the King and Queen. All here, yourself excepted, saw the King take it, in his carriage in the street, sitting beside the Queen. It is Defarge whom you see here, who, at the hazard of his life, darted out before the horses, with the petition in his hand.

JACQUES THREE. [*Nervously rubbing his chin*] And once again listen, Jacques! The guard, horse and foot, surrounded the petitioner, and struck him blows. You hear?

THE MENDER OF ROADS. I hear, messieurs.

DEFARGE. Go on, then.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. Again; on the other hand, they whisper at the fountain, that he is brought down into our country to be executed on the spot, and that he will very certainly be executed. They even whisper that because he has slain Monseigneur, and because Monseigneur was the father of his tenants—serfs—what you will—he will be executed as a parricide. One old man says at the fountain, that his right hand, armed with the knife, will be burnt off before his face, that—

DEFARGE. [*With impatience*] Enough! Go on.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. At length, on Sunday night when all the village is asleep, come soldiers, winding down from the prison, and their guns ring on the stones of the little street. Workmen dig, workmen hammer, soldiers laugh and sing; in the morning, by the fountain, there is raised a gallows forty feet high, poisoning the water. [*He points up toward the sky and rises*] All work is stopped, all assemble there, nobody leads the cows out, the cows are there with the rest. At midday, the roll of drums. Soldiers have marched into the prison in the night, and he is in the midst of many soldiers. He is bound as before, and in his mouth there is a gag—tied so, with a tight string, making him look almost as if he laughed. He is hanged there forty feet high—and is left hanging, poisoning the water. [*He wipes his face with his cap again; then continues*] It is frightful, messieurs. How can the women and the children draw water! Who can gossip of an evening, under that shadow!

JACQUES TWO. Frightful indeed. You speak true.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. That's all, messieurs. I left at sunset (as I had been warned to do), and I walked on, that night and half next day, until I met (as I was warned I should) this comrade. With him, I came on, now riding and now walking, through the rest of yesterday and through last night. And here you see me!

He seats himself, exhausted after his thrilling narrative. There is a short silence.

JACQUES ONE. Good. You have acted and recounted faithfully. Will you wait for us a little, in another room?

DEFARGE. [*Pouring wine for him*] First, some more wine. Drink, Jacques.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. Willingly.

DEFARGE. [*To Mme. Defarge*] My wife, show Jacques to another room.

MME. DEFARGE. Very well, my husband.

She rises and goes over to the Mender of Roads, who gets up and starts to follow her. The men whisper together while Mme. Defarge and the Mender of Roads are talking.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. [*Pointing awkwardly to her knitting*] You work hard, madame.

MME. DEFARGE. Yes, I have a good deal to do.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. What do you make, Madame?

MME. DEFARGE. Many things.

THE MENDER OF ROADS. For instance—

MME. DEFARGE. [*Just before the door closes on them, composedly*] For instance—shrouds.

JACQUES ONE. How say you, Jacques Four? To be registered?

DEFARGE. To be registered as doomed to destruction.

JACQUES THREE. Magnificent!

JACQUES ONE. The château and all the race?

DEFARGE. The château and all the race. Extermination.

JACQUES TWO. Are you sure that no embarrassment can arise from our manner of keeping the register? Without doubt it is safe, for no one beyond ourselves can decipher it; but shall we always be able to decipher it—or, I ought to say, will she?

DEFARGE. [*Drawing himself up proudly*] Jacques, if madame my wife undertook to keep the register in her memory alone, she would not lose a word of it—not a syllable of it. Knitted, in her own stitches and her own symbols, it will always be as plain to her as the sun. Confide in Madame Defarge. It would be easier for the weakest poltroon that lives, to erase himself from existence, than to erase one letter of his name or crimes from the knitted register of Madame Defarge.

A murmur of applause comes from the men. As Defarge finishes, the door to the other room is opened, and Mme. Defarge re-enters, silently takes her seat once more, and resumes her knitting.

JACQUES ONE. Extermination then to one and all!

JACQUES TWO. Death to the race!

JACQUES THREE. Their doom is sealed!

DEFARGE. [*Rising and going over to his wife*] My wife, they are to be registered—the château and all the race.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Composedly knitting on*] My husband, they *are* registered—the château and all the race.

Curtain

STILL KNITTING

Characters:
M. Defarge.
Mme. Defarge.
John Barsad.

The scene represented is the interior of the wine shop. Mme. Defarge, industriously knitting, sits at one side well to the front of the stage, but so placed that she can see her husband, who stands behind the counter, busily wiping glasses.

MME. DEFARGE. Say then, my friend; what did Jacques of the police tell thee?

DEFARGE. Very little tonight, but all he knows. There is another spy commissioned for our quarter. There may be many more, for all that he can say, but he knows of one.

MME. DEFARGE. Eh, well! [*Raising her eyebrows with a cool business air*] It is necessary to register him. How do they call that man?

DEFARGE. He is English.

MME. DEFARGE. So much the better. His name?

DEFARGE. Barsad. [*Making it French by pronunciation; then spelling it*] B-a-r-s-a-d.

MME. DEFARGE. Barsad. Good. Christian name?

DEFARGE. John.

MME. DEFARGE. John Barsad. Good. His appearance; is it known?

DEFARGE. Age, about forty years; height, about five feet nine; black hair; complexion dark; generally, rather handsome visage; eyes dark, face thin, long, and sallow; nose aquiline, but not straight, having a peculiar inclination toward the left cheek; expression, therefore, sinister.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Laughing*] Eh, my faith. It is a portrait! He shall be registered.

Defarge comes from behind the counter, and seats himself by his wife, heaving a long sigh as he does so.

MME. DEFARGE. You are fatigued, I see.

DEFARGE. I am a little tired.

MME. DEFARGE. You are a little depressed. Oh, the men, the men!

DEFARGE. But, my dear —

MME. DEFARGE. [*Repeating and nodding firmly*] But, my dear! But, my dear! You are faint of heart tonight, my dear!

DEFARGE. Well then, it *is* a long time.

MME. DEFARGE. It is a long time, and when is it not a long time? Vengeance and retribution require a long time; it is the rule.

DEFARGE. It does not take a long time to strike a man with lightning.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Composedly*] How long does it take to make and store the lightning? Tell me.

DEFARGE. [*Raising his head thoughtfully*] Well, there's something in that, too.

MME. DEFARGE. It does not take a long time for an earthquake to swallow a town. Eh, well! Tell me how long it takes to prepare the earthquake?

DEFARGE. A long time, I suppose.

MME. DEFARGE. But when it is ready, it takes place, and grinds to pieces everything before it. In the meantime, it is always preparing, though it is not seen or heard. That is your consolation. Keep it. [*She ties a knot with flashing eyes, as if throttling a foe*] I tell thee that although it is a long time on the road, it is on the road and coming. I tell thee it never retreats, and never stops. I tell thee it is always advancing. Look around and consider the lives of all the world that we know, consider the faces of all the world we know, consider the rage and discontent to which the Jacquerie addresses itself with more and more of certainty every hour. Can such things last? Bah! I mock you.

DEFARGE. [*Rising and standing before her with his head a little bent, and his hands clasped at his back*] My brave wife I do not question all this. But it has lasted a long time, and it is possible—you know well, my wife, it is possible that it may not come during our lives.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Tying another knot as if it were another enemy strangled*] Eh, well, how then?

DEFARGE. [*With a half complaining and half apologetic shrug*] Well! We shall not see the triumph!

MME. DEFARGE. We shall have helped it. Nothing that we do is done in vain. I believe, with all my soul, that we shall see the triumph. But even if not, even if I knew certainly not, show me the neck of an aristocrat and tyrant, and still I would—[*With her teeth set, she ties a very terrible knot indeed.*]

DEFARGE. [*Somewhat embarrassed*] Hold! I too, my dear, will stop at nothing.

MME. DEFARGE. Yes! But it is your weakness that you sometimes need to see your victim and your opportunity, to sustain you. Sustain yourself without that. When the time comes, let loose a tiger and a devil; but wait for the time with the tiger and the devil chained—not shown—yet always ready. [*She rises and goes behind the counter where she examines the bottles*] Now, go fetch a jug of wine from the cellar. The bottles are all empty, I see.

Defarge leaves. Just after the door closes on him, a stranger (Barsad) enters. He steps up to the counter.

BARSAD. Good day, madame. Have the goodness to give me a little glass of old cognac, and a mouthful of cool fresh water, madame.

Mme. Defarge pours a glass of cognac which she hands to him with the glass of water, as requested.

BARSAD. [*After drinking at one swallow*] Marvelous cognac this, madame! Another glass, please. [*He walks over to a table and seats himself*]

MME. DEFARGE. [*Takes it to him, resumes her seat, and is soon busily knitting again*] You flatter the cognac.

BARSAD. [*Watching her fingers fly back and forth*] You knit with great skill, madame.

MADAME DEFARGE. I am accustomed to it.

BARSAD. A pretty pattern, too.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Smiling at him quizzically*] *You* think so?

BARSAD. Decidedly. May one ask what it is for?

MME. DEFARGE. [*Still smiling at him while her fingers move nimbly*] Pastime.

BARSAD. Not for use?

MME. DEFARGE. [*Nodding her head with a stern kind of coquetry*] That depends. I may find use for it one day. If I do—well, I'll use it.

Barsad settles back in his chair and busies himself with

his pipe, preparing to smoke. Mme. Defarge rises and goes to a table in the far corner of the room from which she takes more wool.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Aside, as she stands sorting the wool*] JOHN. Stay long enough and I shall knit BARSAD. [*She walks back to her seat*]

BARSAD. [*Between the puffs of his pipe*] You have a husband, madame.

MME. DEFARGE. I have.

BARSAD. Children?

MME. DEFARGE. No children.

BARSAD. Business seems bad?

MME. DEFARGE. Business is very bad; the people are so poor.

BARSAD. Ah, the unfortunate, miserable people! So oppressed, too—as you say.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Correcting him*] As *you* say.

BARSAD. Pardon me; certainly it was I who said so, but you naturally think so. Of course.

MME. DEFARGE. [*In a high voice*] *I* think? I and my husband have enough to do to keep this wine shop open without thinking. All we think, here, is how to live. That is the subject *we* think of, and it gives us, from morning to night, enough to think about, without embarrassing our heads concerning others. *I* think for others? No, no.

BARSAD. [*With a sigh of a great compassion*] A bad business this, madame, of Gaspard's execution. Ah! the poor Gaspard!

MME. DEFARGE. [*Coolly and lightly*] My faith! If people use knives for such purposes, they have to pay for it. He knew beforehand what the price of his luxury was; he has paid the price.

BARSAD. [*Confidentially*] I believe there is much com-

passion and anger in this neighborhood, touching the poor fellow? Between ourselves.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Vacantly*] Is there?

BARSAD. Is there not?

The sound of approaching footsteps is heard.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Turning her head toward the door*] Here is my husband.

Defarge enters, bringing with him two jugs of wine. The stranger salutes him by touching his hat. Mme. Defarge rises, puts down her knitting for a moment, takes the jugs from her husband, and places them on the counter. Defarge nods back at the stranger, then takes a seat at the table with him. Mme. Defarge pours two glasses of the wine, and places them on the table before the two men. Then she resumes her seat and her knitting.

BARSAD. [*To Defarge*] Good day, Jacques!

DEFARGE. [*With a slight start, but quickly recovering himself*] You deceive yourself, monsieur. You mistake me for another. That is not my name. I am Ernest Defarge.

BARSAD. [*Airily, but discomfited*] It is all the same. Good day!

DEFARGE. [*Dryly*] Good day!

BARSAD. I was saying to madame, with whom I had the pleasure of chatting when you entered, that they tell me there is—and no wonder!—much sympathy and anger in Saint Antoine, touching the unhappy fate of poor Gaspard.

DEFARGE. [*Shaking his head*] No one has told me so. I know nothing of it. [*He empties his glass, rises, goes over to his wife, and stations himself behind her chair*] You seem to know this quarter well; that is to say, better than I do.

BARSAD. Not at all, but I hope to know it better. I am so profoundly interested in its miserable inhabitants.

Another glass of cognac, madame, if you please. [*Mme. Defarge goes to the counter, pours out the cognac, carries it to him, and then takes up her knitting, humming a little song as her fingers fly nimbly at their work*] The pleasure of conversing with you, Monsieur Defarge, recalls to me, that I have the honor of cherishing some interesting associations with your name.

DEFARGE. [*Indifferently*] Indeed?

BARSAD. Yes, indeed. When Doctor Manette was released, his old domestic had the charge of him, I know. He was delivered to you. You see I am informed of the circumstances?

Mme. Defarge drops her knitting. Her husband stoops to pick it up for her. As he hands it to her, they exchange significant glances. Then he proceeds to answer the stranger, evidently with the approval of his wife.

DEFARGE. Such is the fact certainly.

BARSAD. It was to you that his daughter came; and it was from your care that his daughter took him, accompanied by a neat brown monsieur; how is he called?—in a little wig—Lorry—of the bank of Tellson and Company —over to England.

DEFARGE. Such is the fact.

BARSAD. Very interesting remembrances! I have known Doctor Manette and his daughter, in England.

DEFARGE. Yes?

BARSAD. You don't hear much about them now?

DEFARGE. No.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Looking up from her work and stopping her little song*] In effect we never hear about them. We received the news of their safe arrival, and perhaps another letter, or perhaps two; but, since then, they have gradually taken their road in life—we ours—and we have held no correspondence.

BARSAD. Perfectly so, madame.—She is going to be married.

MME. DEFARGE. Going? She was pretty enough to have been married long ago. You English are cold, it seems to me.

BARSAD. [*Laughing a little disconcertedly*] Oh! You know I am English?

MME. DEFARGE. I perceive your tongue is, and what the tongue is, I suppose the man is.

BARSAD. Yes, Miss Manette is going to be married. But not to an Englishman; to one who, like herself, is French by birth. And speaking of Gaspard (ah, poor Gaspard! It was cruel, cruel!), it is a curious thing that she is going to marry the nephew of Monsieur the Marquis, for whom Gaspard was exalted to that height of so many feet; in other words, the present Marquis. But he lives unknown in England, he is no Marquis there; he is Mr. Charles Darnay. D'Aulnais is the name of his mother's family.

During the narration Mme. Defarge knits steadily on, unmoved, but Defarge, who has, in the meantime, retired behind the counter, and is engaged in wiping glasses, is perceptibly agitated, as is evident from the dropping of a glass or two, etc.

BARSAD. [*Continuing, as he rises and goes over to the counter*] Well, I must say good bye. I hope soon to have the the pleasure of seeing monsieur and madame again. [*He pays his bill, and departs*]

For a few seconds Mme. Defarge and her husband remain exactly as he left them, for fear he may come back. Presently, however, Defarge comes from behind the counter, goes up to his wife, places his hand on the back of her chair, and looks down in her face.

DEFARGE. [*In a hoarse whisper*] Can it be true, what he has said of Ma'amselle Manette?

MME. DEFARGE. [*Lifting her eyebrows*] As he has said it, it is probably false. But it may be true.

DEFARGE. If it is—

MME. DEFARGE. If it is?

DEFARGE. And if it does come, while we live to see it triumph—I hope, for her sake, Destiny will keep her husband out of France.

MME. DEFARGE. [*With great composure*] Her husband's destiny will take him where he is to go, and will lead him to the end that is to end him. That is all I know.

DEFARGE. [*Rather pleadingly to his wife*] But it is very strange—now at least is it not very strange—that, after all our sympathy for Monsieur her father, and herself, her husband's name should be proscribed under your hand at this moment, by the side of that infernal dog's who has just left us?

MME. DEFARGE. Stranger things than that will happen when it does come. I have them both here (*tapping her knitting*) of a certainty; and they are both here for their merits; that is enough. [*She rises and slowly rolls up her knitting*] And now, this register is finished. I must go prepare for a new one. Keep shop till I return. [*Exit*]

DEFARGE. [*Stands gazing after her. Finally he turns around, goes behind the counter, and busies himself once more with the glasses, as he soliloquizes*] A great woman, a strong woman, a grand woman, a frightfully grand woman!

Curtain

THE KNITTING DONE

Characters:

Miss Pross.
Mme. Defarge.
Mr. Cruncher.

The scene presents a meagerly furnished lodging. A stand on which are a basin of water and other toilet articles, a rude couch, and two or three chairs make up the furniture.

At the left, a door which leads to another room, stands open. At the right, a window is represented. In the rear, is the door by which Mr. Cruncher departs and Mme. Defarge enters. As the curtain rises, Miss Pross and Mr. Cruncher,—now a totally different man from the Mr. Cruncher of the previous scene, neatly dressed and respectful in manner,—are discovered making preparations for flight from the city. A traveling basket is half packed; Miss Pross's bonnet and shawl are thrown across the couch.

MISS PROSS. [*In great excitement*] Now what do you think, Mr. Cruncher, what do you think of our not starting from this court-yard? Another carriage having already gone from here today, it might awaken suspicion.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Humbly*] My opinion, miss, is as you're right. Likewise wot I'll stand by you, right or wrong.

MISS PROSS. [*Almost beside herself*] I am so distracted with fear and hope for our precious creatures, that I am incapable of forming any plan. Are *you* capable of forming any plan, my dear, good Mr. Cruncher?

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Meekly*] Respectin' a future spear o' life, miss, I hope so. Respectin' any present use of this here blessed old head o' mine, I think not. Would you do me the favor, miss, to take notice o' two promises and wows wot it is my wishes fur to record in this here crisis?

MISS PROSS. [*More agitated than ever*] Oh, for gracious sake! record them at once, and get them out of the way, like an excellent man.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Solemnly*] First, them poor things well out o' this, never no more will I do it, never no more!

MISS PROSS. I am quite sure, Mr. Cruncher, that you

never will do it again, whatever it is, and I beg you not to think it necessary to mention more particularly what it is.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Still more gravely*] No, miss, it shall not be named to you. Second: them poor things well out o' this, and never no more will I interfere with Mrs. Cruncher's flopping, never no more!

MISS PROSS. [*Striving to compose herself*] Whatever housekeeping arrangement that may be, I have no doubt it is best that Mrs. Cruncher should have it entirely under her own superintendence.—Oh, my poor darlings!

MR. CRUNCHER. I go so far as to say, miss, morehover—and let my words be took down and took to Mrs. Cruncher through yourself—that wot my opinions respectin' flopping has undergone a change, and that wot I only hope with all my heart as Mrs. Cruncher may be a flopping at the present time.

MISS PROSS. There, there, there! I hope she is, my dear man, and I hope she finds it answering her expectations.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*More solemnly and deliberately*] Forbid it, as anything wot I have ever said or done should be wisited on my earnest wishes for them poor creeturs now! Forbid it as we shouldn't all flop (if it was anyways convenient) to get 'em out of this here dismal risk! Forbid it, miss! Wot I say, for—BID it!

MISS PROSS. If ever we get back to our native land, you may rely upon my telling Mrs. Cruncher as much as I may be able to remember and understand of what you have so impressively said; and at all events you may be sure that I shall bear witness to your being thoroughly in earnest at this dreadful time. Now, pray let us think! My esteemed Mr. Cruncher, let us think! [*She pauses*] If you were to go before, and stop the vehicle and horses from coming here, and were to wait somewhere for me; wouldn't that be best?

MR. CRUNCHER. Yes, miss, that would be best, I'm sure.

MISS PROSS. Where could you wait for me?

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Hesitatingly*] Why, miss, there's Temple Bar—

MISS PROSS. No, no, Mr. Cruncher! By the cathedral door. Would it be much out of the way, to take me in, near the great cathedral door between the two towers?

MR. CRUNCHER. No, miss, certainly not, miss.

MISS PROSS. Then, like the best of men, go to the posting-house straight, and make that change.

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Hesitating and shaking his head*] I am doubtful about leaving of you, you see. We don't know what may happen.

MISS PROSS. [*Entreatingly*] Heaven knows we don't, but have no fear for me. Take me in at the cathedral, at three o'clock or as near it as you can, and I am sure it will be better than our going from here. I feel certain of it. There! Bless you, Mr. Cruncher! Think—not of me, but of the lives that may depend on both of us!

MR. CRUNCHER. [*Nodding acquiescence*] Very well, miss, I'll go. Good bye, for now, miss.

Mr. Cruncher goes out, leaving the door slightly ajar. Miss Pross glances around nervously after he is gone. Then she looks at her watch, goes over to the washstand, bathes her eyes, frequently pausing and looking around. Mme. Defarge enters silently while she is drying her face. As Miss Pross looks up, she utters a scream, for she sees Mme. Defarge standing before her.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Looking at her coldly*] The wife of Evrémonde; where is she? [*Miss Pross does not speak, but hastily goes to the door of Lucie's chamber, which is open, closes it, and places herself before it. Mme. Defarge motions toward the street*] On my way yonder, where they reserve my chair and my knitting for me, I am come

to make my compliments to her in passing. I wish to see her. [*Motioning toward Lucie's room*]

Miss Pross. I know that your intentions are evil, and you may depend upon it, I'll hold my own against them.

Mme. Defarge. It will do her no good to keep herself concealed from me at this moment. Good patriots will know what that means. Let me see her. Go tell her that I wish to see her. Do you hear?

Miss Pross. [*Shaking her head firmly*] Why shouldn't I hear? My ears are good enough. But if those eyes of yours were bed-winches, and I was an English four-poster, they shouldn't loose a splinter of me. No, you wicked foreign woman; I am your match.

Mme. Defarge. [*Frowning*] Woman imbecile and pig-like! I take no answer from you. I demand to see her. Either tell her that I demand to see her, or stand out of the way of the door and let me go to her! [*Angrily waving her arm, she advances a step, still keeping her eyes riveted on Miss Pross*] Ha, ha! [*Laughing scornfully*] You poor wretch! What are you worth!

Miss Pross. [*Defiantly*] You don't know me. I am a Briton. I am desperate. I don't care an English Twopence for myself. It is only of my Ladybird I'm thinking. I'll not leave a handful of that dark hair upon your head, if you lay a finger on me!

Mme. Defarge. [*Scornfully*] Coward! I address myself to the Doctor. [*Raising her voice*] Citizen Doctor! Wife of Evrémonde! Child of Evrémonde! Any person but this miserable fool, answer the Citizeness Defarge! [*After an ominous silence, suddenly becoming suspicious*] There is no one in that room behind you! Let me look.

Miss Pross. [*Firmly*] Never!

Mme. Defarge. If they are not in that room, they are

gone, and can be pursued and brought back. [*She walks to the window and looks out*]

MISS PROSS. [*Aside*] As long as you don't know whether they are in that room or not, you are uncertain what to do, and you shall not know that, if I can prevent your knowing it; and know that, or not know that, you shall not leave here while I can hold you.

MME. DEFARGE. [*Turning from the window and slowly approaching Miss Pross*] I have been in the streets from the first, nothing has stopped me, I will tear you to pieces, but I will have you from that door.

MISS PROSS. We are alone at the top of a high house in a solitary courtyard, we are not likely to be heard, and I pray for bodily strength to keep you here, while every minute you are here is worth a hundred thousand guineas to my darling. [*Mme. Defarge makes a sudden dart at the door. Miss Pross seizes her around the waist. It is in vain that Mme. Defarge struggles to free herself from the tenacious grasp of Miss Pross. Suddenly she draws from her bosom a dagger. Miss Pross tries to seize it and in the struggle Mme. Defarge falls to the floor mortally wounded. Miss Pross looks wildly at her victim for a second, then snatches her bonnet and shawl and hurries from the room*] And now my Ladybird is safe, my Ladybird is safe.

Curtain

DAVID SWAN: A FANTASY

Nathaniel Hawthorne

PREFATORY NOTE

David Swan (*Twice-Told Tales*) presents a unique type for dramatic treatment. It is a fantasy, not a study in action. David Swan, the sleeping boy, is the center of interest, and arouses in the various passers-by feelings and thoughts as diverse as their characters. At the end, the author's reflections are given in an Epilogue. This dramatization offers an opportunity for character interpretation.

Characters:

David Swan.	*Their Servant.*
A Middle-aged Widow.	*A Pretty Young Girl.*
A Temperance Lecturer.	*First Robber.*
An Elderly Merchant.	*Second Robber.*
His Wife.	*A Youth.*

The scene is out of doors. In the foreground is a public highway; in the background, woods; at the left, a clump of trees under which David Swan lies peacefully sleeping, his head resting on a bundle of clothes. The time is noon of a summer's day. As the curtain rises the Middle-aged Widow, carrying a basket, enters (right), and walks slowly down the highway, until she discovers the sleeping boy. Then she stops, and steps aside to look at him.

The Widow. How charming the young fellow looks in his sleep! He is tired out with his long walk, doubtless, and needs this slumber. He is as innocent as a babe. Sleep on, dear boy, sleep on!

She walks off the stage (left) as the Temperance Lecturer enters, tracts in hand (right).

The Temperance Lecturer. [*Stopping as he discovers David*] Another awful instance of dead drunkenness by the roadside! And such a comely face, too. Some poor mother is in tears over this wayward lad, and some poor

young girl's heart is nigh to breaking. [*Taking out his note-book*] One more case of youth gone astray because of cursed liquor! A note for my evening lecture.

Goes out (left) as the Elderly Merchant and his Wife enter (right) talking.

THE MERCHANT. [*To his Wife*] Let us rest here, beside the road while John mends the wheel to the carriage. A linch-pin has fallen out. But it won't take him long to repair the damage. [*They discover David*] But who is here? Only a young lad tired out with his long journey. We will be quiet and not disturb his slumber.

HIS WIFE. [*Sitting down in the shade and looking at David from time to time as they talk almost in whispers*] Dear lad! Such sleep as that comes only to a clear conscience!

THE MERCHANT. [*Standing beside his Wife and gazing at David*] He sleeps soundly indeed! From what a depth he draws that easy breath! Such sleep as that, brought on without an opiate, would be worth more to me than half my income; for it would suppose health and an untroubled mind.

HIS WIFE. And youth, besides. Healthy and quiet age does not sleep thus. Our slumber is no more like his, than our wakefulness.

She leans over David and smooths a lock of his hair tenderly.

THE MERCHANT. Sh! He stirs! Don't wake him, dear.

HIS WIFE. [*Dreamily*] No, no, I won't. Do you know, dear, it seems to me as if Providence had laid him here, and brought us hither to find him, after our disappointment in our cousin's son. Methinks I can see a likeness to our departed Henry. Shall we waken him?

THE MERCHANT. [*Hesitating*] To what purpose? We know nothing of the youth's character.

HIS WIFE. That open countenance! This innocent sleep! [*Persuasively*] Shall we not waken him, dear?

THE MERCHANT. Do you really mean it? You would share our home with him? [*Pausing*] No, No, the risk is too great.

HIS WIFE. [*Regretfully*] Perhaps it is not wise—But yet.—

Enter Servant (right).

THEIR SERVANT. The coach is ready, sir.

They look somewhat embarrassed.

THE MERCHANT. Very well, John. [*He helps his Wife to rise. Then they hurry off (right) in evident confusion*]

Enter (right) the Pretty Young Girl, a basket of flowers on her arm. She trips lightly across the stage singing, but stops suddenly as she discovers that her shoe is unlaced.

THE GIRL. Oh, dear, I nearly tripped over that shoe lace! I must stop and tie it. [*She goes to the shelter of the trees, sets the basket down, and starts back as she sees the sleeper, then stops*] He is sound asleep. I'll make no noise. [*She sits down and ties her shoe, then rises and gazes at the sleeper*] Oh, how handsome he is! How sound he sleeps! [*She takes up her basket and drops a flower at his feet, moves slowly away from him, looking back the while, and finally disappears (left), all the merriment gone out of her manner*]

Enter from the rear through the woods, two Robbers. They stop as they come upon David.

FIRST ROBBER. Hist!—Do you see that bundle under his head?

SECOND ROBBER. [*Nodding and leering at David*] I should say!

FIRST ROBBER. I'll bet you a horn of brandy that the chap has either a pocket-book, or a snug little hoard of small change stowed away amongst his shirts. And if not there, we shall find it in his pantaloons' pocket.

SECOND ROBBER. But how if he wakes?

FIRST ROBBER. [*Thrusting aside his waistcoat, and pointing to the handle of a dirk*] That's easy.

SECOND ROBBER. So be it! [*They approach the unconscious David. One points the dagger toward his heart, while the other begins to search the bundle beneath his head. David sleeps peacefully on*] I must take away the bundle.

FIRST ROBBER. If he stirs, I'll strike.

Enter (right) a Youth gayly singing.

SECOND ROBBER. Pshaw! We can do nothing now.

FIRST ROBBER. Let's take a drink and be off.

He thrusts the dagger back into his bosom, draws a flask from his pocket, takes a drink, and then offers it to his companion. They skulk back into the woods and disappear. In the meantime the Youth goes off the stage (left) without discovering David. David moves in his sleep, throws up his arms, yawns, and gets up slowly.

DAVID. Well, I feel better now. That hour's sleep did me worlds of good. [*Slinging his pack over his back, he steps toward the front of the stage*] And now up and away to Boston town, for I must reach there before sunset!

He goes off (right), merrily whistling.

Curtain

Epilogue

Delivered before the curtain:

And he knew not that a phantom of Wealth had thrown a golden hue upon the waters of his life,—nor that one of Love had sighed softly to their murmur,—nor that one of Death had threatened to crimson them with his blood,—all, in the brief hour since he lay down to sleep. Sleeping or waking, we hear not the airy footsteps of the strange things that almost happen. Does it not argue a superintending Providence that, while viewless and unexpected events thrust themselves continually athwart our path, there should still be regularity enough, in mortal life, to render foresight even partially available?

KIDNAPPED

Robert Louis Stevenson

PREFATORY NOTE

The episodes selected from *Kidnapped* are designed primarily for classroom presentation. The first is taken from chap. iii. For Ebenezer's opening question and David's reply, the indirect discourse of the text is changed to direct. Then the action and dialogue follow the original closely as far as David's delivery of the message of Jennet Clouston. The description of Jennet in this speech is taken from chap. ii. This episode and the second from chap. vi give a clear insight into the character of David's uncle. At the close of the dialogue, in the second episode, David's thoughts are turned into a short soliloquy. The third and fourth episodes from chap. xxiv are really a single unit separated into two scenes in order to make the journey more realistic and to account for the change in David's physical condition.

David's First Morning at the House of Shaws

Characters:
David Balfour.
Ebenezer, David's Uncle.

This episode may be given in the classroom as a dramatic reading, or with a very simple setting. The scene is the kitchen of the House of Shaws, meagerly furnished. The only necessary furniture and properties are a bare wooden table set with two bowls, two spoons, and a beer mug, two chairs, and a cupboard. The conversation begins toward the close of the frugal meal.

Ebenezer. Would ye like a drink of ale?

David. I am used to it, but do not put yourself about, Uncle Ebenezer!

EBENEZER. Na, na! I'll deny you nothing in reason.

He brings another mug, and, to David's surprise, divides the ale in half, instead of bringing more. At the close of the meal, Ebenezer gets out a clay pipe from a drawer, fills it, and sits near the window. David sits on a stool not far away.

EBENEZER. Your mother—is she alive?

DAVID. She, too, is dead.

EBENEZER. Ay, she was a bonnie lassie!—Whae were these friends of yours?

DAVID. Different gentlemen of the name of Campbell.

EBENEZER. [*Thoughtfully*] Davie, my man, ye've come to the right bit when ye came to your Uncle Ebenezer. I've a great notion of the family, and I mean to do the right by you. But while I'm taking a bit think to myself of what's the best thing to put you to—whether the law or the meenistry, or maybe the army, whilk is what boys are fondest of—I wouldnae like the Balfours to be humbled before a wheen Hieland Campbells, and I'll ask you to keep your tongue within your teeth. Nae letters; nae messages; no kind of word to onybody; or else—there's my door. [*Pointing dramatically*]

DAVID. [*Rising*] Uncle Ebenezer, I've no manner of reason to suppose you mean anything but well by me. For all that, I would have you to know that I have a pride of my own. It was by no will of mine that I came seeking you; and if you show me your door again, I'll take you at the word.

EBENEZER. Hoots-toots, ca' cannie man—ca' cannie! Bide a day or two. I'm nae warlock to find a fortune for you in the bottom of the parritch bowl; but just you give me a day or two, and say naething to naebody, and as sure as sure, I'll do the right by you.

DAVID. [*Seating himself*] Very well; enough said. If you want to help me, there's no doubt I'll be glad of it, and none but

I'll be grateful. [*Rather haughtily*] But I must have my bed aired and put to sun-dry. I cannot sleep in such a bed again.

EBENEZER. [*Beginning wrathfully, then suddenly changing*] Is this my house or yours? Na, na, I dinnae mean that. What's mine is yours, Davie my man, and what's yours is mine. Blood is thicker than water; and there's naebody but you and me that ought the name.

DAVID. [*With a start*] I've a message for you, Uncle Ebenezer. I almost forgot. On the way hither, I met a stout, dark, sour-looking woman, and when I asked her the way to the House of Shaws, she called down a curse upon the place and bade me—

EBENEZER. [*Rising in wrath*] The limmer! A witch! A proclaimed witch! I'll aff and see the session clerk. [*Taking up a cloak and beaver hat*] I cannae leave you by yourself in the house, David. I'll have to lock you out.

DAVID. [*Striding toward Ebenezer*] If you lock me out, it'll be the last you'll see of me in friendship.

EBENEZER. [*Avoiding David's eyes, and looking at the floor*] This is no the way to win my favor, David.

DAVID. Sir, I was brought up to have a good conceit of myself—I wouldn't buy your liking at such a price!

EBENEZER. [*Looking out of the window—trembling and twitching like a man with palsy—then turning to David with a forced, cunning smile*] Well, well, we must bear and forbear. [*Seating himself*] I'll no go; that's all that's to be said of it.

DAVID. Uncle Ebenezer, I can make nothing out of this. You use me like a thief; you hate to have me in this house; you let me see it, every word and every minute; it's not possible that you can like me; and as for me, I've spoken to you as I never thought to speak to any man. Why do you seek to keep me, then? Let me gang back—let me gang back to the friends I have, and that like me!

EBENEZER. [*Earnestly*] Na, na, I like ye fine; we'll agree fine yet; and for the honor of the house I couldnae let you leave the way ye came. Bide here quiet, there's a good lad; just you bide here quiet a bittie, and ye'll find that we agree.

DAVID. [*Sitting down again*] Well, sir, I'll stay awhile. It's more just I should be helped by my own blood than strangers; and if we don't agree, I'll do my best it shall be through no fault of mine.

Curtain

THE REVELATION

Characters:
The Landlord.
David.

The scene is the interior of the Inn at the Queen's Ferry.

DAVID. Do you know Mr. Rankeillor, Landlord?

LANDLORD. Hoot, ay, and a very honest man. And, O,—by-the-bye, was it you that came in with Ebenezer?

DAVID. Yes!

LANDLORD. Ye'll be no relative of his?

DAVID. [*Cautiously*] No, none.

LANDLORD. I thought not, and yet ye have a kind of gliff of Mr. Alexander.

DAVID. Ebenezer seems ill-seen in the country.

LANDLORD. Nae doubt; he's a wicked auld man, and there's many would like to see him girning in a tow: Jennet Clouston and mony mair that he has harried out of house and hame. And yet he was ance a fine young fellow, too. But that was before the sough gaed abroad about Mr. Alexander; that was like the death of him.

DAVID. And what was it?

LANDLORD. Oh, just that he had killed him. Did ye never hear that?

DAVID. And what would he kill him for?

LANDLORD. And what for, but just to get the place!

DAVID. The place? The Shaws?

LANDLORD. Nae other place that I ken.

DAVID. Ay, man—Is that so? Was my—was Alexander the eldest son?

LANDLORD. Deed was he. What else would he have killed him for?

The Landlord goes out. David sits down wrapped in meditation.

DAVID. I guessed it a long while ago. [*Straightening up*] Am I the same poor lad who trudged in the dust from Ettrick Forest not ten days ago! Why, if this is true, I'm master of the Shaws!

David's soliloquy is interrupted by Ebenezer's voice calling—"David! David!"

Curtain

THE QUARREL

Characters:
David.
Alan.

The scene is on the heather. David and Alan are walking together. At first Alan is back of David. Later Alan comes to David's side.

ALAN. David, this is no way for two friends to take a small accident. I have to say that I'm sorry; and so that's said. And now if you have anything, ye'd better say it.

DAVID. O, I have nothing.

ALAN. [*With trembling voice*] No,—but when I said I was to blame?

DAVID. [*Coolly*] Why, of course ye were to blame; and you will bear me out that I have never reproached you!

ALAN. Never, but ye ken very well that ye've done worse. Are we to part? Ye said so once before. Are ye to say it again? There's hills and heather enough between here and the two seas, David; and I will own I'm no very keen to stay where I'm no wanted.

DAVID. [*With mixture of anger and shame*] Alan Breck! Do you think I am one to turn my back on you in your chief need? You dursn't say it to my face. My whole conduct's there to give the lie to it. It's true, I fell asleep upon the muir; but that was from weariness, and you do wrong to cast it up to me—

ALAN. Which is what I never did.

DAVID. But aside from that, what have I done that you should even me to dogs by such a supposition? I never yet failed a friend, and it's not likely I'll begin with you. There are things between us that I can never forget, even if you can.

ALAN. I will only say this to ye, David, that I have long been owing ye my life, and now I owe ye money. Ye should try to make that burden light for me.

DAVID. [*Venting his wrath on Alan*] You asked me to speak. Well, then, I will. You own yourself that you have done me a disservice; I have had to swallow an affront: I have never reproached you, I never named the thing till you did. And now you blame me, because I cannae laugh and sing as if I was glad to be affronted. The next thing will be that I'm to go down upon my knees and thank you for it! Ye should think more of others, Alan Breck. If ye thought more of others, ye would perhaps speak less about yourself; and when a friend that liked you very well has passed over an offense without a word, you would be blithe to let it lie, instead of making it a

stick to break his back with. By your own way of it, it was you that was to blame; then it shouldnae be you to seek the quarrel.

ALAN. Aweel, Davie, say nae mair!

Curtain

THE RECONCILIATION

Characters:
David.
Alan.

The scene is the same; the time, a little later. David is almost exhausted.

ALAN. [*Tauntingly*] Here's a dub for ye to jump, my Whiggie! I ken you're a fine jumper!

DAVID. [*With quivering voice*] Mr. Stewart, you are older than I am, and should know your manners. Do you think it either very wise or very witty to cast my politics in my teeth? I thought where folk differed, it was the part of gentlemen to differ civilly; and if I did not, I may tell you I could find a better taunt than some of yours.

Alan, stopping opposite David,—hat cocked, hands in pocket, head to one side, with taunting smile,—whistles an air.

DAVID. [*Angrily*] Why do ye take that air, Mr. Stewart? Is that to remind me you have been beaten on both sides?

ALAN. David!

DAVID. But it's time these manners ceased, and I mean you shall henceforth speak civilly of my King and my good friends the Campbells.

ALAN. I am a Stewart.

DAVID. O! I ken ye bear a king's name. But you are to remember, since I have been in the Highlands, I have

seen a good many of those that bear it; and the best I can say of them is this, that they would be none the worse of washing.

ALAN. [*Very low*] Do you know that you insult me?

DAVID. I am sorry for that, for I am not done; and if you distaste the sermon, I doubt the pirliecue will please you as little. You have been chased in the field by the grown men of my party; it seems a poor kind of pleasure to outface a boy. Both the Campbells and the Whigs have beaten you; you have run before them like a hare. It behoves you to speak of them as of your betters.

ALAN. [*Stands still, facing David*] This is a pity. There are things said that cannot be passed over.

DAVID. I never asked you to. I am as ready as yourself.

ALAN. Ready?

DAVID. Ready! I am no blower and boaster like some that I could name. Come on!

David draws sword, and falls on guard.

ALAN. David! Are ye daft? I cannae draw upon ye, David. It's fair murder!

DAVID. That was your look-out when you insulted me.

ALAN. It's the truth! It's the bare truth. [*He draws his sword, instantly throws it from him and falls to the ground*] Na, na, I cannae, I cannae!

David watches him for a moment. His expression suddenly changes to one of agony.

DAVID. Alan! Alan! If you cannae help me, I must just die here. [*Alan starts, sits up, and looks at David*] It's true. I'm by with it. O, let me get into the bield of a house. I'll can die there easier.

ALAN. [*Rising*] Can ye walk?

DAVID. No, not without help. This last hour, my legs have been fainting under me; I've a stitch in my side like a red-hot iron; I cannae breathe right. If I die,

ye'll can forgive me, Alan? In my heart, I liked ye fine —even when I was the angriest.

ALAN. Wheesht, wheesht! Dinnae say that! David, man, ye ken—[*Breaking off to hide emotion*] Let me get my arm about ye.—That's the way! Now lean upon me hard. Gude kens where there's a house! We're in Balwhidder, too; there should be no want of houses, no, nor friends' houses, here. Do you gang easier so, Davie?

DAVID. Ay, I can be doing this way.

ALAN. [*Sadly*] Davie, I'm no a right man at all; I have neither sense nor kindness; I couldnae remember ye were just a bairn, I couldnae see ye were dying on your feet; Davie, ye'll have to try and forgive me.

DAVID. Oh, man, let's say no more about it! We're neither one of us to mend the other—that's the truth! We must just bear and forbear, man Alan! O, but my stitch is sore! Is there nae house?

ALAN. I'll find a house to ye, David. We'll follow down the burn, where there's bound to be houses. My poor man, will ye no be better on my back?

DAVID. O, Alan, and me a good twelve inches taller?

ALAN. [*Standing still and drawing himself up proudly*] Ye're no such a thing! There may be a trifling matter of an inch or two; I'm no saying just exactly what ye would call a tall man, whatever; and I daresay, [*his voice tailing off in a laughable manner*] now when I come to think of it, I daresay ye'll be just about right. Ay, it'll be a foot, or near hand; or maybe even mair!

DAVID. Alan, what makes ye so good to me? What makes ye care for such a thankless fellow?

ALAN. Deed, and I don't know. For just precisely what I thought I liked about ye, was that ye never quarreled;—and now I like ye better!

As they take up their journey again, the curtain goes down.

THE ADVENTURE OF MY AUNT

Washington Irving

PREFATORY NOTE

The dramatization of *The Adventure of My Aunt* (*Tales of a Traveller*) enhances, perhaps, the humor of the story and makes an amusing episode for high school presentation. The only change of text necessary for the adaptation is the turning of much of the indirect into direct discourse.

Characters:

My Aunt.	*The Cook.*
The Maid.	*The Butler.*
The Steward.	*The Robber.*
The Coachman.	*The Footman.*

The scene represents a lady's boudoir. At the right, stands a dressing table, a chair before it. At the left, is a couch near which stands a small table. A roughly sketched full length portrait of a man, the head supplied by that of the Robber, hangs against curtains at the rear of the stage, thus allowing for the concealment of the Robber's body. The dressing table is so placed that the portrait is reflected in the mirror. As the curtain rises, My Aunt enters, followed by the Maid carrying, in one hand, a lighted candle, in the other, a tray containing a water pitcher and glass. She places the candle on the dressing table, the tray on the table.

My Aunt. That will do, Hawkins. I shall not need your services tonight. You may go.

The Maid. [*Making a curtsy*] Very well, my lady.

Exit Maid. My Aunt sits down at the dressing table and looks critically at herself in the mirror.

My Aunt. Yes, the wrinkles are coming. 'Tis sad but true.

[*Arranging her hair*] And the gray hairs too! [*Leans back in the chair and folds her hands in her lap*] I wonder if the Squire, when he called to welcome me to my country home today, thought I had changed much in these twenty years. *He* certainly has. What a slender youth he was! And now [*turning round and looking at the portrait*] he is almost as portly as my dear, departed Henry. [*She sighs deeply and gazes long and steadily at the picture. Then she turns again to the mirror*] Well, enough of dreaming. I must make myself ready for another kind of dreams. [*She leans forward, gazes, in the glass and prepares to take down her hair. Suddenly she turns round, as a slight noise is heard, but as she sees nothing, turns again, and busies herself once more with her hair*] Why, I'm a bit nervous tonight. 'Twas nothing surely but a mouse.—Dear Henry!

She heaves another deep sigh. The sigh is distinctly re-echoed. She does not stir, but gazes fixedly in the mirror, apparently at her own image, but really at the reflection of the portrait in the mirror. She gives a start as she notices that the head moves, but rapidly recovers herself and goes on deliberately arranging her hair, humming a tune the while.

My Aunt. [*Yawning*] Oh, I'm so sleepy. [*She casually overturns a jewel box*] My, how stupid of me! [*She takes the candle and picks up the articles one by one and replaces them*] Now I've found them all. [*She is about to sit down again, but suddenly stops*] Oh, I forgot to tell Hawkins to wake me early for that horseback ride with the Squire. I'll go tell her now. [*She goes to the door, looks out for an instant, and then walks out*]

The Robber. [*Putting out his head and looking around the room*] My, but I thought this eye of mine, which *will* wink had let the cat out of the bag. But she didn't see, thank the Lord! [*Chuckling*]

The Robber's head is quickly drawn back as the door is pushed open. Enter the following procession: (My Aunt, leading) with a poker in her hand; the Steward, with a rusty blunderbuss; the Coachman, with a loaded whip; the Footman, with a pair of horse-pistols; the Cook, flourishing a huge chopping-knife; the Butler, a bottle in each hand; the Maid, half fainting, with a bottle of smelling salts to her nose, bringing up the rear. My Aunt leads the procession around the room, and, when she reaches the portrait suddenly halts.

THE MAID. O, I'm afraid of the ghostesses, my lady.

MY AUNT. [*Resolutely*] Ghosts! I'll singe their whiskers for them! [*Flourishing her poker*] Pull down that picture! [*A heavy groan and a sound like the chattering of teeth issue from behind the picture. The servants all shrink back*] Instantly! [*In a commanding tone*]

The men step forward rather unwillingly, each trying to push the other first. They finally all together seize the portrait and pull it down. My Aunt steps up, parts the curtains that hang behind the picture and discloses the Robber standing on a small stool. In one hand is a long knife. He is trembling like an aspen-leaf. Dropping the knife, he falls on his knees before My Aunt.

THE ROBBER. [*Whining*] Mercy! Mercy! My lady! 'Twas but intended as a joke to scare you all.

THE BUTLER. [*Shaking his bottles at the Robber, then turning to My Aunt*] Why, your ladyship, this is Dan, the dismissed coachman. [*To the Robber*] Mercy! You rascal! Hanging would be more like it!

MY AUNT. [*Sternly*] Rise, fellow. [*To the Butler and the Cook*] Take this fellow to the horse-pond. Cleanse him well and rub him down with an oaken towel. Then let him go. [*To the servants*] And now you are dismissed for the night.

They form in line, the Butler and Cook holding the Robber by the wrists, leading, and march out of the room.

My Aunt. [*Seating herself once more at her dressing table, and apparently talking to her image*] Well! If such little disturbances as this are a nightly occurrence in this big house, the Squire shall have my answer tomorrow.

Curtain

THIRD YEAR

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM

Matthew Arnold

PREFATORY NOTE

The following episodes have been selected from Matthew Arnold's *Sohrab and Rustum* as the best units for dramatization. If a more elaborate performance is desired, the incident of the challenge, in Rustum's tent, might be worked up as a second scene, coming between the two here given, or it could be presented as a separate episode.

A word of caution may be necessary concerning the demonstration of grief in scene ii. While the dignity of the lines, the tragedy of the situation, and the pervading atmosphere of the scene are, in themselves, safeguards against exaggeration, the action should be more restrained than that suggested by the text, in order to avoid any hint of the melodramatic.

Scene I

Sohrab's Plea

Characters:
Sohrab.
Peran-Wisa.

The stage represents the interior of Peran-Wisa's tent. The oriental setting may be suggested by an arrangement of curtains, rugs, and cushions. As the curtain rises, Peran-Wisa is discovered lying on a bed of rugs. The stage is in darkness except for a dim light burning in Peran-Wisa's tent. If a more elaborate setting is desired, and painted scenery is available, the tent may be made to occupy only a part of the

stage, the rest representing the desert surroundings, with a painted background picturing the river Oxus winding into the distance. During the progress of the dialogue, the light on the stage grows gradually brighter, though it never reaches the full light of day. As Sohrab enters, Peran-Wisa partially rises, leaning on one arm.

PERAN-WISA.

Who art thou? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak! is there news, or any night alarm?

SOHRAB.

Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa! it is I.
The sun is not yet risen, and the foe
Sleep, but I sleep not; all night long I lie
Tossing and wakeful; and I come to thee.

He kneels by the bed.

PERAN-WISA.

What brings thee here, before the day appears?

SOHRAB.

I seek thy counsel as Afrasiab bid,
And I will tell thee what my heart desires.

PERAN-WISA.

Speak, boy, and I will heed thee as my son.

SOHRAB.

Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first
I came among the Tartars and bore arms,
I have still serv'd Afrasiab well, and shown,
At my boy's years, the courage of a man.

PERAN-WISA.

Thy dauntless spirit every Tartar knows.

SOHRAB.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask!
Let the two armies rest today: but I
Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords
To meet me, man to man; if I prevail,

Rustum will surely hear it: if I fall—
Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.
He rises and walks up and down.

PERAN-WISA.

Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen?

SOHRAB.

Dim is the rumor of a common fight,
Where host meets host, and many names are sunk;
But of a single combat fame speaks clear.

PERAN-WISA.

But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum, seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab! carry an unwounded son!

SOHRAB.

Nay, would great Rustum's heart rejoice to find
A son like this, content to dwell at ease
In Tartar camp?—O grant me my desire!
He kneels again.

PERAN-WISA. [*Placing his hand on Sohrab's head*]

Go, if thou must—and yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights
In vain. But who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son?
Go! I will grant thee what thy heart desires.
He rises from the couch. Sohrab takes his leave.

Curtain

Scene II

The Recognition

Characters:
Sohrab.
Rustum.

The stage represents the scene of the combat. The same setting may be used as in the first scene with the tent removed. The stage is in semi-darkness. The curtain rises on the cry of "Rustum!" behind the scenes, as Sohrab falls fatally wounded. Rustum stands over the prostrate Sohrab.

Rustum. [*Scornfully*]
Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent;
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move
His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man!

Sohrab.
Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man!
No! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For that belovèd name unnerv'd my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe.

And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear:
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee!

RUSTUM. [*Still cold and unmoved*]
What prate is this of fathers and revenge?
The mighty Rustum never had a son.

SOHRAB. [*With failing voice*]
Ah, yes, he had! and that lost son am I.
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son!
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be?
Oh, could I live till I that grief had seen!
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils, and honor, when the war is done.
Sohrab bows his head.

RUSTUM.
O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have lov'd.
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son,
For Rustum had no son: one child he had—
But one—a girl; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war!

SOHRAB. [*Raising himself on one arm with great difficulty, wrathfully*]
Man, who art thou who dost deny my words?

Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I liv'd, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
The seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore.

RUSTUM.

Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie!
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son.

Sohrab bares his arm. Rustum looks closely at the bared arm in the dim light.

SOHRAB.

How say'st thou? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's?

RUSTUM. [*At first speechless, then uttering a sharp cry*]
O boy—thy father!— . . .

SOHRAB. [*Once more raises himself on his arm and cries aloud with joy*]
Rustum! My father!—thee I live to greet!

RUSTUM.

My son!—And yet they told me that the babe
Which was in Ader-baijan born to me,
Had been a puny girl—no boy at all!
And now he lies here smitten by my hand!
Why should I longer live!— . . .

He reaches for his sword but Sohrab stays his hand.

SOHRAB.

Father forbear! for I but meet today,
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven; and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand.
But let us speak no more of this! I find
My father; let me feel that I have found!
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,

And wash them with thy tears, and say, "My son!"
Quick! quick! for number'd are my sands of life.

The poem itself suggests action for Rustum.

RUSTUM.

Oh, that the waves of this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink thou liest,
Were flowing over me, my son! my son!

SOHRAB.

Desire not that, my father! thou must live.
For some are born to do great deeds and live,
As some are born to be obscur'd, and die!
Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,
And reap a second glory in thine age;
Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.
But come! thou seest this great host of men
Which follow me; I pray thee, slay not these!
Let me entreat for them; what have they done?
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.
But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,
But carry me with thee to Seistan,
And place me on a bed, and mourn for me.
And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,
And heap a stately mound above my bones,
That so the passing horseman on the waste
May see my tomb a great way off, and cry:
"Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,
Whom his great father did in ignorance kill!"
And I be not forgotten in my grave.

RUSTUM.

Fear not! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,
So shall it be; for I will burn my tents,
And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me.
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain

Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine;
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;

SOHRAB.

Not yet!—but thou shalt yet have peace, not now,—
But thou shalt have it on some far-off day,
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave.

RUSTUM.

Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure.

SOHRAB.

O father, draw the spear from out my side,
To ease the imperious anguish of my wound!

Rustum draws the spear. Sohrab falls back.

Great Rustum! Father!— . . .

The curtain goes down as Rustum falls prostrate across the body of Sohrab.

SILAS MARNER

George Eliot

PREFATORY NOTE

Silas Marner furnishes an attractive theme for a four-scene play showing the transformation of Silas through the coming of the golden-haired Eppie, in place of the lost gold. Chaps. vi, vii, xiii, xiv, xvi, and xix are utilized in the dramatization. In accordance with the general plan followed in this book, the scenes are reduced to their simplest terms. The principal changes in the story are as follows: the change in the time of Godfrey's visit to Silas (chap. xiii) from night to morning; the combination of this episode with Dolly Winthrop's conference with Silas (chap. xiv); the transfer of the conversation between Silas and Eppie (chap. xvi) from out-of-doors to the cottage of Silas, in order to simplify the problem of staging, by avoiding the necessity of shifting scenery between scenes iii and iv.

Scene I

The Night of Despair

Characters:

Mr. Snell, the Landlord.
Mr. Macey, the Tailor and Parish Clerk.
Bob Lundy, the Butcher.
Ben Winthrop, the Wheelwright.
Silas Marner.
Jem Rodney.
Mr. Dowlas, the Farrier.
Other Villagers.

The scene is the kitchen of the Rainbow Tavern. Some of the men are seated at tables, with mugs of ale before them; others, on benches about the room. As the curtain rises, all eyes are directed toward Mr. Macey, who is speaking. The men sit, pipes in hand, suspending their smoking to listen.

Mr. Macey. Well, yes, the wedding turned out all right, on'y poor Mrs. Lammeter—that's Miss Osgood as was—died afore the lasses was growed up; but for prosperity and everything respectable, there's no family more looked on.

Mr. Snell. Why, old Mr. Lammeter had a pretty fortin, didn't they say, when he come into these parts?

Mr. Macey. Well, yes, but I dare say it's as much as this Mr. Lammeter's done to keep it whole. For there was allays a talk as nobody could get rich on the Warrens: though he holds it cheap, for it's what they call Charity Land.

Bob. Ay, and there's few folks know so well as you how it come to be Charity Land, eh, Mr. Macey?

Mr. Macey. [*Contemptuously*] How should they? Why, my grandfather made the groom's livery for that Mr. Cliff as came and built the big stables at the Warrens. Why, they're stables four times as big as Squire Cass's, for he thought o' nothing but hosses and hunting, Cliff didn't—a Lunnon tailor, some folks said, as had gone mad wi' cheating. For he couldn't ride; lor' bless you! But ride he would, as if Old Harry had been a-driving him; and he'd a son, a lad o' sixteen; and nothing would his father have him do, but he must ride and ride—though the lad was frighted, they said, and the poor lad got sickly and died, and the father didn't live long after him, for he got queerer nor ever, and they said he used to go out i' the dead o' the night, wi' a lantern in his hand, to the stables, and set a lot o' lights burning, for he got as he couldn't sleep; and there he'd stand, cracking his whip and looking at his hosses; and they said it was a mercy as the stables didn't get burnt down wi' the poor dumb creaturs in 'em. [*Stops a moment to recover his breath, takes a drink and then continues*] But at last he died raving, and they found as he'd left all his property, Warrens and all, to a Lunnon Charity, and that's how the Warrens come to be Charity Land; though, as for the stables, Mr. Lammeter never uses 'em—they're out o' all charicter—lor' bless you! if you was to set the

doors a-banging in 'em, it 'ud sound like thunder half o'er the parish.

MR. SNELL. Ay, but there's more going on in the stables than what folks see by daylight, eh, Mr. Macey?

MR. MACEY. [*Winking mysteriously*] Ay, ay; go that way of a dark night, that's all, and then make believe, if you like, as you didn't see lights i' the stables, nor hear the stamping o' the hosses, nor the cracking o' the whips, and howling, too, if it's tow'rt daybreak. "Cliff's Holiday" has been the name of it ever sin' I were a boy; that's to say, some said as it was the holiday Old Harry gev him from roasting, like. [*Men lay down pipes and lean forward*] That's what my father told me, and he was a reasonable man, though there's folks nowadays know what happened afore they were born better nor they know their own business.

MR. SNELL. [*Turning to the Farrier*] What do you say to that, eh, Dowlas? There's a nut for *you* to crack.

MR. DOWLAS. [*Eagerly seizing the cue*] Say? I say what a man *should* say as doesn't shut his eyes to look at a finger-post. I say, as I'm ready to wager any man ten pound, if he'll stand out wi' me any dry night in the pasture before the Warren stables, as we shall neither see lights nor hear noises, if it isn't the blowing of our own noses. That's what I say, and I've said it many a time; but there's nobody 'ull ventur a ten-pun' note on their ghos'es as they make so sure of.

BEN. Why, Dowlas, that's easy betting, that is. You might as well bet a man as he wouldn't catch the rheumatise if he stood up to's neck in the pool of a frosty night. It 'ud be fine fun for a man to win his bet as he'd catch the rheumatise. Folks as believe in Cliff's Holiday aren't a-going to ventur near it for a matter o' ten pound.

MR. MACEY. [*With a sarcastic smile, tapping his thumbs together*] If Master Dowlas wants to know the truth on it, he's no call to lay any bet—let him go and stan' by himself—there's nobody 'ull hinder him; and then he can let the parish'ners know if they're wrong.

MR. DOWLAS. [*Scornfully*] Thank you! I'm obliged to you. If folks are fools, it's no business o' mine. *I* don't want to make out the truth about ghos'es; I know it a'ready. But I'm not against a bet—everything fair and open. Let any man bet me ten pound as I shall see Cliff's Holiday, and I'll go and stand by myself. I want no company. I'd as lief do it as I'd fill this pipe.

BOB. Ah, but who's to watch you, Dowlas, and see you do it? That's no fair bet.

MR. DOWLAS. [*Angrily*] No fair bet? I should like to hear any man stand up and say I want to bet unfair. Come now, Master Lundy, I should like to hear you say it.

BOB. Very like you would. But it's no business o' mine. You're none o' my bargains, and I aren't a-going to try and 'bate your price. If anybody'll bid for you at your own vallying, let him. I'm for peace and quietness, I am.

MR. DOWLAS. Yes, that's what every yapping cur is, when you hold a stick up at him. But I'm afraid o' neither man nor ghost, and I'm ready to lay a fair bet. *I* aren't a turn-tail cur.

MR. SNELL. [*Tolerantly*] Ay, but there's this in it, Dowlas. There's folks, i' my opinion, they can't see ghos'es, not if they stood as plain as a pike-staff before 'em. And there's a reason i' that. For there's my wife, now, can't smell, not if she'd the strongest o' cheese under her nose. I never see'd a ghost myself; but then I says to myself, "Very like I haven't got the smell for 'em." I mean, putting a ghost for a smell, or else contrairiways.

And so, I'm for holding with both sides; for, as I say, the truth lies between 'em. And if Dowlas was to go and stand, and say he'd never seen a wink o' Cliff's Holiday all the night through, I'd back him; and if anybody said as Cliff's Holiday was certain sure for all that, I'd back *him* too. For the smell's what I go by.

MR. DOWLAS. [*Impatiently setting his glass down*] Tut, tut, what's the smell got to do with it? Did ever a ghost give a man a black eye? That's what I should like to know. If ghos'es want me to believe in 'em, let 'em leave off skulking i' the dark and i' lone places—let 'em come where there's company and candles.

MR. MACEY. [*In a disgusted tone*] As if ghos'es 'ud want to be believed in by anybody so ignirant.

While Mr. Macey is speaking, Silas Marner, pale, hatless, with disheveled hair, appears in the doorway. He has on an old coat which has been drenched with rain. For a moment no one sees him; then the men start, for under the influence of the theme of conversation, they have an impression that they see an apparition. The Landlord, as host, is the first to break the silence.

MR. SNELL. [*In a conciliatory tone*] Master Marner, what's lacking to you? What's your business here?

SILAS. [*Frantically*] Robbed! I've been robbed! I want the constable—and the Justice—and Squire Cass—and Mr. Crackenthorp.

MR. SNELL. [*To Jem Rodney, who is nearest the door*] Lay hold on him, Jem Rodney; he's off his head, I doubt. He's wet through.

JEM. [*Shaking his head and moving farther from Marner*] Come and lay hold on him yourself, Mr. Snell, if you've a mind. [*Muttering*] He's been robbed, and murdered too, for what I know.

SILAS. [*Turning and fixing his eyes on Jem*] Jem Rodney!

JEM. [*Trembling, and seizing his drinking-can as a defensive weapon*] Ay, Master Marner, what do ye want wi' me?

SILAS. [*Clasping his hands entreatingly and raising his voice to a cry*] If it was you stole my money, give it me back—and I won't meddle with you. I won't set the constable on you. Give it me back, and I'll let you—I'll let you have a guinea.

JEM. [*Angrily, taking a step nearer to Silas*] Me stole your money! I'll pitch this can at your eye if you talk o' *my* stealing your money.

MR. SNELL. [*Rising resolutely, and seizing Marner by the shoulder*] Come, come, Master Marner, if you've got any information to lay, speak it out sensible, and show as you're in your right mind, if you expect anybody to listen to you. You're as wet as a drownded rat. Sit down and dry yourself, and speak straight forrard. [*Leading him to the fireplace*]

MR. DOWLAS. Ah, to be sure, man. Let's have no more staring and screaming, else we'll have you strapped for a madman. That was why I didn't speak at the first—thinks I, the man's run mad.

SEVERAL VOICES. Ay, ay, make him sit down.

MR. SNELL. [*Forcing Marner to take off his coat, and to sit down on a chair away from every one else, in the center of the circle, and in the direct rays of the fire*] Now, then, Master Marner, what's this you've got to say—as you've been robbed? Speak out.

JEM. [*Hastily*] He'd better not say again as it was me robbed him. What could I ha' done with his money? I could as easy steal the parson's surplice, and wear it.

MR. SNELL. Hold your tongue, Jem, and let's hear what he's got to say.—Now then, Master Marner.

SILAS. My gold is gone!—that's all I know—taken while I went out to get a bit of string I needed in the morning for setting up my work!

MR. MACEY. And did you leave the door open, man?

SILAS. Ay, ay.

MR. DOWLAS. A foolish thing!

MR. SNELL. Nay, nay—on such a night—who'd a thought o' thieves abroad?

MR. MACEY. What time o' the evening did it happen?

SILAS. [*Shaking his head*] I can't rightly tell. I left my supper—a bit o' pork—baking before the fire. It may ha' been two hours since.

MR. SNELL. [*Laying his hand on Marner's shoulder*] It isn't Jem Rodney as has done this work, Master Marner. You mustn't be a-casting your eye at poor Jem. There may be a bit of a reckoning against poor Jem for the matter of a hare or so if anybody was bound to keep their eyes staring open, and niver to wink; but Jem's been a-sitting here drinking his can, like the decentest man i' the parish, since before you left your house, Master Marner, by your own account.

MR. MACEY. Ay, ay, let's have no accusing o' the innicent. That isn't the law. There must be folks to swear again' a man before he can be ta'en up. Let's have no accusing o' the innicent, Master Marner.

SILAS. [*Aroused by Mr. Macey's words, starts from his chair, goes close up to Jem, and looks at him intently*] I was wrong,—yes, yes—I ought to have thought. There's nothing to witness against you, Jem. Only you'd been into my house oftener than anybody else, and so you came into my head. I don't accuse you—I won't accuse anybody—only, [*lifting up his hands to his head, and turning away with bewildered misery*] I try—I try to think where my guineas can be.

MR. MACEY. Ay, ay, they're gone where it's hot enough to melt 'em, I doubt.

Mr. Dowlas. [*Scornfully*] Tchuh! [*Briskly*] How much money might there be in the bags, Master Marner.

Silas. [*Seating himself again, with a groan*] Two hundred and seventy-two pounds, twelve and sixpence, last night when I counted it.

Mr. Dowlas. [*With an air of great importance*] Pooh! why, they'd be none so heavy to carry. Some tramp's been in, that's all; and what I vote is, as two of the sensiblest o' the company should go with you to Master Kench, the constable's—he's ill i' bed, I know that much—and get him to appoint one of us his deppity; for that's the law, and I don't think any body 'ull take upon him to contradick me there. It isn't much of a walk to Kench's; and then, if it's me as is deppity, I'll go back with you, Master Marner, and examine your premises; and if anybody's got any fault to find with that, I'll thank him to stand up and say it out like a man.

Mr. Snell. Let us see how the night is, though. [*Going to the door to look out, then returning*] Why, it rains heavy still.

Mr. Dowlas. Well, I'm not the man to be afraid o' the rain. For it'll look bad when Justice Malam hears as respectable men like us had a information laid before 'em and took no steps.

Mr. Snell. Ay—and as no one but Mr. Dowlas seems to care to go out on such a night, I'll go to Kench's with him.

Dowlas starts to take his coat from a nail on the wall.

Mr. Macey. I don't see as how Mr. Dowlas can act as deputy-constable. My father was a man what understood the law, and I ha' heard him say that no doctor could be a constable.

A murmur rises among the men. Marner sits gazing at the fire, as in a dazed condition, during this colloquy.

Mr. Snell. [*Laughing*] He's only a cow-doctor!

MR. MACEY. A doctor's a doctor, I reckon, though he may be only a cow-doctor, for a fly's a fly, though it may be a hoss fly, eh, Mr. Dowlas?

MR. DOWLAS. The law means that a doctor can be a constable if he likes—he needn't be one if he don't like!

MR. MACEY. Nonsense! The law's not likely to be fonder of doctors than of other folks. And if doctors don't generally like to be constables, how do you come to be so eager to be one?

MR. DOWLAS. *I* don't want to act the constable, and there's no man can say it of me, if he'd tell the truth. But if there's to be any jealousy and envying about going to Kench's in the rain, let them go as like it—you won't get me to go, I can tell you.

No one makes a move to go.

MR. SNELL. Come, come, Mr. Dowlas! No more quarreling. We must see to poor Marner at once.

The curtain falls as the Landlord goes to Marner and lays his hand on his shoulder.

Scene II

THE DAWN OF HOPE

Characters:

Godfrey Cass.	*Silas Marner.*
Eppie.	*Dolly Winthrop.*

The stage represents the interior of Marner's cottage, meagerly furnished. In one corner, as if partly out of sight, the loom is suggested. The spot from which the gold was taken is indicated by loose bricks. On one side of the room is a small alcove, with a rude couch, partly concealed by hangings in keeping with the rest of the furnishings. A kitchen table and two or three wooden chairs complete the setting. Silas

is discovered seated near the hearth with Eppie in his arms, crooning a lullaby to soothe the tired child to sleep. The part of Eppie in this scene can be taken by a little sister of one of the girls or boys of the school, or a doll could be used. A rap on the door is closely followed by the entrance of Godfrey Cass. Silas starts to his feet in alarm, still holding the child in his arms.

SILAS. Have you come to take the child from me? No—No—I can't part with it. I can't let it go. [*Sitting down and clasping the child more closely*] It's come to me—I've a right to keep it.

GODFREY. [*Indifferently*] You'd better take the child to the parish today, Marner.

SILAS. [*Sharply*] Who says so? Will they make me take her?

He wakes the child in his agitation, but soothes her to sleep again.

GODFREY. Why you wouldn't like to keep her, should you—an old bachelor like you?

SILAS. Till anybody shows they've a right to take her away from me. The mother's dead, and I reckon it's got no father; it's a lone thing—and I'm a lone thing. My money's gone [*glancing toward the hole in the hearth*] I don't know where—and this is come from I don't know where. I know nothing—I'm partly mazed.

GODFREY. [*Approaches Silas and the sleeping child and looks down at her*] Poor little thing! [*Puts his hand in his pocket and draws out a gold piece*] Let me give something toward finding it clothes.

SILAS. [*Shakes his head and gently pushes away the hand with the gold coin*] No—No—There's no need of that. Mrs. Winthrop—

The door opens and Dolly Winthrop enters with a large bundle. She does not see Godfrey, who has hastily moved away from Silas at the sound of her entrance.

DOLLY. [*Opening the bundle*] You see, Master Marner, there's no call to buy no more nor a pair o' shoes. [*Sees Godfrey and stops suddenly, drops the bundle in her surprise, scattering the baby-clothes on the floor*] O! Mr. Cass! [*With a curtsy to Godfrey*] I thought you were alone.

GODFREY. I was just going. [*To Silas*] So you want to keep the child!

Silas nods. Mrs. Winthrop reaches out her arms for Eppie, and Silas reluctantly surrenders her. As Silas accompanies Godfrey to the door, Dolly Winthrop lays the sleeping child on the couch in the alcove.

DOLLY. [*Returns, picks up the garments from the floor, and shows them one by one to Silas, who handles them awkwardly, but almost reverently*] You see I've got the little petticoats as Aaron wore five years ago. She'll soon outgrow them, as my little one did, for the child 'ull grow like grass i' May, bless it—that it will. [*Stealing softly to the couch and looking at the child as she speaks*] Anybody 'ud think the angils in heaven couldn't be prettier. And to think of its being covered wi' them dirty rags—and the poor mother—froze to death; but there's Them as took care of it, and brought it to your door, Master Marner. The door was open, and it walked in over the snow, like as if it had been a little starved robin. [*Returns to her seat*] Didn't you say the door was open?

SILAS. [*Meditatively*] Yes—yes—the door was open. The money's gone I don't know where, [*looking sadly at the hole in the hearth*] and this is come from I don't know where.

His face lights up as he looks in the direction of the alcove.

DOLLY. Ah, it's like the night and morning—one goes and the other comes, and we know nothing how nor where. I think you're in the right on it to keep the little 'un, Master Marner, seeing as it's been sent to you, though there's folks as thinks different. You'll happen be a bit moithered with it while it's so little; but I'll come, and welcome and see to it for you: I've a bit o' time to spare most days, so, as I say, I'll come and see to the child for you, and welcome.

SILAS. [*Hesitatingly*] Thank you—kindly. I'll be glad if you'll tell me things. But, [*gets up and goes to the alcove, stands by the curtains, looks down at the child as he talks*] I want to do things for it myself, else it may get fond o' somebody else, and not fond o' me. I can learn, I can learn. [*Sitting down again*]

DOLLY. [*Gently*] Eh, to be sure. I've seen men as are wonderful handy wi' children—but what shall you do when you're forced to sit in your loom? For she'll get busier and mischievouser every day—she will, bless her. And if you've got anything as can be split, or broke, or as is fit to cut her fingers off, she'll be at it—and it is but right you should know.

SILAS. [*After meditating a moment in some perplexity*] I'll tie her to the leg o' the loom.

DOLLY. Well mayhap that'll do, as it's a little gell, for they're easier persuaded to sit i' one place nor the lads. I know what the lads are—and if you was to take and tie 'em up, they'd make a fighting and a crying as if you was ringing the pigs.—But [*starting to go*] I'll bring you my little chair, and some bits o' red rag and things for her to play wi'.—She'll be waking soon. I'll hurry to fetch 'em. [*She starts toward the door again, turns, and laughs*] If she should wake while I'm gone, you'd never get those clothes on right, poor man.

SILAS. Perhaps I do need your help *now*, just a bit. [*Jealously*] But she'll be *my* little 'un. She'll be nobody else's.

DOLLY. [*At the door*] No, to be sure; you'll have a right to her, if you're a father to her, and bring her up according. [*Coming back a few steps and with a glance toward the partly open door as if afraid she would be overheard*] And it's my belief as the poor little creature has never been christened. I'll speak to Mr. Macey about it this very day.

SILAS. [*Troubled*] What is it you mean by "christened?" Won't folks be good to her without it?

DOLLY. [*Raising her hands in astonishment and falling into a chair as if overcome by Silas's ignorance*] Dear, dear! Master Marner. Had you never no father nor mother as taught you to say your prayers, and as there's good words and good things to keep us from harm?

SILAS. [*In a low voice*] Yes, I know a deal about that—used to, used to. But your ways are different; my country was a good way off. [*Firmly*] But I want to do whatever's right for the child i' this country, and you think 'ull do it good. I'll act according, if you'll tell me.

DOLLY. Well then, Master Marner, I'll ask Mr. Macey to speak to the parson about it; and you must fix on a name to give it when it's christened.

SILAS. My mother's name was Hephzibah, and my little sister was named after her.

DOLLY. Eh, that's a hard name. I partly think it isn't a christened name.

SILAS. [*Mildly resentful*] It's a Bible name!

DOLLY. Then I've no call to speak again' it. But it was awk'ard calling your little sister by such a hard name when you'd got nothing big to say, like—wasn't it, Master Marner?

SILAS. We called her Eppie.

DOLLY. Well, if it was noways wrong to shorten the name, it 'ud be a deal handier. [*Gets up and goes to take one more look at the child*] But dear me! Here I am yet, and the poor child will wake up and no one here to dress her but an awk'ard man. [*Hurries to the door*] I'll be back in no time. We'll talk about the christening then!

Silas closes the door, and with his hand still on the door knob, looks in the direction of the sleeping child, as the curtain goes down.

Scene III

THE FULFILLMENT

Characters:

Eppie.
Silas.
Aaron Winthrop.

The time is sixteen years later. The stage setting is the same as in the previous scene, except for an air of greater prosperity, and feminine touches that suggest the presence of Eppie, such as flowers in pots, a white table-cover, a work basket, etc. Eppie, Silas, and Aaron are discovered as the curtain rises. Aaron stands in the open doorway waiting for an opportunity to make his presence known, his eyes upon Eppie, who sits with her sewing in her lap, on a low chair close by the large arm chair in which Silas is comfortably seated, pipe in hand. They are so absorbed in their conversation that they do not note the presence of Aaron, until he enters without formal greeting into the conversation.

EPPIE. I wish *we* had a little garden, father, with double daisies in it, like Mrs. Winthrop's, only they say it 'ud

take a deal of digging and bringing fresh soil—and you couldn't do that, could you, father? Anyhow, I shouldn't like you to do it, for it 'ud be too hard work for you.

SILAS. Yes, I could do it, child, if you want a bit o' garden: these long evenings, I could work at taking in a little bit o' the waste, just enough for a root or two o' flowers for you; and again, i' the morning, I could have a turn wi' the spade before I sat down to the loom. Why didn't you tell me before as you wanted a bit o' garden?

AARON. [*Stepping toward Silas*] *I* can dig it for you, Master Marner.

SILAS. [*Turning in surprise*] Eh, Aaron, my lad, are you there? [*Eppie greets Aaron with a smile, and he sits down on a bench or chair opposite Silas and Eppie*] I wasn't aware of you; for when Eppie's talking o' things, I see nothing but what she's a-saying. Well, if you could help me with the digging, we might get her a bit o' garden all the sooner.

AARON. It'll be play to me after I've done my day's work, or any odd bits o' time when the work's slack. And I'll bring you some soil from Mr. Cass's garden—he'll let me, and willing. If you think well and good, I'll come to the Stone-pits this afternoon, and we'll settle what land's to be taken in, and I'll get up an hour earlier i' the morning, and begin on it.

EPPIE. But not if you don't promise me not to work at the hard digging, father, for I shouldn't ha' said anything about it, [*half-bashfully, half-roguishly*] only Mrs. Winthrop said as Aaron 'ud be so good, and—

AARON. And you might ha' known it without her telling you. And Master Marner knows too, I hope, as I'm able and willing to do a turn o' work for him, and he won't do me the unkindness to anyways take it out o' my hands.

EPPIE. [*Happily*] There, now, father, you won't work in it till it's all easy, and you and me can mark out the beds and make holes and plant the roots. It'll be a deal livelier at the Stone-pits when we've got some flowers, for I always think the flowers can see us and know what we're talking about. And I'll have a bit of rosemary, and bergamot, and thyme, because they're so sweet-smelling; but there's no lavender only in the gentlefolks' gardens, I think. [*Wistfully*]

AARON. That's no reason why you shouldn't have some, for I can bring you slips of anything; I'm forced to cut no end of 'em when I'm gardening, and I throw 'em away mostly. There's a big bed o' lavender at the Red House; the missus is very fond of it.

SILAS. Well, so as you don't make free for us, or ask for anything as is worth much at the Red House; for Mr. Cass's been so good to us, and built us up the new end o' the cottage, and given us beds and things, as I couldn't abide to be imposin' for garden-stuff or anything else.

AARON. No, no, there's no imposin'; there's never a garden in all the parish but what there's endless waste in it for want o' somebody as could use everything up. It's what I think to myself sometimes, as there need nobody run short o' victuals if the land was made the most on, and there was never a morsel but what could find its way to a mouth. It sets one thinking o' that—gardening does. But I must go back now, else mother 'ull be in trouble as I aren't there.

EPPIE. Bring her with you this afternoon, Aaron. I shouldn't like to fix about the garden, and her not know everything from the first—should *you*, father? [*As Aaron reaches the door, Eppie lays down her sewing, runs to the door, and takes Aaron's hand*] Oh, Aaron, hurry

back! See if she will not come right away—we must begin the garden tomorrow.

SILAS. Ay, bring her if you can, Aaron, she's sure to have a word to say as 'll help us to set things on their right end.

EPPIE. [*Running to Silas*] O daddy! [*Clasps and squeezes Silas's arm and skips around him; then dancing with childlike glee*] My little old daddy! I'm so glad. I don't think I shall want anything else when we've got a little garden; and I knew Aaron would dig it for us [*roguishly*]—I knew that very well.

SILAS. [*Smoothing her cheek*] You are a deep little puss, you are, but you'll make yourself fine and beholden to Aaron.

EPPIE. [*Laughing*] O no, I shan't, he likes it. [*Eppie glances at the clock and becomes more serious*] O daddy! I must make the house tidy, for god-mother will be coming soon—I'll make haste: [*rushes about putting things in order, then sits down again on a stool at Silas's feet with her hands clasped on his knee, her face grave*] Father, we shall take the furze bush into the garden; it'll come into the corner, and just against it I'll put snow-drops and crocuses, 'cause Aaron says they won't die out, but'll always get more and more.

SILAS. Ay, child, it wouldn't do to leave out the furze bush; and there's nothing prettier to my thinking, when it's yallow with flowers. But it's just come into my head what we're to do for a fence—mayhap Aaron can help us to a thought; but a fence we must have, else the donkeys and things 'ull come and trample everything down. And fencing's hard to be got at, by what I can make out.

EPPIE. [*Clasping her hands gayly after a moment's thought*] O, I'll tell you, daddy, there's lots o' loose stones about, some of 'em not big, and we might lay 'em atop of one

another, and make a wall. You and me could carry the smallest, and Aaron 'ud carry the rest—I know he would. I'll ask him.—Why don't they come.

She runs to the door and looks out, then returns to her stool.

SILAS. No, my precious 'un, there isn't enough stones to go all round; and as for you carrying, why, wi' your little arms you couldn't carry a stone no bigger than a turnip. You're dillicate made, my dear, that's what Mrs. Winthrop says.

EPPIE. [*Jumps up and lifts a heavy log lying on the hearth*] See daddy! I'm stronger than you think!

She drops the log quickly, goes to Silas, and sits on one arm of his chair.

SILAS. Nay, child, let us have no more lifting. You might hurt yourself! [*Sighing sadly*] You need have somebody to work for you—and my arm isn't overstrong.

EPPIE. [*Laying her hand on Silas's after a moment's silence*] Father, if I was to be married, ought I to be married with my mother's ring?

SILAS. [*With an almost imperceptible start*] Why, Eppie, have you been a-thinking on it?

EPPIE. Only this last week, father, since Aaron talked to me about it.

SILAS. [*Gently*] And what did he say?

EPPIE. He said he should like to be married, because he was a-going in four-and-twenty, and had got a deal of gardening work, now Mr. Mott's given up; and he goes twice a-week regular to Mr. Cass's, and once to Mr. Osgood's, and they're going to take him on at the Rectory.

SILAS. [*With a sad smile*] And who is it as he's wanting to marry?

EPPIE. [*Laughing and patting Silas's cheek*] Why, me, to be sure, daddy; as if he'd want to marry anybody else!

She gets down from the arm of the chair and again sits at Silas's feet with her head on his knee, looking dreamily into the distance.

SILAS. And you mean to have him, do you?

EPPIE. Yes, some time, I don't know when. Everybody's married some time, Aaron says. But I told him that wasn't true; for, I said, look at father—he's never been married. [*Looking up at Silas*]

SILAS. No, child, your father was a lone man till you was sent to him.

EPPIE. [*Taking Silas's hand lovingly*] But you'll never be lone again, father. That was what Aaron said—"I could never think o' taking you away from Master Marner, Eppie." And I said, "It 'ud be no use if you did, Aaron." And he wants us all to live together, so as you needn't work a bit, father, only what's for your own pleasure; and he'd be as good as a son to you—that was what he said.

SILAS. And should you like that, Eppie?

EPPIE. I shouldn't mind it, father, and I should like things to be so as you needn't work much. But if it wasn't for that, I'd sooner things didn't change. I'm very happy: I like Aaron to be fond of me, and come and see us often, and behave pretty to you—he always *does* behave pretty to you, doesn't he, father?

SILAS. [*Emphatically*] Yes, child, nobody could behave better. He's his mother's lad. [*Lays his pipe on the floor as if it were useless to pretend to smoke any longer*] But, my blessed child, you're o'er young to be married. We'll ask Mrs. Winthrop—we'll ask Aaron's mother what *she* thinks; if there's a right thing to do, she'll come at it. [*Laying his hand on her head*] But there's this to be

thought on, Eppie: things *will* change, whether we like it or no; things won't go on for a long while just as they are and no difference. I shall get older and helplesser, and I like to think as you'd have somebody else besides me—somebody young and strong, as 'll outlast your own life, and take care on you to the end.

EPPIE. [*With trembling voice*] Then, would you like me to be married, father?

SILAS. I'll not be the man to say no, Eppie. But we'll ask your god-mother. She'll wish the right thing by you and her son, too.

EPPIE. [*Running to the door*] There they come! Let us go and meet 'em. Oh, the pipe! won't you have it lit again, father? [*Lifting the pipe from the floor*]

SILAS. [*Rising*] Nay, child, I've done enough for today. I think, mayhap, a little of it does me more good than so much at once.

Curtain

Scene IV

EPPIE'S CHOICE

Characters:

Silas. *Godfrey.*
Eppie. *Nancy.*

The stage setting remains the same. The time is evening. Eppie is seated on her stool at Silas's feet, holding both his hands as she looks up at him. On the table near them, lighted by a candle, is the recovered gold, arranged in orderly heaps.

SILAS. [*In a subdued voice*] At first, I'd a sort o' feeling come across me now and then, as if you might be changed

into the gold again; for sometimes, turn my head which way I would, I seemed to see the gold; and I thought I should be glad if I could feel it, and find it was come back. But that didn't last long. After a bit, I should have thought it was a curse come again, if it had drove you from me, for I'd got to feel the need o' your looks and your voice and the touch o' your little fingers. You didn't know then, Eppie, when you were such a little 'un—you didn't know what your old father Silas felt for you.

EPPIE. But I know now, father. If it hadn't been for you, they'd have taken me to the workhouse, and there'd have been nobody to love me.

SILAS. Eh, my precious child, the blessing was mine. If you hadn't been sent to save me, I should ha' gone to the grave in my misery. The money was taken away from me in time; and you see it's been kept—kept till it was wanted for you. It's wonderful—our life is wonderful. [*Looking meditatively at the gold, and reaching out his hand to touch it*] It takes no hold of me now, the money doesn't. I wonder if it ever could again—I doubt it might, if I lost you, Eppie. I might come to think I was forsaken again, and lose the feeling that God was good to me.

A knock at the door interrupts the conversation. Eppie goes to the door, and admits Godfrey and Nancy. Eppie makes an embarrassed curtsy. Silas rises awkwardly, ill at ease in the presence of his "betters."

NANCY. We're disturbing you very late, my dear.

Eppie places chairs for Godfrey and Nancy, then stands leaning against Silas's chair, as he sits down opposite them.

GODFREY. [*Trying to speak calmly*] Well, Marner, it's a great comfort to me to see you with your money again,

that you've been deprived of so many years. It was one of my family did you the wrong—the more grief to me—and I feel bound to make up to you for it in every way. Whatever I can do for you will be nothing but paying a debt, even if I looked no further than the robbery. But there are other things I'm beholden—shall be beholden to you for, Marner.

SILAS. [*With dignity*] Sir, I've a deal to thank you for a'ready. As for the robbery, I count it no loss to me. And if I did, you couldn't help it: you aren't answerable for it.

GODFREY. You may look at it that way, Marner, but I never can; and I hope you'll let me act according to my own feeling of what's just. I know you're easily contented: you've been a hard-working man all your life.

SILAS. [*Meditatively*] Yes, sir, yes, I should ha' been bad off without my work: it was what I held by when everything else was gone from me.

GODFREY. Ah, it was a good trade for you in the country, because there's been a great deal of linen-weaving to be done. But you're getting rather past such close work, Marner: it's time you laid by and had some rest. You look a good deal pulled down, though you're not an old man, *are* you?

SILAS. Fifty-five, as near as I can say, sir.

GODFREY. O, why, you may live thirty years longer—look at old Macey! And that money on the table, after all, is but little. It won't go far either way—whether it's put out to interest, or you were to live on it as long as it would last: it wouldn't go far if you'd nobody to keep but yourself, and you've had two to keep for a good many years now.

SILAS. Eh, sir, I'm in no fear o'want. We shall do very well—Eppie and me 'ull do well enough. There's few

working-folks have got so much laid by as that. I don't know what it is to gentlefolks, but I look upon it as a deal—almost too much. And as for us, it's little we want—

EPPIE. [*Interrupting*] Only the garden, father.

NANCY. You love a garden, do you, my dear? We should agree in that; I give a deal of time to the garden.

GODFREY. You've done a good part by Eppie, Marner, for sixteen years. It'ud be a great comfort to you to see her well provided for, wouldn't it? She looks blooming and healthy, but not fit for any hardships; she doesn't look like a strapping girl come of working parents. You'd like to see her taken care of by those who can leave her well off, and make a lady of her; she's more fit for it than for a rough life, such as she might come to have in a few years' time.

SILAS. [*Wonderingly*] I don't take your meaning, sir.

GODFREY. Well, my meaning is this, Marner. Mrs. Cass and I, you know, have no children—nobody to be the better for our good home and everything else we have—more than enough for ourselves. And we should like to have somebody in the place of a daughter to us—we should like to have Eppie, and treat her in every way as our own child. It'ud be a great comfort to you in your old age, I hope, to see her fortune made in that way, after you've been at the trouble of bringing her up so well. And it's right you should have every reward for that. And Eppie, I'm sure, will always love you and be grateful to you: she'd come and see you very often, and we should all be on the look-out to do everything toward making you comfortable.

During this speech Eppie quietly passes her arm behind Silas's head, and lets her hand rest against it caressingly.

SILAS. [*Lifts his head with an effort and speaks faintly*] Eppie, my child, speak. I won't stand in your way. Thank Mr. and Mrs. Cass.

EPPIE. [*Takes her hand from Silas's head, comes forward a step, drops a low curtsy, first to Nancy, then to Godfrey*] Thank you ma'am—thank you, sir. But I can't leave my father, nor own anybody nearer than him. And I don't want to be a lady—thank you all the same. [*Drops another curtsy*] I couldn't give up the folks I've been used to.

She goes back to Silas's chair and puts her arms about his neck. Silas, with a subdued sob, takes her hand. Nancy looks distressed, Godfrey, irritated.

GODFREY. [*Agitated—somewhat angrily*] But I've a claim on you, Eppie—the strongest of all claims. It's my duty, Marner, to own Eppie as my child, and provide for her. She's my own child: her mother was my wife. I've a natural claim on her that must stand before every other.

Eppie starts violently. Silas straightens himself up.

SILAS. [*Indignantly*] Then, sir, why didn't you say so sixteen year ago, and claim her before I'd come to love her, i'stead o'coming to take her from me now, when you might as well take the heart out o' my body? God gave her to me because you turned your back upon her, and He looks upon her as mine; you've no right to her! When a man turns a blessing from his door, it falls to them as take it in.

GODFREY. I know that, Marner. I was wrong. I've repented of my conduct in that matter.

SILAS. [*With increasing excitement*] I'm glad to hear it, sir, but repentance doesn't alter what's been going on for sixteen year. Your coming now and saying, "I'm her father," doesn't alter the feelings inside us. It's me

she's been calling her father ever since she could say the word. [*Rising and confronting Godfrey*]

GODFREY. But I think you might look at the thing more reasonably, Marner. [*Eppie draws Silas gently back into his chair. Godfrey taps the floor nervously with his stick*] It isn't as if she was to be taken quite away from you, so that you'd never see her again. She'll be very near you and come to see you very often. She'll feel just the same toward you.

SILAS. Just the same? How'll she feel just the same for me as she does now, when we eat o' the same bit, and drink o' the same cup, and think o' the same things from one day's end to another? Just the same? that's idle talk. You'd cut us i' two.

GODFREY. [*Rises and walks up and down with impatience*] I should have thought, Marner,—I should have thought your affection for Eppie would make you rejoice in what was for her good, even if it did call upon you to give up something. You ought to remember your own life's uncertain, and she's at an age now when her lot may soon be fixed in a way very different from what it would be in her father's home; she may marry some low working-man, and then, whatever I might do for her, I couldn't make her well-off. You're putting yourself in the way of her welfare; and though I'm sorrry to hurt you after what you've done, and what I've left undone, I feel now it's my duty to insist on taking care of my own daughter. I want to do my duty.

SILAS. [*After a moment's silence, with trembling voice*] I'll say no more. Let it be as you will. Speak to the child. I'll hinder nothing.

GODFREY. [*With more confidence but some embarrassment*] Eppie, my dear, it'll always be our wish that you should show your love and gratitude to one who's been a father

to you so many years, and we shall want to help you to make him comfortable in every way. But we hope you'll come to love us as well; and though I haven't been what a father should ha' been to you all these years, I wish to do the utmost in my power for you for the rest of my life, and provide for you as my only child. And you'll have the best of mothers in my wife—that'll be a blessing you haven't known since you were old enough to know it.

NANCY. My dear, you'll be a treasure to me. We shall want for nothing when we have our daughter.

Eppie grasps Silas's hand firmly, straightens up with great dignity, and speaks coldly.

EPPIE. Thank you ma'am—thank you, sir, for your offers—they're very great, and far above my wish. For I should have no delight i' life any more if I was forced to go away from my father and knew he was sitting at home, a-thinking of me and feeling lone. We've been used to be happy together every day, and I can't think o' no happiness without him. And he says he'd nobody i' the world till I was sent to him, and he'd have nothing when I was gone. And he's took care of me and loved me from the first, and I'll cleave to him as long as he lives, and nobody shall ever come between him and me.

She sits on the arm of Silas's chair and puts her arm about his neck.

SILAS. But you must make sure, Eppie, you must make sure as you won't ever be sorry, because you've made your choice to stay among poor folks, and with poor clothes and things, when you might ha' had everything o' the best.

EPPIE. I can never be sorry, father. I shouldn't know what to think on or to wish for with fine things about me

as I haven't been used to. And it 'ud be poor work for me to put on things, and ride in a gig, and sit in a place at church, as 'ud make them as I'm fond of think me unfitting company for 'em. What could *I* care for then?

Nancy looks at Godfrey, with a pained, questioning glance. Godfrey's eyes are fixed on the floor. He moves the end of his stick as if pondering absently.

NANCY. What you say is natural, my dear child—it's natural you should cling to those who've brought you up, but there's a duty you owe to your lawful father. There's perhaps something to be given up on more sides than one. When your father opens his home to you, I think it's right you shouldn't turn your back on it.

EPPIE. [*Rises and speaks impetuously*] I can't feel as I've got any father but one. I've always thought of a little home where he'd sit i' the corner, and I should fend and do everything for him: I can't think o' no other home. I wasn't brought up to be a lady, and I can't turn my mind to it. I like the working folks, and their victuals, and their ways. And—I'm promised to marry a working-man, as 'll live with father, and help me to take care of him.

GODFREY. [*Looking up at Nancy with a distressed face*] Let us go.

He rises and goes to the door abruptly.

NANCY. [*Rising*] We won't talk of this any longer now. We're your well-wishers, my dear—and yours, too, Marner. We shall come and see you again. It's getting late now.

She hurries after her husband. When the door closes, Eppie resumes her seat on the stool at Silas's feet. He rests his hand lovingly on her head.

Curtain

TALES OF A WAYSIDE INN

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

PREFATORY NOTE

Longfellow's *Prelude* to the *Tales of a Wayside Inn*, like Chaucer's *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales*, offers the opportunity for a unique type for dramatization. As in the case of the *Prologue*, the first scene here presents a series of stage pictures or groupings of characters; but unlike the situation in the *Prologue*, when the curtain rises, the guests are all assembled. The Reader stands far forward to one side, and while he reads the description of the character, the Landlord, in some way, singles out the person who is being described and makes him the center of interest for the moment. Hints for staging are contained in the first part of the *Prelude*. The Reader opens with the description of the happy group. He then sketches each character, beginning with the Landlord. Only very minor changes in the text are necessary. The descriptions are all abridged more or less; the expository and narrative bits are turned into stage directions; and an occasional word is changed or line invented.

In the second scene, the Landlord, the Musician, and the Poet entertain the guests with tales much condensed, as the occasion requires. The various *Interludes* throughout the *Tales* furnish the source for the dialogue, but single lines and groups of lines must sometimes be invented to make the connection clear between passages which are condensed and to conform to rhythm and rhyme.

For the successful impersonation of the Musician it is, of course, necessary that the boy taking the part shall be able to play the violin. But in most high schools such a boy can be found. If desired, however, another tale can be substituted for the parts of the *Olaf Saga* here used. Additions to the stories, or cuts, may be made at pleasure.

Scene I

The Squire's Guests

Characters:

The Landlord. *The Spanish Jew.*
The Student. *The Theologian.*
The Sicilian. *The Poet.*
The Musician.

The scene presents the parlor of a New England inn of seventy years ago. The sign of the Red Horse indicates the name of the inn. The time is evening. The Landlord's coat-of-arms is conspicuously displayed on the wall. Many guests, busy over the teacups, are seated at small tables, on each of which is a lighted candle, and various tea things. Others stand before the open fireplace, which is piled with blazing logs. The Landlord moves about from group to group dispensing good cheer and merriment. The Musician, from time to time, plays snatches of old airs on his violin.

Reading

Around the fireside at their ease
There sat a group of friends, entranced
With the delicious melodies;
Who from the far-off noisy town
Had to the wayside inn come down,
To rest beneath its old oak-trees.
The fire-light on their faces glanced,
Their shadows on the wainscot danced,
And, though of different lands and speech,
Each had his tale to tell, and each
Was anxious to be pleased and please.
And while the sweet musician plays,
Let me in outline sketch them all,
Perchance uncouthly as the blaze
With its uncertain touch portrays
Their shadowy semblance on the wall.

And first the Landlord will I trace;
Grave in his aspect and attire;
A man of ancient pedigree,
A Justice of the Peace was he,
Known in all Sudbury as "The Squire."

Proud was he of his name and race,
Of Old Sir William and Sir Hugh,
And in the parlor, full in view,
His coat-of-arms, well framed and glazed,
Upon the wall in colors blazed.

A youth was there, of quiet ways,
A Student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were known,
And yet a lover of his own;
With many a social virtue graced,
Yet solitude he oft embraced.
Books were his passion and delight,
And in his upper room at home
Stood many a rare and sumptuous tome,
In vellum bound, with gold bedight,
Great volumes garmented in white,
Recalling Florence, Pisa, Rome.

A young Sicilian, too, was there;
In sight of Etna born and bred.
Some breath of its volcanic air
Was glowing in his heart and brain,
And being rebellious to his liege,
After Palermo's fatal siege,
Across the western seas he fled,
In good King Bomba's happy reign.
His face was like a summer night,
All flooded with a dusky light;
His hands were small; his teeth shone white;
Clean shaven was he as a priest,
Who at the mass on Sunday sings,
Save that upon his upper lip
His beard, a good palm's length at least,

Level and pointed at the tip,
Shot sideways, like a swallow's wings.
The poets read he o'er and o'er,
And most of all the Immortal Four.

A Spanish Jew from Alicant
With aspect grand and grave was there;
Vender of silks and fabrics rare,
And attar of rose from the Levant.
Like an old Patriarch he appeared,
Abraham, or Isaac, or at least
Some later Prophet or High-Priest;
With lustrous eyes, and olive skin,
And, wildly tossed from cheeks and chin,
The tumbling cataract of his beard.
There was a mystery in his looks;
His eyes seemed gazing far away,
As if in vision or in trance
He heard the solemn sackbut play,
And saw the Jewish maidens dance,
Just as we read in ancient books.

A Theologian, from the school
Of Cambridge on the Charles, was there;
Skillful alike with tongue and pen,
He preached to all men everywhere
The Gospel of the Golden Rule,
The New Commandment given to men,
Thinking the deed, and not the creed,
Would help us in our utmost need.

A Poet, too, was there, whose verse
Was tender, musical, and terse;
The inspiration, the delight,

The gleam, the glory, the swift flight,
Of thoughts so sudden, that they seem
The revelations of a dream,
All these were his; but with them came
No envy of another's fame.

Last the Musician, as he stood
Illumined by that fire of wood;
Fair-haired, blue-eyed, his aspect blithe,
His figure tall and straight and lithe,
And every feature of his face
Revealing his Norwegian race;
A radiance, streaming from within,
Around his eyes and forehead beamed,
The Angel with the violin,
Painted by Raphael, he seemed.
The instrument on which he played
Was in Cremona's workshops made,
By a great master of the art,
Perfect in each minutest part;
And in its hollow chamber, thus,
The maker from whose hands it came
Had written his unrivalled name,—
"Antonius Stradivarius."

The Reader retires.

Curtain

Scene II

FIRESIDE TALES

The curtain rises on the same scene and characters. The Landlord steps forward and speaks to his guests.

THE LANDLORD.

Let the Musician now draw forth
Sweet notes as for a short prelude,

To tune us to the story mood.
Some snatch of song from out the north
Some melody, some cadence pure,
Something by way of overture.

The Musician plays. The guests are spell-bound. There is silence for a moment after the music ceases; then loud applause. The guests then crowd around the Landlord as the Poet speaks.

THE POET.

Now let us hear the Landlord's tale,
The story promised us of old,
Promised but always left untold;
Excuse is now of no avail.

THE LANDLORD. [*Yielding*] Well—

Paul Revere's Ride

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in Seventy-five;
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

THE STUDENT.

That famous day and year, mine Host,
Is celebrated far and near,
In ballad, story, song, and toast.—
But tell us more of Paul Revere.

THE LANDLORD. [*Continuing*]

He said to his friend, "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower as a signal light,—
One, if by land, and two, if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be,
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm,
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."

Then he said, "Good night!" and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore.
Meanwhile, his friend, through alley and street,
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers,
Marching down to their boats on the shore.

Then he climbed the tower of the Old North Church
By the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,—
And suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay,—
A line of black that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
He gazed at the landscape far and near,
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the Old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely and spectral and sombre and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

A hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath, from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet;
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm,—
A cry of defiance and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,
In the hour of darkness and peril and need,
The people will waken and listen to hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul Revere.

[*As the Landlord ends his tale, he rises and takes down from the wall the sword that hung there "dim with rust."*]

Children, this sword was in the fight!

All gather around him with interest.

THE POET. [*Taking the sword from the Landlord*]

It is the sword of a good knight
Whose deeds our annals should record.

[*He turns and addresses the Landlord.*]

Your ancestor, who bore this sword
As Colonel of the Volunteers,
Mounted upon his old gray mare,
Seen here and there and everywhere,
To me a grander shape appears
Than old Sir William, or what not,
Clinking about in foreign lands
With iron gauntlets on his hands,
And on his head an iron pot!

All laugh except the Landlord, as they resume their seats. He looks puzzled, is about to speak, but is prevented by the Student.

THE STUDENT. [*With careless ease*]

Now listen to the tale I bring!
Of ladies and of cavaliers,
Of arms, of love, of courtesies,

Of deeds of high emprise, I sing!
Only a tale of love is mine,
Blending the human and divine,
A tale of the Decameron, told
In Palmieri's garden old.

THE THEOLOGIAN. [*Scornfully*]

These stories of such great renown
From the much-praised Decameron down
Through all the rabble of the rest,
Are scandalous chronicles at best!
They seem to me a stagnant fen,
Grown rank with rushes and with reeds,
Where a white lily, now and then,
Blooms in the midst of noxious weeds
And deadly nightshade on its banks.

THE STUDENT. [*Sarcastically*]

For the white lily, many thanks!
It were not grateful to forget,
That from these reservoirs and tanks
Even imperial Shakespeare drew
His Moor of Venice and the Jew,
And Romeo and Juliet.

THE THEOLOGIAN.

Let us not hear the tale you sing,
Until we know what others bring.
We cannot listen now to all,
The time is short; the hour grows late;
We'll see what each one can recall.
But most of us will have to wait
Another evening by the fire,
Another supper with the Squire.—
The Squire shall choose which pleasant rhyme
We'll hear tonight before bed time.

One of the guests rises, and places a chair in a conspicuous position. Then the Student approaches the Landlord, and conducts him to the seat of honor as the others group themselves around the Landlord's chair.

THE STUDENT. [*Looking round at the guests, as he walks with the Landlord*]

We're all agreed, I'm sure. [*To the Landlord*] Sit here,
We wait your pleasure with good cheer.

THE LANDLORD. [*Bowing as he takes his seat*]

I thank you, friends.—Your tales begin:
Things yet to be, or what has been,—
A song, a tale, a history,
Or whatsoever it may be,—
A melody without a name,
Or some old legend bright with fame.
In order name your tales. Will you?—
What is your story, Spanish Jew?

THE SPANISH JEW.

A story in the Talmud told,
That book of gems, that book of gold,
Of wonders many and manifold,
A tale that often makes me sigh
And fills my heart, and haunts my brain,
And never wearies nor grows old;
A story rarely told in vain,
The tale of Rabbi ben Levi.

THE LANDLORD.

And you, Sicilian?

THE SICILIAN.

While you spoke,
Suddenly in my memory woke
The thought of one, now gone from us,—
An old Abate, meek and mild,
My friend and teacher, when a child,

Who sometimes in those days of old
The legend of an Angel told,
Which ran, if I remember, thus—

THE LANDLORD. [*Interrupting*]
Later we'll listen, not tonight.—
Musician, give your fancy range,
And we will follow in its flight.
Tell something marvelous and strange.

THE MUSICIAN.
There is, my Squire, a wondrous book
Of Legends in the old Norse tongue,
Of the dead kings of Norroway,—
Legends that once were told or sung
In many a smoky fireside nook
Of Iceland, in the ancient day,
By wandering Saga-man or Scald;
Heimskringla is the volume called;
And he who looks may find therein
My story. Shall I now begin?

THE LANDLORD.
Yes, sing your song of olden times,
With strange and antiquated rhymes,
Of the dead kings of Norroway,
Of Iceland in the ancient day,
And soften all the accents crude
With music of an interlude.

THE MUSICIAN.

King Olaf and Earl Sigvald

On the gray sea-sands
King Olaf stands,
Northward and seaward
He points with his hands.

With eddy and whirl
The sea-tides curl,

Washing the sandals
Of Sigvald the Earl.

The mariners shout,
The ships swing about,
The yards are all hoisted,
The sails flutter out.

The war-horns are played,
The anchors are weighed,
Like moths in the distance
The sails flit and fade.

The sea is like lead,
The harbor lies dead,
As a corse on the sea-shore,
Whose spirit has fled!

[*He plays an interlude of an old Norse air—strains from Grieg's Norwegian Folk-Songs or Peer Gynt would be suitable. The music is weird and wild. Then he continues.*]

On that fatal day,
The histories say,
Seventy vessels
Sailed out of the bay.

But soon scattered wide
O'er the billows they ride,
While Sigvald and Olaf
Sail side by side.

Cried the Earl: "Follow me!
I your pilot will be,
For I know all the channels
Where flows the deep sea!"

So into the strait
Where his foes lie in wait,
Gallant King Olaf
Sails to his fate!

Then the sea-fog veils
The ships and their sails;
Queen Sigrid the Haughty,
Thy vengeance prevails!

At the conclusion he plays again. When he stops, the guests crowd around him and congratulate him. They resume their seats as the Theologian speaks.

THE THEOLOGIAN.

Landlord, I now recall a tale,
So sad the hearer well may quail,
And question if such things can be.
'Tis from the chronicles of Spain,
Down whose dark pages runs this stain,
And naught can wash them white again,
So fearful is the tragedy.

THE STUDENT [*Somewhat spitefully*].

In such a company as this,
A tale so tragic seems amiss.
The Italian tales that you disdain,
From one of the Immortal Four,
Would cheer us and delight us more,
Give greater pleasure and less pain
Than your grim tragedies of Spain!

THE POET [*Rising and stepping before the Landlord*].

Landlord, the story *I* shall tell
Has meaning in it, if not mirth;
Listen, and hear what once befell
The merry birds of Killingworth.

THE LANDLORD.

Right willingly we'll hear you tell,
With mingled seriousness and mirth,
Of what once on a time befell
The merry birds of Killingworth.—

The last one, though, this tale must be
Tonight, for now 'tis growing late;
The others you must save for me.
Now tell your tale, nor longer wait.

THE POET.

The Birds of Killingworth

It was the season, when through all the land
The merle and mavis build, and building sing
Those lovely lyrics, written by His hand,
Whom Saxon Cædmon calls the Blithe-heart King.

The robin and the blue-bird, piping loud,
Filled all the blossoming orchards with their glee;
The sparrows chirped as if they still were proud
Their race in Holy Writ should mentioned be;
And hungry crows assembled in a crowd,
Clamored their piteous prayer incessantly
Knowing who hears the ravens cry, and said:
"Give us, O Lord, this day our daily bread!"

Thus came the jocund Spring in Killingworth,
In fabulous days, some hundred years ago;
And thrifty farmers, as they tilled the earth,
Heard with alarm the cawing of the crow,
That mingled with the universal mirth,
Cassandra-like, prognosticating woe;
They shook their heads, and doomed with dreadful words
To swift destruction the whole race of birds.

And a town-meeting was convened straightway
To set a price upon the guilty heads
Of these marauders, who, in lieu of pay,
Levied black-mail upon the garden beds,
And corn-fields, and beheld without dismay
The awful scarecrow, with his fluttering shreds.

Then from his house, a temple painted white,
With fluted columns, and a roof of red,
The Squire came forth, august and splendid sight!
Slowly descending, with majestic tread.

The Parson, too, appeared, a man austere,
The instinct of whose nature was to kill;
His favorite pastime was to slay the deer
In Summer on some Adirondac hill.

From the Academy, whose belfry crowned
The hill of Science with its vane of brass,
Came the Preceptor, gazing idly round,
Now at the clouds, and now at the green grass.

And next the Deacon issued from his door,
In his voluminous neck-cloth, white as snow;
A suit of sable bombazine he wore;
His form was ponderous, and his step was slow.

These came together in the new town-hall,
With sundry farmers from the region round.
The Squire presided, dignified and tall,
His air impressive and his reasoning sound;
Ill fared it with the birds, both great and small;
Hardly a friend in all that crowd they found,
But enemies enough, who every one
Charged them with all the crimes beneath the sun.

When they had ended, from his place apart,
Rose the Preceptor, to redress the wrong
And, trembling like a steed before the start,
Looked round bewildered on the expectant throng.

"Plato, anticipating the Reviewers,
From his Republic banished without pity
The Poets; in this little town of yours,
You put to death, by means of a Committee.
The ballad-singers and the Troubadours,
The street-musicians of the heavenly city
The birds, who make sweet music for us all
In our dark hours, as David did for Saul.

"You slay them all! and wherefore? for the gain
Of a scant handful more or less of wheat,
Or rye, or barley, or some other grain,
Scratched up at random by industrious feet.

"Think, every morning when the sun peeps through
The dim, leaf-latticed windows of the grove,
How jubilant the happy birds renew
Their old, melodious madrigals of love!

"You call them thieves and pillagers; but know
They are the winged wardens of your farms,
Who from the cornfields drive the insidious foe
And from your harvests keep a hundred harms."

With this he closed; and through the audience went
A murmur, like the rustle of dead leaves;
The farmers laughed and nodded, and some bent
Their yellow heads together like their sheaves;
The birds were doomed; and, as the record shows,
A bounty offered for the heads of crows.

And so the dreadful massacre began;
O'er fields and orchards, and o'er woodland crests,
The ceaseless fusillade of terror ran.
Dead fell the birds, with bloodstains on their breasts.

The Summer came, and all the birds were dead;
The days were like hot coals; the very ground
Was burned to ashes; in the orchards fed
Myriads of caterpillars, and around
The cultivated fields and garden beds
Hosts of devouring insects crawled, and found
No foe to check their march, till they had made
The land a desert without leaf or shade.

That year in Killingworth the Autumn came
Without the light of his majestic look;
A few lost leaves blushed crimson with their shame
And drowned themselves despairing in the brook,
While the wild wind went moaning everywhere,
Lamenting the dead children of the air!

But the next Spring a stranger sight was seen,
A sight that never yet by bard was sung,
A wagon, overarched with evergreen,
Upon whose boughs were wicker cages hung,
All full of singing birds, came down the street,
Filling the air with music wild and sweet.

From all the country round these birds were brought,
By order of the town, with anxious quest,
And, loosened from their wicker prisons sought
In woods and fields the places they loved best,
Singing loud canticles, which many thought
Were satires to the authorities addressed,
While others, listening in green lanes, averred
Such lovely music never had been heard!

And everywhere, around, above, below,
Their songs burst forth in joyous overflow,
And a new heaven bent over a new earth
Amid the sunny farms of Killingworth.

As the Poet closes, a deep, sonorous sound is heard, coming from the direction of the Landlord's chair. The Landlord's eyes have been closed some time. He suddenly sits up straight and then rises.

THE LANDLORD.

I've been attentive to each word,
And thank you for the tales we've heard.
Though still reluctant to retire,
So pleasant is it by the fire,
The village clock is striking one;
'Tis time my friends to seek our nest.
Some evening when your work is done
We'll gather here and tell the rest.

ALL.

Good night, Good night, Good night.

The guests shake hands with the Landlord and depart, each taking a candle.

Curtain.

THE PURLOINED LETTER

Edgar Allan Poe

PREFATORY NOTE

The dramatization of *The Purloined Letter* is a study in character interpretation. There is practically no action in the story, and the dialogue is worked up with the sole purpose of showing Dupin's keenness of wit as contrasted with the rule-of-thumb deductions of the Prefect of Police. This gives an excellent chance for fine interpretative work. The dramatic adaptation presents the story in two scenes, one a month later than the other. Few changes of text are necessary. The dialogue remains substantially as given in the original; the long speeches are cut: and short speeches are interpolated to help along the conversation. Because of the probable obscurity of the allusion in the letter at the end of the story, the contents of the letter are simplified to read "Remember Vienna!"

Scene I

The Account of the Robbery

Characters:
M. Auguste Dupin.
His Friend.
The Prefect of Police.

The time is about the year 1845. The place is Paris. The scene represents the small library of M. Dupin, a third story back room in a Paris lodging house. Bookcases are placed against the walls. At the right stands a writing desk. To the rear, in a corner, stands a hat tree. A little to the left of the center of the stage is a large library table on which is a lighted lamp. Books and papers lie scattered about on it. Dupin and his Friend sit by the table comfortably smoking. As the curtain rises, a knock is heard at the door. Dupin rises and goes to answer the knock.

DUPIN. [*Opening the door and admitting the burly Prefect of Police*] Why, my friend! A hearty welcome, indeed! We were just speaking of you. Sit down, sit down. [*Taking his hat and cane and placing them on the hat tree*]

THE PREFECT. [*Nodding to Dupin's Friend*] Let me get my breath. That's a climb, *n'est ce pas?* Three flights up! [*After a pause*] I came [*frowning*] to consult you both about some official business.

DUPIN. [*As he turns down the lamp*] If it is any point requiring reflection, we shall examine it to better purpose in the dark. Have a smoke? [*Offering the Prefect a pipe*]

THE PREFECT. Thank you. That idea about the light is another of your odd notions.

DUPIN. Very true. [*Puffing away at his pipe*]

THE FRIEND. And what is the difficulty now? Nothing more in the assassination way, I hope?

THE PREFECT. Oh, no; nothing of that nature. The fact is, the business is *very* simple indeed, and I make no doubt that we can manage it sufficiently well ourselves; but then I thought Dupin would like to hear the details of it because it is so excessively *odd.*

DUPIN. [*Dryly*] Simple and odd.

THE PREFECT. Why, yes; and not exactly that, either. The fact is, we have all been a good deal puzzled because the affair *is* so simple, and yet baffles us altogether.

DUPIN. Perhaps it is the very simplicity of the thing which puts you at fault.

THE PREFECT. [*Laughing heartily*] What nonsense you *do* talk!

DUPIN. Perhaps the mystery is a little *too* plain.

THE PREFECT. Oh, good heavens! who ever heard of such an idea?

DUPIN. [*Continuing in the same vein*] A little *too* self-evident.

THE PREFECT. [*Profoundly amused*] Ha! ha! ha!—ha! ha! ha!—ho! ho! ho! Oh, Dupin, you will be the death of me yet! [*He is almost convulsed with laughter*]

THE FRIEND. And what, after all, *is* the matter on hand?

THE PREFECT. Why, I will tell you in a few words. But before I begin, [*looking solemnly first at one and then at the other*] let me caution you that this is an affair demanding the greatest secrecy.

THE FRIEND. Proceed. [*Rising and going over to the desk to refill his pipe from a tobacco jar, then resuming his seat*]

DUPIN. [*Indifferently*] Or not.

THE PREFECT. Well, then; I have received personal information from a very high quarter that a certain document of the last importance has been purloined from the royal apartments. The individual who purloined it is known; this beyond a doubt; he was seen to take it. It is known, also, that it still remains in his possession.

DUPIN. How is this known?

THE PREFECT. It is clearly inferred from the nature of the document, and from the non-appearance of certain results which would at once arise from its passing *out* of the robber's possession.

THE FRIEND. Be a little more explicit.

THE PREFECT. [*Mysteriously*] Well, I may venture so far as to say that the paper gives its holder a certain power in a certain quarter where such power is immensely valuable.

DUPIN. Still, I do not quite understand.

THE PREFECT. No? Well, the disclosure of the document to a third person, who shall be nameless, would bring in question the honor of a personage of most exalted station; and this fact gives the holder of the document an ascendency over the illustrious personage whose honor and peace are so jeopardized.

THE FRIEND. But this ascendency would depend upon the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber. Who would dare—

THE PREFECT. [*Interrupting*] The thief is the Minister D'Arcy, who dares all things. The document in question,—a letter, to be frank,—had been received by the personage robbed, while alone in the royal boudoir. During its perusal she was suddenly interrupted by the entrance of the other exalted personage from whom especially it was her wish to conceal it. She was obliged to leave it, open as it was, upon a table, but the letter escaped notice. At this juncture enters the Minister D'Arcy. His lynx eye immediately perceives the paper, recognizes the handwriting, observes the confusion of the personage addressed, and fathoms her secret. After some conversation, he takes from his pocket a letter somewhat similar to the one in question, opens it, pretends to read it, and then places it in close juxtaposition to the other. Again he converses. At length, in taking leave, he takes also from the table the letter to which he had no claim. Its rightful owner saw, but of course dared not call attention to the act, in the presence of the third personage, who stood at her elbow. The Minister decamped, leaving his own letter upon the table.

DUPIN. [*To his Friend*] Here, then, you have precisely what you demand to make the ascendency complete,—the robber's knowledge of the loser's knowledge of the robber.

THE PREFECT. Yes, and the power thus attained has been wielded to a very dangerous extent. The personage robbed is more thoroughly convinced, every day, of the necessity of reclaiming her letter. Driven to despair, she has committed the matter to me.

DUPIN. Than whom no more sagacious agent could be desired, or even imagined. [*He settles back in his chair and smokes quietly while listening to his Friend and the Prefect for a few minutes*]

THE PREFECT. You flatter me.

THE FRIEND. It is clear that the letter is still in possession of the Minister.

THE PREFECT. True. And upon this conviction I proceeded. My first care was to make thorough search of the Minister's Hotel; and here my chief embarrassment lay in the necessity of searching without his knowledge.

THE FRIEND. But you are quite *au fait* in these investigations. The Parisian police have done this thing often before.

THE PREFECT. Oh, yes; and for this reason I did not despair. The habits of the Minister gave me, too, a great advantage. He is frequently absent from home all night. His servants are by no means numerous. They sleep at a distance from their master's apartments. I have keys, as you know, with which I can open any chamber in Paris. For three months a night has not passed, during the greater part of which I have not been engaged, personally, in ransacking the Minister's apartments. But I have become convinced that the thief is a more astute man than myself.

THE FRIEND. But is it not possible that the letter may be elsewhere?

THE PREFECT. This is barely possible. For the instant availability of the document—its susceptibility of being produced at a moment's notice—is a point of nearly equal importance with its possession.

THE FRIEND. Its susceptibility of being produced?

DUPIN. That is to say, of being *destroyed.*

THE FRIEND. True. The paper is clearly then upon the premises. As for its being upon the person of the Minister, we may consider that as out of the question.

THE PREFECT. Entirely. He has been twice waylaid, as if by footpads, and his person rigorously searched under my own inspection.

DUPIN. [*Leaning forward and smiling*] You might have spared yourself this trouble. The Minister is not altogether a fool, and, if not, must have anticipated these waylayings as a matter of course.

THE PREFECT. Not *altogether* a fool, but then, he's a poet, which I take to be only one remove from a fool.

DUPIN. [*Laconically*] True, although I have been guilty of certain doggerel myself. [*He again settles back and listens to the Prefect's story*]

THE FRIEND. [*To the Prefect*] Suppose you detail the particulars of your search.

THE PREFECT. Why, the fact is, we took our time, and we searched *everywhere*. I took the entire building, room by room, devoting the nights of a whole week to each. We examined first the furniture. We opened every possible drawer; and you know that to me such a thing as a *secret* drawer is impossible. After the cabinets we took the chairs. The cushions we probed with fine long needles. From the tables we removed the tops.

THE FRIEND. Why so?

THE PREFECT. Sometimes the top of a table is removed by the person wishing to conceal an article; then the leg is excavated, the article deposited within the cavity, and the top replaced. The bottoms and tops of bed-posts are employed in the same way.

THE FRIEND. But could not the cavity be detected by sounding?

THE PREFECT. By no means, if, when the article is deposited, a sufficient wadding of cotton be placed around it.

THE FRIEND. But you could not have taken to pieces *all* articles of furniture in which it would have been possible to make a deposit in the manner you mention. You did not take apart all the chairs?

THE PREFECT. Certainly not; but we did better—we examined the rungs of every chair by the aid of a powerful microscope. A single grain of gimlet-dust would thus have been obvious. Any disorder in the gluing would have sufficed to insure detection.

THE FRIEND. I presume you looked to the mirrors, between the boards and the plates, and you probed the beds and the bedclothes, as well as the curtains and carpets?

THE PREFECT. Of course; and when we had absolutely completed every particle of the furniture in this way, then we examined the house itself. We divided its entire surface into compartments, which we numbered, so that none might be missed; then we scrutinized each individual square inch with the microscope.

THE FRIEND. You must have had a great deal of trouble.

THE PREFECT. We had; but the reward offered is prodigious.

THE FRIEND. You included the *grounds* about the house?

THE PREFECT. All the grounds are paved with brick. They gave us comparatively little trouble. We examined the moss between the bricks and found it undisturbed.

THE FRIEND. You looked among the Minister's papers, of course, and into the books of the library?

THE PREFECT. Certainly; we opened every package and parcel; we not only opened every book, but we turned over every leaf in each volume. We also measured the thickness of every book-*cover* and applied the microscope.

THE FRIEND. You explored the floors beneath the carpets?

THE PREFECT. Beyond doubt. We removed every carpet and examined the boards with the microscope.

THE FRIEND. And the paper on the walls?

THE PREFECT. Yes.

THE FRIEND. You looked into the cellars?

THE PREFECT. We did.

THE FRIEND. [*With decision*] Then you have been making a miscalculation, and the letter is *not* upon the premises, as you suppose.

THE PREFECT. I fear you are right there. [*Turning to Dupin*] And now, Dupin, what would you advise me to do?

DUPIN. [*Laconically*] To make a thorough re-search of the premises.

THE PREFECT. [*Half-rising, and bringing his fist down on the table*] That is absolutely needless. I am not more sure that I breathe than I am that the letter is not at the Hotel.

DUPIN. [*Rising, and walking up and down, as he smokes*] I have no better advice to give you. You have, of course, an accurate description of the letter? [*Pausing near the Prefect*]

THE PREFECT. Oh, yes. [*Taking out his note-book, he reads*] "Seal, small and red, with the ducal arms of the Serres family; superscription markedly bold and decided." I'm sure I am at my wits' ends. [*Replacing his note-book and rising*] Well, thank you for listening and for your advice. I must go now. Good-night, gentlemen.

Dupin and his Friend both rise and accompany the Prefect to the door.

THE FRIEND. [*Shaking hands with the Prefect*] Good-night, my friend, don't be discouraged. Better luck to you!

DUPIN. Good-night. Let us know when you find the letter.

Curtain

Scene II

The Account of the Discovery

The scene is the same, a month later. The curtain rises, disclosing the three men sitting at the table, smoking.

The Friend. Well, now, what of the purloined letter? I presume you have at last made up your mind that there is no such thing as overreaching the Minister?

The Prefect. Confound him, say I—yes; I made the reëxamination as you suggested, Dupin, [*turning to him*] but it was all labor lost, as I knew it would be.

Dupin. [*Quietly*] How much was the reward offered, did you say?

The Prefect. Why, a very great deal—a *very* liberal reward—I don't like to say how much precisely; but one thing I *will* say, that I wouldn't mind giving my individual check for fifty thousand francs to any one who could obtain me that letter. The fact is, it is becoming of more and more importance every day; and the reward has been lately doubled. If it were trebled, however, I could do no more than I have done.

Dupin. [*Drawling, between whiffs of his pipe*] Why, yes, I really—think, you have not exerted yourself—to the utmost in this matter. You might—do a little more, I think, eh?

The Prefect. [*Rising impatiently*] How?—in what way? *He walks up and down nervously.*

Dupin. [*Very deliberately*] Why [*puff, puff*] you might [*puff, puff*] employ counsel in the matter, eh? [*Puff, puff, puff*] Do you remember the story they tell of Abernethy?

The Prefect. [*Impatiently*] No. Hang Abernethy!

Dupin. To be sure! hang him and welcome. But, once upon a time, a certain rich miser conceived the design of

sponging upon this Abernethy for a medical opinion. Getting up, for this purpose, an ordinary conversation in a private company, he insinuated his case to the physician as that of an imaginary individual.

"We will suppose," said the miser, "that his symptoms are such and such; now, doctor, what would *you* have directed him to take?"

"'Take!'" said Abernethy, "why, take *advice*, to be sure."

THE PREFECT. [*Sitting down*] But, I am *perfectly* willing to take advice, and to pay for it. I would *really* give fifty thousand francs to any one who would aid me in the matter.

DUPIN. [*Opening a drawer of the table and producing a check-book*] In that case, you may as well fill me up a check for the amount mentioned. When you have signed it, I will hand you the letter.

THE FRIEND. [*Astounded*] What!

The Prefect jumps out of his seat and stands for a moment or two speechless and motionless, looking at Dupin incredulously. Then, recovering himself somewhat, he steps to the table, seizes a pen, fills up the check and hands it to Dupin, who sits unmoved.

THE PREFECT. There!

Dupin takes the check, examines it critically, then goes leisurely to the desk at the other side of the room, opens it, takes out a letter, and gives it to the Prefect.

DUPIN. [*Quietly*] Here is your letter.

THE PREFECT. [*Joyfully grasping the letter, opening it with trembling hands, and casting his eye over the contents*] Oh, Oh, Oh! My fortune is made!

He dashes for the door, and bursts out, hatless, without saying a word to either Dupin or his Friend.

THE FRIEND. [*Rising, going over to Dupin, and placing*

his hand on his friend's shoulder] Well, how in the name of all that is mysterious, did you get that letter?

DUPIN. [*Smiling*] Sit down and I'll tell you. The solution of this mystery was very simple, I assure you. First, I'll tell you why the Prefect failed. The Parisian police are persevering, ingenious, cunning, and thoroughly versed in the knowledge which their duties seem chiefly to demand. Thus, when the Prefect detailed to us his mode of searching, I felt entire confidence in his having made a satisfactory investigation—so far as his labors extended.

THE FRIEND. [*Surprised*] So far as his labors extended?

DUPIN. Yes. The measures adopted were not only the best of their kind, but carried out to absolute perfection. Had the letter been deposited within the range of their search, these fellows would, beyond a question, have found it.

THE FRIEND. [*Laughing*] Well, that sounds *odd* indeed, as our friend, the Prefect would say.

DUPIN. [*Continuing wholly unruffled*] The measures, then, were good in their kind, and well executed; their defect lay in their being inapplicable to the case, and to the man.

He pauses and takes two or three whiffs of his pipe.

THE FRIEND. [*Eagerly*] Go on, please. This is interesting.

DUPIN. The Prefect and his cohort fail so frequently because they consider only their *own* ideas of ingenuity. They are right in this much—that their own ingenuity is a faithful representative of that of *the mass:* but when the cunning of the individual felon is diverse in character from their own, the felon foils them, of course. They have no variation of *principle* in their investigations; they extend or exaggerate their old modes of *practice* when the case demands it, as in the present instance, without touching their *principles.*

THE FRIEND. Oh, I see. Then all the boring and probing and scrutinizing with the microscope, in this case were but

an exaggeration *of the application* of their usual principles of search?

DUPIN. Just so. Do you not see the Prefect has taken it for granted that *all* men proceed to conceal a letter in *some* out-of-the-way hole or corner? And do you not see, also, that such nooks for concealment are adapted only for ordinary occasions and would be adopted only by ordinary intellects? And the remote source of his defeat lies in the supposition that the Minister is a fool because he has acquired renown as a poet. All fools are poets; this the Prefect *feels*. But he is at fault in supposing that all poets are fools.

THE FRIEND. But is this really the poet? There are two brothers, I know, and both have attained reputation in letters. The Minister, I believe, has written learnedly on the *Differential Calculus*. He is a mathematician and no poet.

DUPIN. You are mistaken; I know him well; he is both. As poet *and* mathematician, he would reason well; as mere mathematician he could not have reasoned at all, and thus would have been at the mercy of the Prefect.

THE FRIEND. You surprise me by these opinions, which have been contradicted by the voice of the world. The mathematical reason has long been regarded as *the* reason *par excellence*.

DUPIN. The mathematicians, I grant you, have done their best to promulgate the popular error to which you allude, and which is none the less an error for its promulgation as truth. That, however, is another story.

THE FRIEND. You have a quarrel on hand with some of the mathematicians of Paris, I see. But proceed.

DUPIN. I mean to say, that if the Minister had been no more than a mathematician, the Prefect would have been under no necessity of giving me this check. And now I will tell you how I found the letter.

THE FRIEND. Yes, do. I am all eagerness to learn.

He rises, pacing slowly back and forth as he listens to Dupin.

DUPIN. Well, I knew the Minister as both mathematician and poet. And I knew him as courtier, too. Such a man, I considered, could not fail to be aware of the ordinary policial modes of action. He could not have failed to anticipate the waylayings to which he was subjected. He must have foreseen the secret investigations of his premises. His frequent absences from home at night I regarded only as ruses to afford opportunity for thorough search to the police, and thus impress them with the conviction that the letter was not upon the premises. I felt, also, that the Minister would despise all the ordinary *nooks* of concealment. I saw, in fine, that he would be driven, as a matter of course, to *simplicity*. You will remember, perhaps, how desperately the Prefect laughed when I suggested, upon our first interview, that it was just possible this mystery troubled him so much on account of its being so *very* self-evident.

THE FRIEND. Yes, I remember his merriment well. I really thought he would have fallen into convulsions. But go on with your story.

DUPIN. Well, the more I reflected, the more satisfied I became, that, to conceal this letter, the Minister had resorted to the comprehensive and sagacious expedient of not concealing it at all.

THE FRIEND. [*Stopping a moment and then sitting down again*] What! Why, what do you mean?

DUPIN. I mean just that. And now to my story.—I prepared myself with a pair of green spectacles and called one fine morning, quite by accident, at the Ministerial Hotel. I found him at home, yawning, lounging, and dawdling, as usual, and pretending to be in the last

extremity of *ennui*. He is, perhaps, the most really energetic human being now alive—but that is only when nobody sees him.

THE FRIEND. Indeed! How strange!

DUPIN. Only a part of the game, my friend.—I complained to him of my weak eyes, and lamented the necessity of the spectacles, under cover of which I surveyed the apartment, while seemingly intent only on the conversation of my host. At length my eyes fell upon a trumpery filigree card-rack of pasteboard, that hung, dangling, by a dirty blue ribbon, from a little brass knob just beneath the middle of the mantelpiece. In this rack were five or six visiting cards and a solitary letter. This last was much soiled and crumpled. It was torn nearly in two, across the middle—as if a design to tear it up entirely as worthless had been altered. It had a large black seal, bearing the D'Arcy cipher *very* conspicuously and was addressed in a diminutive female hand to the Minister, himself.

He pauses again.

THE FRIEND. [*Rather impatiently*] Well, well, what had that to do with the case? The letter the Prefect described was radically different. That had a small red seal with the ducal arms of the Serres family; this one you are describing had a large black seal. The superscription on the purloined letter was bold and decided; on this one it was diminutive and in a woman's hand. The one you saw was addressed to the Minister; the other one to a certain royal personage.

DUPIN. [*Smiling condescendingly*] That's the very point, the *radicalness* of the differences, which was excessive; the dirt; the soiled and torn condition of the paper so inconsistent with the *true* methodical habits of the Minister; these things, together with the hyper-obtrusive

situation of this document, full in the view of every visitor,—these things were strongly corroborative of suspicion, in one who came with the intention to suspect. I protracted my visit as long as possible, and while I talked with the minister on a topic in which he had a lively interest, I committed to memory the external appearance of the letter and its position in the rack. And as I looked, I observed that the edges of the paper presented a *broken* appearance. It was clear to me that the letter had been turned as a glove, inside out, re-directed, and re-sealed. I bade the Minister good-morning and took my departure, leaving a gold snuff-box upon the table.

THE FRIEND. [*Astonished*] Why did you not seize the letter then and there?

DUPIN. For the simple reason that I would so have risked my life. The Minister is a desperate man, and a man of nerve. Moreover his Hotel is not without attendants devoted to his interests. Had I made the wild attempt you suggest the good people of Paris might have heard of me no more.

THE FRIEND. Well what *did* you do?

DUPIN. The next morning I called for the snuff-box, when we resumed, quite eagerly, the conversation of the preceding day. While thus engaged, a loud report, as if of a pistol, was heard beneath the windows of the Hotel, and was succeeded by a series of fearful screams, and the shoutings of a mob. [*Suddenly losing his customary calm, he rises and gesticulates*] The Minister rushed to a casement, threw it open, and looked out. In the meantime I stepped to the card-rack, took the letter, put it in my pocket, and replaced it by a facsimile (so far as regards externals) which I had carefully prepared at my lodgings.

THE FRIEND. Your ingenuity staggers me. But what was the noise on the street? I suspect *you* there.

DUPIN. Good! [*Patting his Friend condescendingly on the*

shoulder] I commend you for your improvement in the power of inference. The disturbance in the street had been occasioned by the frantic behavior of a man with a musket. He had fired it among a crowd of women and children. It proved to have been without ball, and the fellow was suffered to go his own way as a lunatic or drunkard. When he had gone, the Minister came from the window, whither I had followed him immediately upon securing the object in view. Soon afterwards I bade him farewell. The pretended lunatic was a man in my own pay.

THE FRIEND. How cleverly you have outwitted the Minister! His political downfall is sure now, since, being unaware that the letter is not in his possession, he will proceed with his exactions as if it was, and will inevitably commit himself to his political destruction.

DUPIN. I confess I have no sympathy for him. I will tell you now, that I had another motive in probing this mystery than that of helping the Prefect. The Minister once, in Vienna, did me an evil turn, which I told him quite good-humoredly, that I should remember. [*Smiling*] I really should like very well to know the precise character of his thoughts, when, being defied by her whom the Prefect terms "a certain personage," he is reduced to opening the letter which I left for him in the card-rack.

THE FRIEND. How? Did you put anything particular in it?

DUPIN. [*Drawling*] Why—it did not seem altogether right to leave the interior blank—that would have been insulting. And as I knew he would feel some curiosity in regard to the identity of the person who had outwitted him, I thought it a pity not to give him a clew. He knows my handwriting. [*With a chuckle*] So I just wrote in the middle of the blank page the words "Remember Vienna!"

Curtain

A SPRING FANTASY

PREFATORY NOTE

The idea of Spring is here visualized by a series of tableaux accompanied by descriptive readings, song, and dance, the whole being woven into a fantasy. The following poems are read wholly or in part: Herrick's *To Daffodils* and *Corinna's Maying;* Tennyson's *The Brook* and *The May Queen;* Longfellow's *Spring, The Return of Spring,* and *The Brook;* Wordsworth's *The Daffodils;* Emerson's *May-Day;* and Browning's *Song* from *Pippa Passes.*

OVERTURE—Mendelssohn's *Spring Song*

Prologue

The Reader, dressed to suggest Spring, in light, graceful robes, a wreath of green upon her head, steps before the curtain and reads.

Where shall we keep the holiday,
And duly greet the entering May?
Too strait and low our cottage doors,
And all unmeet our carpet floors;
Nor spacious court, nor monarch's hall,
Suffice to hold the festival.
Up and away! where haughty woods
Front the liberated floods:
We will climb the broad-backed hills,
Hear the uproar of their joy;
We will mark the leaps and gleams
Of the new-delivered streams,
And the murmuring rivers of sap
Mount in the pipes of the trees,
Giddy with day, to the topmost spire,

Which for a spike of tender green
Bartered its powdery cap;
And the colors of joy in the bird,
And the love in its carol heard,
Frog and lizard in holiday coats,
And turtle brave in his golden spots;
While cheerful cries of crag and plain
Reply to the thunder of river and main.

. . . . . .

The million-handed sculptor moulds
Quaintest bud and blossom folds,
The million-handed painter pours
Opal hues and purple dye;
Azaleas flush the island floors,
And the tints of heaven reply.

Wreaths for the May! for happy Spring
Today shall all her dowry bring,
The love of kind, the joy, the grace,
Hymen of element and race,
Knowing well to celebrate
With song and hue and star and state,
With tender light and youthful cheer,
The spousals of the new-born year.

(Emerson's *May-Day*)

Tableau I

The Banishment of Winter Days

The curtain rises, displaying a white drop curtain, suggesting the snows of winter. It has an opening in the center so that it may be drawn aside by the pages of Spring at the given cue, revealing the spring landscape, which is to be the general setting for the rest of the pictures. The floor, which

has a green covering tightly stretched to admit dancing, should be left as free as possible for the larger groups and the dancers. Enter from the right, crossing the front of the stage and going off to the left, Winter, an old, bent man, dressed in white, with white beard, sparkling with frost; he is followed by the Winter Days (boys), bent, gnome-like figures, also in white, bearing evergreen branches. Closely following them is Spring, a youthful, sprightly figure, dressed in green, crowned and garlanded with a profusion of spring flowers of every kind. Spring, bearing a basket of flowers on her arm beckons to her attendants, each dressed to represent a single spring flower (the tulip, the violet, the primrose). They run in, throwing flowers after the retreating Winter Days. When the last attendant of Winter has disappeared, at a signal from Spring, two pages (small boys dressed in green) draw aside the drop curtain, and Spring and her attendants march to the rear, the pages falling in with the procession at the end. Throughout this moving picture, the pianist or orchestra continues playing the Spring Song very softly so as not to overpower the Reader's voice. The Reader stands far to one side, out of the stage picture.

Reading

I saw the bud-crowned Spring go forth,
Stepping daily onward north.
I saw the Days deformed and low,
Short and bent by cold and snow;
The merry Spring threw wreaths on them,
Flower-wreaths gay with bud and bell;
Many a flower and many a gem.
On carpets green, Spring's flowers march
Below May's well-appointed arch,
[*Cue for pages to draw curtain*]

Each star, each god, each grace amain,
Every joy and virtue speed,
Marching duly in her train,
And fainting Nature at her need,
Is made whole again.

(Emerson's *May-Day*)

The curtain falls as soon as the pages have joined the others.

Tableau II

The Banishment of Sleet, Snow, Wind, and Rain

As Longfellow's "Spring" is read, the curtain rises on the same scene without the drop curtain. Spring and her companions are seated in a merry circle well forward to the right. Enter Winter. He moves to the center of the stage and, as he discovers Spring, turns and beckons. Immediately his train, Sleet, Snow, Wind, and Rain enter and surround him, as if for protection. Then Spring arises and begins a dance of the flowers with her attendants. Winter and his companions gradually shrink away, and, as they disappear, Spring and her attendants form a tableau in the center of the stage.

Reading

Gentle Spring!—in sunshine clad,
Well dost thou thy power display!
For Winter maketh the light heart sad,
And thou,—thou makest the sad heart gay.
He sees thee, and calls to his gloomy train,
The sleet, and the snow, and the wind, and the rain,
And they shrink away, and they flee in fear,
When thy merry step draws near.
Winter maketh the sun in the gloomy sky
Wrap him round with a mantle of cloud;

But, Heaven be praised, thy step is nigh;
Thou tearest away the mournful shroud,
And the earth looks bright, and Winter surly,
Who has toiled for naught both late and early,
Is banished afar by the new-born year,
When thy merry step draws near.

(Longfellow's *Spring*)

Curtain

Tableau III

The Enthronement of Spring

The curtain rises, presenting the foregoing picture of Spring and her attendants moving about in a dance with "ermined Frost, and Wind, and Rain," during the evolutions of which these companions of Winter finally disappear from the stage as the reading of the following is finished.

Reading

Now Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain,
And clothes him in the embroidery
Of glittering sun and clear blue sky.
With beast and bird the forest rings,
Each in his jargon cries or sings;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

River, and fount, and tinkling brook
Wear in their dainty livery
Drops of silver jewelry;
In new-made suit they merry look;
And Time throws off his cloak again
Of ermined frost, and wind, and rain.

(Longfellow's *The Return of Spring*)

Curtain

Tableau IV

The Dance of the Daffodils

The curtain rises on the cue, "For oft, when on my couch I lie." The Poet reclines on a rustic couch in the rear-center; on either side, hand in hand, arranged in a semi-circle are about twenty girls, (or as many as can be conveniently used in the dance), dressed to represent daffodils: green skirts, yellow bodices with flowing sleeves, and yellow caps shaped to suggest the flower. On the cue, "And dances with the daffodils," a chord is struck by the pianist or orchestra, and the Daffodils take the first position for a flower dance in keeping with the spirit of the poem.

Reading

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:—
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

(Wordsworth's *The Daffodils*)

Curtain after dance.

Tableau V

The Flight of the Daffodils

The curtain rises on the cue "Stay, stay," discovering Daffodils in a picturesque group, poised, as if for flight. This pose may be one figure in a daffodil dance. The pose is assumed several times during the evolutions of the dance and is finally followed by actual flight as the curtain falls.

Reading

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew
Ne'er to be found again.

(Herrick's *To Daffodils*)

Curtain

Tableau VI

The Spirit of the Brook

As the curtain rises, the Spirit of the Brook is discovered, reclining on a bank, dressed in a shimmering robe suggestive of the sparkling brook. The song may be sung by the Spirit of the Brook, or by a voice behind the scenes, and stanzas other than those here given may be chosen at will.

Song

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally,
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

(Tennyson's *The Brook*)

Curtain

Tableau VII

The Spirit of the Brook

The curtain rises presenting the Spirit of the Brook in another pose.

Reading

Laugh of the mountain!—lyre of bird and tree!
Pomp of the meadow! mirror of the morn!
The soul of April, unto whom are born
The rose and jessamine, leaps wild in thee!
Although, where'er thy devious current strays,
The lap of earth with gold and silver teems,
To me thy clear proceeding brighter seems
Than golden sands that charm each shepherd's gaze.
How without guile thy bosom, all transparent
As the pure crystal, lets the curious eye
Thy secrets scan, thy smooth, round pebbles count!
How, without malice murmuring, glides thy current!
O, sweet simplicity of days gone by!
Thou shun'st the haunts of man, to dwell in limpid fount!

(Longfellow's *The Brook*)

Curtain

Tableau VIII

The May Queen

The curtain rises on a tableau representing the appeal of the daughter to her mother. The mother is seated, a piece of sewing or knitting in her lap, in the attitude of listening; the girl sits at her mother's feet on a low stool, with her clasped hands resting on her mother's knee. This may be recited by the girl in the tableau or read by the Reader.

Reading

You must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear;
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year;
Of all the glad New-year, mother, the maddest merriest day;
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

I sleep so sound all night, mother, that I shall never wake,
If you do not call me loud when the day begins to break:
But I must gather knots of flowers, and buds and garlands gay,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

The night-winds come and go, mother, upon the meadow-grass,
And the happy stars above them seem to brighten as they pass;
There will not be a drop of rain the whole of the livelong day,
And I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

All the valley, mother, 'ill be fresh and green and still,
And the cowslip and the crowfoot are over all the hill,
And the rivulet in the flowery dale 'ill merrily glance and play,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May. [*Rising*]

So you must wake and call me early, call me early, mother dear,
To-morrow 'ill be the happiest time of all the glad New-year:
To-morrow 'ill be of all the year the maddest merriest day,
For I'm to be Queen o' the May, mother, I'm to be Queen o' the May.

(Tennyson's *The May Queen*)

Curtain

Tableau IX

The Summons to the May Day Celebration

Reading before the curtain rises

Get up, get up for shame! The blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colors through the air:
Get up, sweet Slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since; yet you not drest,
Nay! not so much as out of bed?
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,—
Whenas a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch-in May.

Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad: and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white-thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream,
Before that we have left to dream.

—Come, let us go, while we are in our prime;
And take the harmless folly of the time!
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short; and our days run
As fast away as does the sun:—

Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna! come, let's go a Maying.

(Herrick's *Corinna's Maying*)

The curtain rises on the May Day Celebration. The Queen of the May, already crowned, is seated on a throne in the rear of the stage at one side, overlooking the May-pole, which occupies the center of the stage. The dancers, dressed as shepherds and shepherdesses, are ranged around the pole ready for the dance. At a given signal the music of the dance begins.

Curtain at close of dance.

Tableau X

The Triumph of Spring

The curtain rises on a tableau representing Spring, all of the characters being grouped about the figure of Spring. During this tableau, the Spring Song is played, a merry dance of the flowers takes place, and at a given signal, a triumphal procession is formed, headed by Spring, and the characters march off the stage. This dance and march may be made elaborate or simple, as desired. During the march, the following is read or sung.

Song

The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn;
God's in his heaven—
All's right with the world!

(Browning's *Song* from *Pippa Passes*)

FOURTH YEAR

THE VICAR OF WAKEFIELD

Oliver Goldsmith

PREFATORY NOTE

In order to introduce practically all of the characters in the story so as to suggest their individual peculiarities, and to give some clue to their place in the plot, several situations from chaps. vii, viii, and ix have been combined in this dramatization from *The Vicar of Wakefield*, and the time has been condensed into a single evening at the home of the hospitable Vicar. The dialogue is essentially identical with that of the text.

A Pleasant Evening With The Vicar

Characters:

Dr. Primrose.	*Olivia.*
Moses.	*Sophia.*
Mr. Thornhill.	*Mrs. Primrose.*
The Chaplain.	*The Little Maid Servant.*
Mr. Burchell.	Neighbors.

The Visitors from Town

The stage represents a pleasant English garden, with shrubbery on the sides and in the rear. An opening in the shrubbery, with a rustic gate, on the left, suggests the path to the cottage, which is just out of sight. A green floor-covering gives the appearance of a lawn. Seated around a table toward the rear of the stage, the Vicar's family and their guests are just finishing their simple evening meal. As the curtain rises, the laughing faces of the company are turned toward Mr. Thornhill who sits at the Vicar's right.

OLIVIA. [*To Sophia in an undertone, but loud enough to be heard by Mrs. Primrose, who nods approval, and by Mr. Thornhill*] Squire Thornhill has an infinite fund of humor.

MR. THORNHILL. [*To the Chaplain, with a significant look toward Sophia*] Come, tell us honestly, Frank, suppose the church, your present mistress, dressed in lawn sleeves, on one hand, and Miss Sophia, with no lawn about her, on the other, which would you be for?

THE CHAPLAIN. For both, to be sure.

MR. THORNHILL. Right, Frank, for may this glass suffocate me, but a fine girl is worth all the priestcraft in the creation! For what are tithes and tricks but an imposition, all a confounded imposture?—and I can prove it.

MOSES. I wish you would, and I think that I should be able to answer you.

MR. THORNHILL. [*Winking at the rest of the company*] Very well, sir, if you are for a cool argument upon that subject, I am ready to accept the challenge. And, first, whether are you for managing it analogically or dialogically?

MOSES. [*Enthusiastically*] I am for managing it rationally.

MR. THORNHILL. Good again, and, firstly, of the first. I hope you'll not deny that whatever is, is. If you don't grant me that, I can go no further.

MOSES. Why, I think I may grant that, and make the best of it.

MR. THORNHILL. I hope, too, you'll grant that a part is less than the whole.

MOSES. I grant that too; it is but just and reasonable.

MR. THORNHILL. I hope you'll not deny that the two angles of a triangle are equal to two right ones.

MOSES. [*Looking around with an air of great importance*] Nothing can be plainer.

MR. THORNHILL. [*Speaking very rapidly*] Very well, the premises being thus settled, I proceed to observe that the concatenation of self-existences, proceeding in a reciprocal duplicate ratio, naturally produces a problematical dialogism, which in some measure proves that the essence of spirituality may be referred to the second predicable.

MOSES. Hold, hold! I deny that. Do you think that I can thus tamely submit to such heterodox doctrines?

MR. THORNHILL. [*Passionately*] What! not submit! Answer me one plain question: Do you think Aristotle right when he says that relatives are related?

MOSES. Undoubtedly.

MR. THORNHILL. If so, then, answer me directly to what I propose: Whether do you judge the analytical investigation of the first part of my enthymem deficient secundum quoad, or quoad minus; and give me your reasons — give me your reasons, I say, directly.

MOSES. I protest, I don't rightly comprehend the force of your reasoning; but if it be reduced to one simple proposition, I fancy it may then have an answer.

MR. THORNHILL. Oh, sir, I am your most humble servant; I find you want me to furnish you with argument and intellects, too. No, sir; there I protest you are too hard for me.

All laugh merrily at Moses's discomfiture. Mr. Thornhill glances at his watch and rises. This is the signal for the whole company to rise from the table.

MR. THORNHILL. But it is almost time for our dance, and I must go to fetch the musicians, and escort hither the two young ladies from town who will have the honor to be your guests this evening.

Mr. Thornhill bows, the ladies curtsy. When he has gone, Mrs. Primrose goes into the house for a moment; the Little Maid Servant enters and clears the table; the girls seat

themselves on the grass; Dr. Primrose brings a chair from the table for his wife; and Moses sits on a rustic bench. Mrs. Primrose returns.

MRS. PRIMROSE. [*Sitting down by Dr. Primrose and turning toward him*] And now, my dear, I'll fairly own, that it was I that instructed my girls to encourage our landlord's addresses. I had always some ambition, and you now see that I was right; for who knows how this may end?

DR. PRIMROSE. [*With a groan*] Ay, who knows that, indeed? For my part, I don't much like it; and I could have been better pleased with one that was poor and honest, than this fine gentleman with his fortune and infidelity; for depend on't, if he be what I suspect him, no freethinker shall ever have a child of mine.

MOSES. [*Who has recovered his good nature*] Sure, father, you are too severe in this; for Heaven will never arraign him for what he thinks, but for what he does. Every man has a thousand vicious thoughts, which arise without his power to suppress. Thinking freely of religion, may be involuntary with this gentleman; so that, allowing his sentiments to be wrong, yet as he is purely passive in his assent, he is no more to be blamed for his errors than the governor of a city without walls for the shelter he is obliged to afford an invading enemy.

DR. PRIMROSE. True, my son, but if the governor invites the enemy there, he is justly culpable. And such is always the case with those who embrace error. The vice does not lie in assenting to the proofs they see, but in being blind to many of the proofs that offer; so that, though our erroneous opinions be involuntary when formed, yet, as we have been wilfully corrupt or very negligent in forming them, we deserve punishment for our vice or contempt for our folly.

MRS. PRIMROSE. My dear, several very prudent men of

our acquaintance are freethinkers, and make very good husbands; and I know some sensible girls that have had skill enough to make converts of their spouses. And who knows, my dear, what Olivia may be able to do? The girl has a great deal to say upon every subject, and to my knowledge is very well skilled in controversy.

DR. PRIMROSE. [*Glancing from mother to daughter*] Why, my dear, what controversy can she have read? It does not occur to me that I ever put such books into her hands; you certainly overrate her merit.

OLIVIA. Indeed, papa, she does not; I have read a great deal of controversy. I have read the disputes between Thwackum and Square; the controversy between Robinson Crusoe and Friday the savage; and I am now employed in reading the controversy in "Religious Courtship."

DR. PRIMROSE. [*Smiling indulgently*] Very well, that's a good girl; I find you are perfectly qualified for making converts. But, my girl, pray be content for a while to help your mother make gooseberry pies!

At this point Mr. Burchell enters from the right. Dr. and Mrs. Primrose rise to welcome their guest.

DR. PRIMROSE. We are glad to welcome you at this peaceful evening hour of rest and quiet conversation. Be seated. [*Pointing to the rustic bench where Moses is sitting*]

MR. BURCHELL. [*Smiling upon Sophia, and seating himself on the grass near by*] My thanks!—But may I choose this lowlier seat?

SOPHIA. [*With a sigh, looking off into the distance*] I never sit thus, but I think of the poetry of Mr. Gay. An evening like this is so full of romance. [*Turning to Mr. Burchell with a shy glance*] Do you know the story of the two lovers, so sweetly described by Mr. Gay, who were struck dead in each other's arms? There is some-

thing so pathetic in the description, that I have read it a hundred times with new rapture.

Before Mr. Burchell has an opportunity to reply, Moses breaks in.

MOSES. [*With a learned air*] In my opinion, the finest strokes in that description are much below those in the "Acis and Galatea" of Ovid. The Roman poet understands the use of *contrast* better; and upon that figure, artfully managed, all strength in the pathetic depends.

MR. BURCHELL. It is remarkable, that both the poets you mention have equally contributed to introduce a false taste into their respective countries, by loading all their lines with epithet. Men of little genius found them most easily imitated in their defects; and English poetry, like that in the latter empire of Rome, is nothing at present but a combination of luxuriant images, without plot or connection—a string of epithets that improve the sound without carrying on the sense. But perhaps, madam, while I thus reprehend others, you'll think it just that I should give them an opportunity to retaliate; and, indeed, I have made this remark only to have an opportunity of introducing to the company a ballad, which, whatever be its other defects, is, I think, at least free from those I have mentioned. [*Turning to Mrs. Primrose*] Have I your permission to read it?

MRS. PRIMROSE. We should be delighted to hear it.

MR. BURCHELL. [*Reads the following stanzas from the Ballad of the Hermit*]

A Ballad

Turn, gentle Hermit of the dale,
And guide my lonely way
To where yon taper cheers the vale
With hospitable ray.

For here forlorn and lost I tread,
With fainting steps and slow,
Where wilds, immeasurably spread,
Seem lengthening as I go.

"Forbear, my son," the Hermit cries,
"To tempt the dangerous gloom;
For yonder faithless phantom flies
To lure thee to thy doom.

"Here to the houseless child of want
My door is open still;
And, though my portion is but scant,
I give it with good-will.

"Then turn tonight, and freely share
Whate'er my cell bestows;
My rushy couch and frugal fare,
My blessing and repose.

"No flocks that range the valley free
To slaughter I condemn;
Taught by that Power that pities me,
I learn to pity them:

"But from the mountain's grassy side
A guiltless feast I bring;
A scrip with herbs and fruits supplied,
And water from the spring.

"Then, pilgrim, turn, thy cares forego;
All earth-born cares are wrong;
'Man wants but little here below,
Nor wants that little long.'"

Soft as the dew from heaven descends
His gentle accents fell:
The modest stranger lowly bends,
And follows to the cell.

The reader stops, as voices are heard not far away. They all listen.

MRS. PRIMROSE. The Squire is returning with the musicians and the ladies from town, for the dance on the lawn.

SOPHIA. You'll read us the rest another time, won't you, Mr. Burchell?

MR. BURCHELL. With pleasure, if you desire it. But now I must be going.

MRS. PRIMROSE. Pray stay, and join in the merry-making of the evening, Mr. Burchell.

THE GIRLS. [*Together*] Yes, do!

MR. BURCHELL. No, I must forego that pleasure, for I am invited to a harvest supper five miles away, and I must hasten. [*Makes hurried adieux, glances nervously in the direction of the voices, which have grown louder, and goes out in the opposite direction*]

Mr. Thornhill enters with two ladies who are dressed in conspicuous costumes made in the height of the London fashions. Olivia and Sophia stand in the background, gazing with awe at their fashionable guests, while Mr. Thornhill introduces them to Mrs. Primrose.

MR. THORNHILL. Lady Blarney, Mrs. Primrose. Miss Skeggs!

The ladies curtsy. Mrs. Primrose summons her daughters. Olivia and Sophia approach shyly. While these introductions are taking place, the musicians, under Mr. Thornhill's directions, are placed in the rear-center, allowing room for the dance.

MR. THORNHILL. [*Again approaching Mrs. Primrose*] I took the liberty of inviting some of your neighbors to complete our company, Mrs. Primrose. They should be here by this time. And here they are.

Enter the Miss Flamboroughs in country finery, contrasting with the city ladies; their two brothers, and another young man. They are greeted by the Doctor, Mrs. Primrose, Moses, and the two daughters. Introductions follow.

MRS. PRIMROSE. You are just in time, my dears.

MR. THORNHILL. [*Approaching Olivia, who stands by her mother's side, and addressing Mrs. Primrose*] With your permission, madam, your oldest daughter and I will lead the ball.

Mrs. Primrose nods consent, Olivia shyly gives him her hand, and they take their places.

SOPHIA. [*Who stands apart from the merry company, looking rather downcast—Aside*] If Mr. Burchell were only here!

THE CHAPLAIN. [*Approaching Sophia*] May I be honored with Miss Sophia's hand?

She smilingly assents, and they take their places. In the meantime, the rest of the company fall into place, and the dance begins. The Doctor and Mrs. Primrose sit at one side toward the front of the stage, happily watching the young people.

(*If the school possesses a lantern operated by electricity, the light on this scene may be gradually changed from daylight to twilight and then to moonlight. Otherwise, the light upon the whole scene may be a subdued, early-evening light. The moonlight ball may be made as simple or as elaborate as conditions demand. The minuet and old English country dances will be appropriate. As a closing figure in the dances, the characters on the stage may group themselves in a picturesque tableau; or may march off the stage, the curtain going down as the last couple disappears.*)

THE PROLOGUE TO THE CANTERBURY TALES

Geoffrey Chaucer

PREFATORY NOTE

Chaucer's *Prologue* to the *Canterbury Tales* falls easily into two scenes, *The Gathering of the Pilgrims* and *The Evening at the Tabard.* The first scene is well adapted to dramatic treatment through the tableau, accompanied by reading; the second, to regular dramatization.

In scene i, for the sake of brevity, cuts are made in Chaucer's description of the Pilgrims, and certain characters are omitted altogether. Other cuts may be made and other characters dropped if desired.

Scene ii necessarily differs somewhat from the other dramatizations in this book. The incident chosen is taken from the last part of the *Prologue*; wherever possible Chaucer's lines have been used; but the conversation, from the nature of the case, is largely new matter. In a word, it is a dramatization *after* Chaucer, rather than Chaucer dramatized.

Percy MacKaye's *The Canterbury Pilgrims* contains a modern development of the song, *Come Hider, Love, to Me,* occurring in this scene, which may be used as a substitute for the authors' invention. The music is by Louis Hann; it is published by Bosworth and Company, London, 1904.

Prologue

The Reader, dressed as Chaucer, steps before the curtain.

Reading

Whan that Aprille with his shoures soote
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the roote,
And bathed every veyne in swich licour,
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;
Whan Zephirus eek with his swete breeth
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,

And smale fowles maken melodye,
That slepen al the night with open yë
So priketh hem nature in hir corages:
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages
And palmers for to seken straunge strondes
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;
And specially, from every shires ende
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,
The holy blisful martir for to seke,
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke.

Bifel that in that sesoun on a day,
In Southwerk at the Tabard as I lay,
Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
To Caunterbury with ful devout corage,
At night were come into that hostelrye
Wel nyne and twenty in a compaignye,
Of sondry folk, by aventure y-falle
In felawshipe, and pilgrims were they alle,
That toward Caunterbury wolden ryde.
The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
And wel we weren esed atte beste.
And shortly, whan the sonne was to reste,
So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
That I was of hir felawshipe anon,
And made forward erly for to ryse,
To take our wey, ther as I yow devyse.

But natheles, whyl I have tyme and space,
Er that I ferther in this tale pace,
Me thinketh it acordaunt to resoun,
To telle yow al the condicioun
Of ech of hem, so as it semed me,
And whiche they weren, and of what degree;
And eek in what array that they were inne:
And at myn hoste wol I first beginne.

Scene I

The Gathering of the Pilgrims

Characters:

The Knight.	*The Cook.*
The Squire.	*The Shipman.*
The Yeoman.	*The Doctor.*
The Nun.	*The Wife of Bath.*
The Monk.	*The Parson.*
The Friar.	*The Miller.*
The Merchant.	*The Manciple.*
The Clerk.	*The Reve.*
The Sergeant of the Law.	*The Summoner.*
The Franklin.	*The Pardoner.*

The curtain rises. The scene presents the interior of the hall of the Tabard Inn. The Host is discovered busying himself making ready for guests. The Reader steps to one side, but keeps well to the front, so that he is not a part of the stage picture.

Reading

A semely man our hoste was withalle
For to han been a marshal in an halle.
A large man he was with eyen stepe,
A fairer burgeys was ther noon in Chepe:
Bold of his speche, and wys, and wel y-taught,
And of manhod him lakkede right naught.

As the lines descriptive of the characters are read the Pilgrims enter from the rear, greet the Host, and then fall into this or that group, forming a series of living pictures. The Knight, the Squire, and the Yeoman enter together. The Squire and the Yeoman talk in pantomime to each other as the Host greets the Knight.

Reading

A Knyght ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the tyme that he first bigan
To riden out, he lovede chivalrye,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.
At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,
And foughten for our feith at Tramyssene,
Yet of his port as meeke as is a mayde.
He never yet no vileinye ne sayde
In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.
He was a verray, parfit, gentil knyght.
But for to tellen yow of his array,
His hors weren goode, but he was nat gay.
Of fustian he wered a gipoun
Al bismotered with his habergeoun.
For he was late y-come from his viage,
And wente for to doon his pilgrymage.

The Knight presents his son to the Host.

Reading

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,
A lovyer, and a lusty bacheler,
With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.
Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,
And wonderly delyvere and greet of strengthe.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede,
Singing he was, or floyting, al the day;
He was as fresh as is the monthe of May.
Short was his gowne, with sleves longe and wyde.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.
So hote he lovede, that by nyghtertale

He sleep namore than doth a nyghtingale.
Curteys he was, lowely, and servisable,
And carf biforn his fader at the table.

The Knight presents the Yeoman to the Host. While the Host is greeting him, the Knight and his son step to one side and talk in pantomime.

Reading

A Yeman hadde he, and servaunts namo
At that tyme, for him liste ryde so;
And he was clad in cote and hood of grene;
A sheef of pecok arwes bright and kene
Ful thriftily in his belt he bar, I trowe,
And in his hand he bar a mighty bowe.
A not-heed hadde he, with a broun visage.
Of wode-craft wel coude he al the usage.
Upon his arm he bar a gay bracer,
And by his syde a swerd and a bokeler,
And on that other syde a gay daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharp as poynt of spere;
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horn he bar, the bawdrik was of grene;
A forster was he, soothly, as I gesse.

The Yeoman joins the Knight and the Squire, as the Nun enters. She carries in her arms a small dog, and is attended by an elderly Nun, who leads another dog by a string. The Host is most effusive in his greeting, fetches chairs, pats the dogs, etc.

Reading

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy;
Hir gretteste ooth was but by Seynte Loy;
And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.

Ful wel she song the service divyne.
And sikerly she was of greet disport,
And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port.
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she sawe a mous
Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel breed.
But sore wepte she if oon of hem were deed.
Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was:
Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;
Hir mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed,—
It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;
For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.
Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.
Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar
A peire of bedes gauded al with grene,
And theron heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On which ther was first write a crowned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*

The Monk comes rollicking in, the bells on his bridle, which hangs over his arm, jingling merrily.

Reading

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,
An outridere that lovede venerye;
A manly man, to been an abbot able.
Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable:
And whan he rood men mighte his brydel here
Gynglen in a whistling wynd as clere,
And eek as loude as doth the chapel belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,

And held after the newe world the space.
He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen
That seith that hunters been nat holy men;
Therfore he was a pricasour aright;
Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;
Of priking and of hunting for the hare
Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.
I seigh his sleves purfiled at the hond
With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;
And for to festne his hood under his chin,
He hadde of gold wroght a ful curious pin;
A love-knot in the gretter ende ther was.
His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,
And eek his face, as he hadde been anoynt.
He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt;
His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,
That stemed as a forneys of a leed;
His bootes souple, his hors in great estat.
Now certeynly he was a fair prelat.

The Friar then enters and, after greeting the Host, joins the Monk.

Reading

A Frere ther was, a wantown and a merye,
A lymytour, a ful solempne man.
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,
And pleasaunt was his absolucioun;
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce
Ther as he wiste to have a good pitaunce;
His tipet was ay farsed ful of knyves
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.
And certeinly he hadde a mery note;
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.

And he was lyk a maister or a pope
Of double worsted was his semi-cope,
That rounded as a belle, out of the presse.
Somwhat he lipsed, for his wantownesse,
To make his English swete upon his tonge;
And in his harping, whan that he had songe,
His eyen twinkled in his heed aright,
As doon the sterres in the frosty night.
This worthy lymytour was cleped Huberd.

The Merchant enters.

Reading

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In motteleye, and hye on horse he sat,
Upon his heed a Flaundrish bever hat;
His botes clasped faire and fetisly.
His resons he spak ful solempnely.
This worthy man ful wel his wit bisette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
For sothe he was a worthy man withalle,
But sooth to seyn, I noot how men him calle.

The Clerk enters slowly, reading a book. He runs into the Squire, steadies himself, and then speaks to the Host.

Reading:

A Clerk ther was of Oxenford also,
That unto logik hadde longe y-go
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he nas nat right fat, I undertake;
But loked holwe, and thereto sobrely.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy;
For him was levere have at his beddes heed
Twénty bookes, clad in blak or reed,

Of Aristotle and his philosophye,
Than robes riche, or fithele, or gay sautrye.
But al that he mighte of his freendes hente,
On bookes and his lerninge he it spente,
And bisily gan for the soules preye
Of hem that yaf him wher with to scoleye.
Of studie took he most cure and most hede.
Noght o word spak he more than was nede.
Sowninge in moral vertu was his speche,
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

The Sergeant of the Law comes bustling in.

Reading

A Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
That often hadde been at the Parvys,
Ther was also, ful riche of excellence.
Discreet he was, and of greet reverence:
He semed swich, his wordes weren so wyse.
Justice he was ful often in assyse.
Nowher so bisy a man as he ther nas,
And yet he semed bisier than he was.
But every statut coude he pleyn by rote.
He rood but hoomly in a medlee cote,
Girt with a ceynt of silk, with barres smale;
Of his array telle I no lenger tale.

The Franklin enters in great good humor.

Reading

A Frankeleyn was in his compaignye;
Whit was his berd as is the dayesye;
Of his complexioun he was sangwyn.
Wel loved he by the morwe a sope in wyn.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,
For he was Epicurus owne sone,

That heeld opinioun that pleyn delit
Was verraily, felicitee parfit.
An housholdere, and that a greet, was he;
Seynt Julian he was in his contree.
His table dormant in his halle alway
Stood redy covered al the longe day.
An anlas and a gipser al of silk
Heng at his girdel, whyt as morne milk.
A shirreve hadde he been, and a countour;
Was nowher such a worthy vavasour.

The Cook comes in, the Shipman closely following.

Reading

A Cook they hadde with hem for the nones,
To boille the chiknes with the mary-bones,
And poudre-marchant tart, and galyngale.
Wel coude he knowe a draughte of London ale.
He coude roste, and sethe, and boille, and frye,
Maken mortreux, and wel bake a pye.

Reading

A Shipman was ther, woning fer by weste:
For aught I woot, he was of Dertemouthe.
He rood upon a rouncy as he couthe,
In a gowne of falding to the knee.
A daggere hanging on a laas hadde he
Aboute his nekke under his arm adoun.
The hote somer hadde maad his hewe al broun;
Hardy he was, and wys to undertake;
With many a tempest hadde his berd been shake.
He knew ech cryke in Britaine and in Spayne;
His barge y-cleped was the Maudelayne.

The Doctor arrives.

Reading

With us ther was a Doctour of Phisik,
In al this world ne was ther noon hym lik.
The cause y-knowe, and of his harm the rote,
Anon he yaf the seke man his bote.
Ful redy hadde he his apothecaries,
To sende him drogges, and his letuaries,
For ech of hem made other for to wynne;
Hir frendschipe nas nat newe to bigynne.
In sangwin and in pers he clad was al,
Lyned with taffata and with sendal;
And yet he was but esy of dispence;
He kepte that he wan in pestilence.
For gold in phisik is a cordial,
Therefore he lovede gold in special.

The Wife of Bath enters. As she comes in, the Host and other Pilgrims hasten to meet her and conduct her to a seat. The Squire, the Sergeant, and the Doctor come crowding round her.

Reading

A Good-wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,
But she was somdel deef and that was scathe.
In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon
That to the offringe bifore hir sholde goon;
And if ther dide, certeyn so wrooth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Her coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;
I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound,
That on a Sonday were upon hir heed.
Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,
Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.
Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
She was a worthy womman al her lyve,

Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve.
She coude moche of wandring by the weye.
Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.
Upon hir heed she hadde an hat as large
And brood as is a bokeler or a targe,
Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,
For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

Next enters the Parson.

Reading

A good man was ther of religioun,
And was a povre Persoun of a toun;
But riche he was of holy thoght and werk;
He was also a lerned man, a clerk.
Benygne he was, and wonder diligent,
And in adversitee ful pacient;
Ne lafte he nat in siknes to visyte
The ferreste in his parisshe, muche and lyte,
Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.
This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,
That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte;
Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte.
He wayted after no pompe and reverence,
Ne maked him a spyced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taughte, but first he folwed it himselve.

The Miller, the Manciple, and the Reve next come in together.

Reading

The Miller was a stout carl, for the nones,
Ful big he was of brawn, and eek of bones;
That proved wel, for overal ther he cam,
At wrastling he wolde have alwey the ram.

He was short-sholdred, brood, a thikke knarre,
Ther was no dore that he nolde heve of harre,
Or breke it, at a renning, with his heed.
His berd as any sowe or fox was reed.
Y-lyk a forneys was his mouth ful wyde,
A swerd and bokeler bar he by his syde.
And stelen corn that coude he wel, pardee!
A whyt cote and a blew hood wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and sowne,
And when he played he maad a greet frowne.

Reading

A gentil Maunciple was ther of a temple,
Of which achatours mighte take exemple
For to be wyse in byinge of vitaille;
For whether that he payde, or took by taille,
Algate he wayted so in his achaat,
That he was ay biforn and in good staat.
Now is nat that of God a ful fair grace,
That swich a lewed mannes wit shal pace
The wisdom of an heepe of lerned men?
Of maistres hadde he mo than thryës ten.
In any cas that mighte falle or happe,
This worthy styward sette hir aller cappe.

Reading

The Reve was a sclendre colerik man,
His berd was shave as ny as ever he can.
His heer was by his eres round y-shorn.
His top was dokked lyk a preest biforn.
Ful longe were his legges and ful lene,
Y-lyk a staf, ther was no calf y-sene.

Wel coude he kepe a gerner and a bynne;
Ther was noon auditour coude on him wynne.
All were adrad of him as of the deeth.
His woning was ful fair upon an heeth.
Ful riche he was astored prively,
His lord wel coude he plesen subtilly,
To yeve and lene him of his owne good
And have a thank, and yet a cote, and hood.
A long surcote of pers upon he hade,
And by his syde he bar a rusty blade.
Tukked he was, as is a frere, aboute,
He was a worthy man withouten doute.

Enter the Summoner and the Pardoner, arms around each other, singing loudly, "Come hider, love, to me."

Reading

A Somnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fyr-reed cherubinnes face.
He loved to drinken strong wyn, reed as blood.
Thanne wolde he speke, and crye as he were wood,
And whan that he wel dronken hadde the wyn,
Than wolde he speke no word but Latyn.
To yonge girles yaf he mochel reed.
A gerland hadde he set upon his heed,
As greet as it were for an ale-stake;
A bokeler hadde he maad him of a cake.

Reading

With him ther rood a gentil Pardoner
Of Rouncivale, his freend and his compeer,
That streight was comen fro the court of Rome.
Ful loude he song, "Com hider, love, to me,"

This somnour bar to him a stif burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so greet a soun.
This pardoner hadde heer as yelow as wex,
But smothe it heng, as dooth a strike of flex;
By ounces henge his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shuldres overspradde;
But thinne it lay, by colpons oon and oon;
But hood, for jolitee, wered he noon,
For it was trussed up in his walet.
Him thoughte he rood al of the newe jet;
Dishevele, save his cappe, he rood al bare.
Swiche glaringe eyen hadde he as an hare.
No berd hadde he, ne never sholde have,
As smothe it was as it were late y-shave;

. . . . . .

But of his craft, fro Berwyk into Ware,
Ne was ther swich another pardoner.

The Pilgrims move about from group to group becoming acquainted.

Reading

Now have I told you shortly, in a clause,
Thestat, tharray, the nombre, and eek the cause
Why that assembled was this compaignye
In Southwerk, at this gentil hostelrye,
That highte the Tabard fast by the belle.
But now is tyme to yow for to telle
How that we baren us that ilke night,
Whan we were in that hostelrye alight.

The Reader retires.

Curtain

Scene II

The Evening at the Tabard

Characters:

The Host.	*The Franklin.*
The Knight.	*Chaucer.*
The Nun.	*The Doctor.*
The Monk.	*The Pardoner.*
The Friar.	*The Summoner.*
The Wife of Bath.	*The Squire.*

Other Pilgrims as in Scene I.

The curtain rises on the same company. Chaucer has joined the Pilgrims and moves about from group to group. All are merrily chatting.

The Host. [*Stepping forward to the Pilgrims*]

Now, Lordinges trewely
Ye been to me right welcome hertely:
For by my trouthe, if that I shal nat lye,
I ne saugh this yeer so mery a compaignye
At ones in this herberwe as is now;
Fayn wolde I doon yow mirthe, wiste I how.

The Knight. [*Stepping toward the Host*]

We goon to Caunterbury; God us spede,
The blisful martir quite us our mede!
Com, ryden with us on our pilgrimage,
And ye shal doon us mirth, on this viage.

The Host.

I wol myselven gladly with yow ryde,
Right at myn owne cost, and be your gyde.
But cometh to soper, sitte down everichon.
Strong wyn and vitaille shal be fet anon.
[*With much ado he seats the Pilgrims—Bowing to Chaucer*]
Daun Chaucer, on this deys now tak your place,
If that yow wol oure lowely table grace.

[*Chaucer takes a seat at the head of the board.*]

SIR KNIGHT.—Sit here my lady Prioresse,
And ye, sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse.
[*The Host seats them as he speaks.*]
Good Wyf of Bathe, sit next the yong Squyer,
And on your left, another bacheler.
The Sergeant of the Lawe, war and wys,
Shal place tak withouten more avys.
Com, Epicurus sone, myn Frankeleyn,
Sit now, and lat me serve a sope in wyn.
Here Doctour, Marchant, Shipman, Pilgrims alle,
Taketh place I preye as it may chance to falle.

They all seat themselves.

THE NUN.
Pardon, monsieur, but herken, if yow leste,
By Seynte Loy, prey graunte myn requeste,
My houndes that I love ful tenderly,
May eat with us this soper sikerly?
And eke some rosted flesh and wastel breed.
O graunte this or elles am I deed!

THE HOST. [*Stops a moment as he is about to pass food and drink*]
Your wish is graunted, Madam Eglentyne.—
And now, my Pilgrims, lat the feast bigynne.

THE NUN.
Merci, myn Hoste, merci, yow are most kynde;
A bettre man is nowher noght to fynde.
[*Pilgrims eat and drink, the Host passes from guest to guest*]

THE HOST.
Now, Pilgrims, wol I maken yow disport
As I seyde erst, and doon yow som confort,
And of a mirthe I am right now bithoght
To doon you ese, and it shal coste noght.

THE MONK.
Now, by my grehoundes swifte as fowel in flight,
What is this mirthe? We feyne wolde know this night.
THE SQUIRE.
We feyne wolde know this night!— . . .
THE HOST.
This is the poynt, to speken short and pleyn,
But tak it nought, I prey yow, in desdeyn,
That ech of yow, to shorte with your weye,
In this viage shal telle tales tweye,
To Caunterbury-ward, I mene it so,
And hom-ward he shal tellen othere two.
All clap hands delightedly.
THE MONK.
Certes, Sir Hoste, as we goon by the weye,
We'll shapen us to talen and to pleye.
THE FRIAR.
For trewely confort ne mirthe is noon
To ride by the weye doumb as a stoon.
THE WIFE OF BATH.
Sir Hoste, I prey yow, may I yow devyse,
About myn housbandes fyve al faire and wyse?
My love charms wold I yeve the young Squyer,
The lovyer and the lusty bacheler.
THE HOST. [*Bowing to her*]
With ful glad herte, madame, on this viage.
But speek up loud, with right a greet corage.—
With eek a mery chere shal tellen alle
Of aventures that whilom han bifalle.
THE WIFE OF BATH.
I yeve yow, by myn housbandes that are deed,
My forward; eek I'll kepe ful wel your reed.
THE FRANKLIN.
Myn Hoste, and wol yow be our governour
And of oure tales juge and reportour?

THE HOST.

A Goddes name, I graunt yow this requeste,
To herkne to your tales and juge the beste.
And which of yow that telleth in this case
Tales of best sentence and most solas,
Shal have a soper at oure aller cost
Here in this place, sitting by this post.
And who-so wol my jugement withseye
Shal paye al that we spenden by the weye.

CHAUCER. [*Rising*]

We vouchesauf for to do so, myn hoste.—
And now, lat see, what hath this soper coste?

The guests rise from the table and group themselves as they wish.

THE HOST.

A-morwe shal yow han your rekeninges.—
Now lat us speke of mirthe and othere thinges.

CHAUCER.

Perchaunce myn Hoste, the gentil Pardoner
Will sing, or elles his freend and his compeer,
"Com hider, love, to me," a mery note,
And pleyen eek the burdoun on the rote.

THE DOCTOR.

Lat singen, Hoste, "Come hider, love, to me,"
For now that we have supped we'll esed be.

THE HOST.

Sing, gentil Pardoner and Somnour kynde,
For bettre singers sholde men noght fynde.

They sing to the great glee of the Pilgrims.

Song.

Come Hider, Love, to Me

Come hider, love, to me.
Thy swete eyes lat me see.

Now look up bright,
My heart's delight,
All for the love of me.

Come hider, love, to me!
My true love you shal be.
And now, my tresure,
We'll dance a mesure,
Under the greenwood tree.

Great applause as they finish.

CHAUCER.

Com, doon us mirthe, also my young Squyer,
My lovyer and my lusty bacheler;
Singing yow are or floyting al the day,
And are as fresshe as is the monthe of May.
Com, now, a love song yow can wel endyte.
Sing tenderly and give us greet delyte.

The Squire sings and plays.

Song

Love me little, love me long
Is the burdoun of my song.—
My love has cheeks as fair as the May,
And the sheen upon her hair is bright as day;
And her eyes are sparkling, too,
As she glances up at you.
True love, dear love,
Love me little, love me long.

THE HOST [*After the applause which greets the Squire at the end of his song has subsided*].

'Tis late my freends and erly must yow ryse.
Com, Pilgrims, com withouten more avyse!
Lat se now who shal telle the firste tale
On our viage to-morwe, Pilgrims alle.

Cometh neer, cometh neer, my lady Prioresse,
I prey, sir Clerk, lat be your shamfastnesse.
And ye, sir Knight, my maister and my lord,
Now draweth cut, for that is myn accord.
[*They draw lots*]
Now by my fader soule, it is the Knight
By aventure or cas; eek is it right!

THE KNIGHT.

Myn Hoste, syn I shal bigynne the game,
What, welcome be the cut a Goddes name!
A-morwe shal yow herkne that I seye,
Whyl Caunterbury-ward we tak our weye.

THE HOST.

Com, Miller, lat your baggepipe sowne!
A-morwe you shal lead us out of towne.
Fall in myn Pilgrims, fall in tweye by tweye,
Right so as we shal gon upon our weye.
A mery round, we'll mak about the halle
And than, myn freends, good night, to ech and alle.

The Pilgrims fall in and march to the sound of the bagpipe, or some other musical instrument, the Miller leading. The procession moves off the stage, down in to the audience room, around the aisles and up on to the stage again, forming a tableau to center.

Curtain

THE IDYLLS OF THE KING

Alfred, Lord Tennyson

PREFATORY NOTE

Gareth and Lynette is essentially an out-of-door *Idyll*, and hence it presents few difficulties in staging. In the dramatization here given, the following changes are made to meet high school conditions: scene ii takes place in the courtyard instead of in Arthur's hall; Gareth's first two combats are omitted; scene iii opens near the end of the encounter with Lancelot; and Gareth's final test is a hand-to-hand combat.

Because of the large number of descriptive and explanatory passages in Tennyson's *Idylls*, the change to dramatic form necessitates the interpolation of many lines and parts of lines.

Many of the *Idylls*, though not admitting of dramatization as complete units, are rich in dramatic incidents which can be worked up singly or in groups. The selected episodes from *Lancelot and Elaine* are typical.

GARETH AND LYNETTE

Scene I

Gareth's Plea

Characters:

Gareth.
Bellicent, Gareth's Mother.

The stage represents a spring landscape, the general setting throughout the play. Gareth is discovered alone.

Gareth.

How he went down, that slender-shafted Pine!
Down the swift-rushing cataract whirled away,
As faithless knight, or evil minded king
Before my lance, if lance were mine to use!
Alas! no lance is mine, nor yet may be,

Since the good mother holds me still a child!
Good mother is bad mother unto me!
A worse were better; yet no worse would I.
Heaven yield her for it, but in me put force
To weary her ears with one continuous prayer,
Until she let me fly discaged to sweep
In ever-highering eagle-circles up
To the great Sun of Glory, and thence swoop
Down upon all things base, and dash them dead,
A knight of Arthur working out his will—
I do but dream!—How shall I e'er prevail!

Enter Bellicent.

BELLICENT.

What is it, child? Art weary of thy play?

GARETH.

O Mother, tho' ye count me still the child,
Sweet mother, do ye love the child?—Thou dost?

BELLICENT.

Thou art but a wild-goose to question it.

GARETH. [*Appealingly*]

Then, mother, an ye love thy self-willed child,
Let him go hence! [*Somewhat impatiently*]—I cannot tarry here!

BELLICENT.

Nay, nay, thou art too young, my Gareth, stay!

GARETH.

Too young!—Why, Gawain, when he hither came,
Ask'd me to tilt with him, the proven knight.
Then I so shook him in the saddle, he said,
"Thou hast half prevail'd against me," said so—he—

BELLICENT.

Hast thou no pity upon my loneliness?

GARETH.

How can ye keep me tethered to you—shame.
Man am I grown, a man's work must I do!

BELLICENT.

Wilt walk thro' fire, my son, to gain thy will?

GARETH.

Yea, Mother! [*Eagerly*] May I then—

BELLICENT.

Ay, go then, an ye must: only one proof,
Before thou ask the King to make thee knight,
Of thine obedience and thy love to me,
Thy mother,—I demand—

GARETH. [*With boyish impatience*]

A hard one, or a hundred, so I go!
Nay—quick! the proof to prove me to the quick!

BELLICENT.

Prince, thou shalt go disguised to Arthur's hall,
And hire thyself to serve for meats and drinks
Among the scullions and the kitchen-knaves,
And those that hand the dish across the bar.
Nor shalt thou tell thy name to any one;
And thou shalt serve a twelvemonth and a day.

GARETH. [*After a moment's meditation*]

The thrall in person may be free in soul,
And I shall see the jousts! What matters else!
I therefore yield me freely to thy will! [*Kneeling*]

Curtain

Scene II

GARETH'S QUEST

Characters:

Lancelot.	*Lynette.*
Gareth.	*Gawain.*
Bedivere.	*Kay.*
King Arthur.	Other Knights.

The stage represents the courtyard of Arthur's castle. On the platform in the rear is the King's throne, a chair covered with red cloth decorated with the golden dragons. This symbol should be made a conspicuous feature of the scene, appearing in banners, and wherever else it may be appropriately used.

THE KING.

I told thee, Lancelot, of our new knight,
The last tall son of Lot and Bellicent,
Content to serve in kitchen vassalage
A twelve-month and a day, that he might be
At last a member of our Table Round!
No mellow master of the meats and drinks
Is Kay, and yet our Gareth served him well,
In uttermost obedience to his vow.
I made him knight in secret, at his will.

LANCELOT.

But wherefore would he men should wonder at him?

THE KING.

He answered, gayly, when I questioned thus,
"Have I not earn'd my cake in baking of it?
Let be my name until I make my name!
My deeds will speak: it is but for a day."

LANCELOT.

And did he know that I should know the truth?

THE KING.

Yea, Lancelot, in granting him his boon,
I said, "Our Lancelot, our truest man,
And one with me in all, he needs must know."

LANCELOT.

And hast thou granted him a quest, my King,
To prove himself of utter hardihood?

THE KING.

I have given him the first quest: he is not proven.
Look therefore when he calls for this today,

Thou get to horse and follow him from afar,
Cover the lions on thy shield, and see
Far as thou mayest, he be nor ta'en nor slain.

LANCELOT.

I go, my King, but wait my summons near!

The King seats himself on the throne chair, with pages and other attendants to right and left. Gareth enters from the right, followed by Kay, the Seneschal, and the kitchen knaves. Lynette rushes in from the left, with hair disheveled and garments torn, and falls at the King's feet.

LYNETTE.

O King, for thou hast driven the foe without,
See to the foe within! bridge, ford, beset
By bandits, everyone that owns a tower
The Lord for half a league. Why sit ye there?
Rest would I not, Sir King, an I were king,
Till ev'n the lonest hold were all as free
From cursed bloodshed, as thine altar-cloth
From that best blood it is a sin to spill.

THE KING.

Comfort thyself, fair scorner, I nor mine
Rest: so my knighthood keep the vows they swore,
The wastest moorland of our realm shall be
Safe, damsel, as the center of this hall.
What is thy name? thy need?

LYNETTE.

My name, Sir King, Lynette; my need, a knight
To combat for my sister, Lyonors,
A lady of high lineage, of great lands,
And comely, yea, and comelier than myself.

GAWAIN.

Nay, that could never be! Fairer, perchance,
But comelier?—Nay—

THE KING. [*To Gawain*]

My Gawain, cease!—The damsel seems in haste!
Her need is pressing—let us hear her tale—
[*Turning to Lynette*]
Where dwells thy sister, Lady Lyonors?

LYNETTE.

She lives in Castle Perilous: a river
Runs in three loops about her living place;
And o'er it are three passings, and three knights
Defend the passings, brethren, and a fourth
And of that four the mightiest, holds her stay'd
In her own castle, and so besieges her
To break her will, and make her wed with him.

THE KING.

Has no one yet assayed to battle with him?
Hast thou no brother, child, to right thy wrongs?

LYNETTE.

Nay, Liege, we are alone;—but this bold knight
Delays his purport till thou send to him
Thy bravest knight, the great Sir Lancelot.
Him, O Sir King, he hopes to overthrow,
And wed my sister, Lyonors—but she,
Save whom she loveth, willeth not to wed—
Now, therefore, am I come for Lancelot.

GARETH. [*To Bedivere, aside*]

Would I had proved myself by knightly deeds
A worthy knight to undertake this quest!
But now, alas, this quest is not for me!
Yet he did promise me—

THE KING. [*Seriously*]

Damsel, ye know this Order lives to crush
All wrongers of the Realm. But say, these four,
Who be they? What the fashion of the men?

LYNETTE.
They be of foolish fashion, O Sir King,
The fashion of that old knight-errantry
Who ride abroad, and do but what they will.
THE KING. [*To Bedivere*]
We thought to banish such from out our Realm.
BEDIVERE.
Yea, some, not all. Such things may never be
While men are men, by earthly passions swayed.
THE KING. [*To Lynette*]
Thou sayest there be three who guard the way
Along the winding loops of that fair stream,
That runs about thy sister's living place?
LYNETTE.
Yea, King, and these same three do call themselves
Morning-Star, and Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star.
The fourth, who always rideth arm'd in black,
A huge man-beast of boundless savagery,
He names himself the Night and oftener Death.
GAWAIN. [*Throwing himself at the King's feet*]
O King, thy Lancelot is not here, let me
But serve this damsel—
LYNETTE.
Nay King—
GARETH. A boon, Sir King,—this quest—
KAY. [*Scornfully*]
A kitchen knave on such a quest, forsooth!
GARETH.
Yea, scoffing Seneschal, this boon I ask!
The King doth know I am his kitchen knave,
But mighty through his meats and drinks am I,
And I can topple over a hundred such.
[*To King*]
Thy promise, King!—[*Throwing himself at the King's feet*]

THE KING. [*Motioning him to rise*]
Yea, Gareth—Rough, sudden,—
And pardonable, worthy to be knight.

LYNETTE. [*Angrily*]
Fie on thee, King! I asked for thy chief knight,
And thou hast given me but a kitchen knave!
Turning, she goes swiftly away.

THE KING. [*To Gareth*]
An thou would'st undertake this quest, make haste!
The damsel hath a brave and dauntless heart,
And spirit high, that matcheth well thine own.

GARETH.
God bless the King and all his fellowship!
All go out except Kay and his knaves.

KAY.
My scullion knave! And bound upon a quest
With horse and arms!—the King hath past his time!
My scullion knave! Thralls, to your work again,
For an your fire be low, ye kindle mine.
Curtain

Between scenes ii and iii, Gareth overthrows, in single combat, Morning-Star, Noon-Sun, and Evening-Star.

Scene III

THE ENCOUNTER WITH LANCELOT

Characters:
Gareth.
Lancelot.
Lynette.

This scene takes place while the stage is being more elaborately set for scene iv. A drop-curtain can easily be pro-

vided, with little expense, suggesting a background of woods. The horses of the knights are supposed to be at a little distance, the closing part of the combat being on foot. The curtain rises on the sound of combat: Gareth down, Lancelot, visor lowered, shield blank, standing over him; Lynette near by.

GARETH. [*Laughing lightly*] Ha! Ha! Ha!

LYNETTE. [*Scoffingly*]
Dost laugh to be so lightly overthrown?
I scent again the savor of the meats!
O kitchen knave, thus shamed and overthrown.

LANCELOT.
Arise, good youth. No shame is this—Nay, damsel!
Gareth laughs again.

LYNETTE.
Why laugh ye?—that ye blew your boast in vain?
[*Mockingly*]
"There rides no knight, not Lancelot, his great self,
Hath force to quell me, should he now appear."

GARETH. [*Laughs*]
That boast was but because you smiled on me!

LYNETTE.
Why laugh ye then?

GARETH.
Oh, noble damsel, but that I, the son
Of old King Lot and good Queen Bellicent,
And victor of the bridges and the ford,
And knight of Arthur, here lie thrown by whom
I know not, all thro' mere unhappiness.—
Out, sword; we are thrown!—. . .
He draws his sword.

LYNETTE. [*Aside, in astonishment*]
Prince! Knight of Arthur! Son of Bellicent!

LANCELOT.

O Gareth—thro' the mere unhappiness
Of one who came to help thee, not to harm,
Lancelot, and all as glad to find thee whole,
As on the day when Arthur knighted him.

GARETH.

Lancelot! Thou—Lancelot!—thine the hand
That threw me? An some chance to mar the boast
Thy brethren of thee make—which could not chance—
Had sent thee down before a lesser spear,
Shamed had I been, and sad—O Lancelot—thou!

LYNETTE. [*Petulantly*[Lancelot!—
Why came ye not, when call'd? and wherefore now
Come ye, not call'd? I gloried in my knave,
Who being still rebuked, would answer still
Courteous as any knight—but now, if knight,
The marvel dies, and leaves me fool'd and trick'd,
And only wondering wherefore play'd upon:
And doubtful whether I and mine be scorn'd.
Where should be truth, if not in Arthur's hall,
In Arthur's presence? Knight, knave, prince and fool,
I hate thee and for ever. . .

GARETH.

Nay, damsel, these are words of waywardness:
But yesterday, when that same fight was o'er,
Thy voice was gentle; thou did'st smile on me
And called me by thy side, to ride with thee.
Then hate me not today—

LANCELOT.

Blessed be thou, Sir Gareth! knight art thou
To the King's best wish. [*Turning to Lynette*] O damsel,
be you wise
To call him shamed, who is but overthrown?
Thrown have I been, nor once, but many a time.

Victor from vanquish'd issues at the last,
An overthrower from being overthrown.—
[*Turning to Gareth*]
And thou art weary; yet not less I felt
Thy manhood thro' that wearied lance of thine.
Well hast thou done; for all the stream is freed,
And thou hast wreak'd his justice on his foes,
And when reviled, hast answer'd graciously,
And makest merry when thou 'rt overthrown.
Come, damsel, cease thy railing.—Kitchen knave?
Nay, Prince, and Knight of our good Table Round.

LYNETTE. [*Still half-petulantly*]
Ay well—ay well—for worse than being fool'd
Of others, is to fool one's self—but we
Must rest. The quest is not yet o'er—a cave,
Sir Lancelot, is hard by, with meats and drinks,
And forage for the horse, and flint for fire.
But all about it flies a honeysuckle.
[*To Gareth with a playful glance at Lancelot, not seen by Gareth*]
Lead, and we follow, Knave! Sir Gareth! Prince!
Seek till ye find. We'll tarry by the way;
Tho' I am weary—yet I would not sleep.
Gareth goes in search of the cave.

LYNETTE. [*She stands a moment, watching Gareth as he goes, with a smile*]
Good lord, how sweetly smells the honeysuckle
In the hush'd night, as if the world were one
Of utter peace, and love, and gentleness!
O Lancelot, Lancelot, see my kitchen knave!
Full merry am I to find my goodly knave
Is knight and noble. See now, sworn have I,
Else yon black felon had not let me pass,
To bring thee back to do the battle with him.

Thus, an thou goest, he will fight thee first;
Who doubts thee victor? so will my knight-knave
Miss the full flower of this accomplishment.

LANCELOT.

Fret not! But peradventure he, you name,
May know my shield. Let Gareth, an he will,
Change his for mine, and so fulfil his quest.

LYNETTE.

A gracious thought, my lord, and Lancelot-like!
Courteous in this, Lord Lancelot, as in all!
But my knight-knave has found ere this the spot
Where we must eat, and drink, and sleep awhile,
And reach the black pavilion of our foe.
Before the stars have faded in the sky.

Curtain

Scene IV

THE VICTORY

Characters:

Gareth. *Lancelot.*
Lynette. *Lyonors.*
Boy.

Enter Lancelot, Lynette, Gareth, left. To the right is pitched the pavilion of Death. Above and a little beyond, are seen the balcony, towers, etc. of Lyonors' castle. The background for this scene can be painted, or purchased in sections.

GARETH. [*Laughing*]

See yonder star, swift-glancing down the sky!
Lo, damsel, 'tis an omen—the foe falls.

LYNETTE. [*Taking hold of Lancelot's shield now borne by Gareth*]

Yield, yield him this again; 'tis he must fight:
I curse the tongue that all thro' yesterday
Reviled thee, and hath wrought on Lancelot now
To lend thee his own shield: wonders ye have done;
Miracles ye cannot: here is glory enow
In having flung the three: I see thee maim'd,
Mangled: I swear thou canst not fling the fourth.

GARETH.

And wherefore, damsel? tell me all ye know!
You cannot scare me; nor rough face or voice,
Brute bulk of limb, or boundless savagery
Appal me from the quest—

LYNETTE.

Nay, Prince, my Knight,
God wot, I never look'd upon the face.
Some hold that he hath swallow'd infant flesh,
Monster!—O Prince, I went for Lancelot first,
The quest is Lancelot's: give him back the shield!

GARETH. [*Laughing*]

Yea, an he win it in fair fight with me
Thus—and not else.

LANCELOT.

Nay, keep the shield, and show this maid once more
What dauntless spirit dwells in thy young heart.

GARETH.

What light is yonder, midst the darkness, there?

LYNETTE.

The light from Death's pavilion, black as night.
But stay, I—

GARETH.

Nay, damsel, stay me not—but let me go.

LANCELOT.

Remember, Knight, the rules I gave to thee:
How best to manage lance, and sword, and shield.

GARETH. [*Laughing*]
I shall forget, I fear; I know but one,
To dash against mine enemy and to win!
LYNETTE.
Heaven help thee, O my knight—Oh, Lancelot!
See poem for stage "business:" blowing of horn—appearance of lights—sound of muffled voices—Lady Lyonors at window, with maids—appearance of Death with opening of pavilion.
GARETH. [*Meeting Death in center—lights very dim*]
Fool, for thou hast, men say, the strength of ten,
Canst thou not trust the limbs thy God hath given,
But must, to make the terror of thee more,
Trick thyself out in ghastly imageries
Of that which Life hath done with, and the clod,
Less dull than thou, will hide with mantling flowers
As if for pity?—Speak, an if thou canst!
[*Pauses a moment, but no response comes*]
Art ready, then, thou voiceless fool, to try
Thy lance 'gainst mine, that hath thy brothers slain?
Gareth strikes at him; Death falls to the ground, then slowly rises. Gareth splits the skull; and the Boy steps forth.
BOY.
Knight, slay me not, my brethren bade me do it,
To make a horror all about the house,
And stay the world from Lady Lyonors.
GARETH.
My child, what madness made thee challenge send
To Arthur's chiefest knight, Sir Lancelot?
BOY.
Fair Sir, my brothers fierce, they bade me do it.
They hate the King, and Lancelot, the King's friend,
They hoped to slay him somewhere on the stream.
LYONORS. [*Who has descended from the castle, greets Lynette and moves toward Gareth*]

My thanks, Sir Knight, that bearest a shield I know,
Tho' thou art not the owner of the shield.

LANCELOT. [*Coming from the shadows*]
Our knight has honored it in using it.

LYONORS. [*In astonishment*]
Sir Lancelot! Sir Lancelot!—

LYNETTE.
What said I yesterday in petty rage?
Far worse than being fooled of others, 'tis
To fool one's self. How we have fooled ourselves
In foolish fears—our long-time dreaded foe
No fearful monster, but this blooming lad!
And, sister Lyonors, we owe our joy
To one I scoffed and scorned as kitchen-knave!

LYONORS. [*With arm about Lynette*]
Be gracious, Prince, and thus increase our debt.
Forgive the wayward mood of this dear child!

GARETH.
Nay, Lady Lyonors, the debt is mine.
As for forgiveness, ask this damsel here,
If still she scents upon the evening breeze
The savors of my kitchen vassalage!

LYNETTE.
Nay, nay,—forgive, my Prince, remember not—

LYONORS.
Let be—and come within my castle, friends:
King Arthur's greatest knight, and our brave Prince;
This poor lad, too,—and we will rest till morn,
In sleep untroubled by the dreaded foe,
Thanks to my sister and her gallant knight.
And when the morrow springs from underground,
We'll celebrate our gratitude in song,
In feast, and dance, and merry minstrelsy.

Curtain

LANCELOT AND ELAINE

Scene I

Lancelot at the Castle of Astolat

Characters:

Lancelot. *Lord of Astolat.*
Elaine. *Sir Lavaine.*
Sir Torre.

The stage represents the courtyard of the castle of Astolat. If scenery is possible, the background may be painted to suggest the wall and towers of the castle itself. But an out-of-door setting, representing a summer landscape, with vine-covered walls at the sides and in the rear, will answer the purpose. Elaine, the Lord of Astolat, Sir Lavaine, and Sir Torre are discovered as the curtain rises, laughing at a jest among themselves. Lancelot enters from the opposite side; the Lord of Astolat approaches to greet the stranger.

Lord of Astolat.

Whence comest thou, my guest, and by what name
Livest between the lips? for by thy state
And presence I might guess thee chief of those,
After the King, who eat in Arthur's halls.
Him have I seen: the rest, his Table Round,
Known as they are, to me they are unknown.

Lancelot.

Known am I, and of Arthur's hall, and known,
What I by mere mischance have brought, my shield.
But since I go to joust as one unknown

At Camelot for the diamond, ask me not.
Hereafter ye shall know me—and the shield—
I pray you lend me one, if such you have,
Blank, or at least with some device not mine.

LORD OF ASTOLAT.

Your boon, Sir Knight, is in our power to grant:
Hurt in his first tilt was my son, Sir Torre.
And so, God wot, his shield is blank enough.

SIR TORRE.

Yea, since I cannot use it, ye may have it.

LORD OF ASTOLAT. [*Laughing*]

Fie! Fie! Sir Churl, be gracious to our guest!
Is that an answer for a noble knight?
[*To Lancelot*]
Allow him! but Lavaine, my younger here,
He is so full of lustihood, he will ride,
Joust for it, and win, and bring it in an hour,
[*Jestingly*]
And set it in this damsel's golden hair,
To make her thrice as wilful as before.

SIR LAVAINE.

Nay, father, nay, good father, shame me not
Before this noble knight,—a jest no more!
I did but play on Torre: he seemed so vext,
And sullen that he could not go to joust.
[*To Lancelot*]
Sir Knight, believe me, 'twas a jest, no more.

LANCELOT.

But tell the jest to me! Methinks this spot,
So far from Court and from its buzzing crowds,
Might bring sweet laughter back to lips unused
To mirth that lights the heart, and lips, and eyes!

SIR LAVAINE.

To one who sits at Arthur's Table Round,

'Tis but a simple, foolish little tale.
Our thoughts have dwelt of late upon this joust;
And last night as she slept, our sister dreamt
That some one put this diamond in her hand,
And that it was too slippery to be held,
And slipt and fell into some pool or stream,
The castle-well, belike; and then I said
That *if* I went and *if* I fought and won it
(But all was jest and joke among ourselves)
Then must she keep it safelier. All was jest.

LANCELOT. [*Aside*]

No diamond pure could grace a worthier brow!

SIR LAVAINE.

O father, give me leave, an if ye will,
To ride to Camelot with this noble knight:
Win shall I not, but do my best to win.

LANCELOT.

So ye will grace me with your fellowship,
O'er these waste downs whereon I lost myself,
Then were I glad of you as guide and friend:
And you shall win this diamond, if ye may,
And yield it to this maiden, if ye will.

SIR TORRE. [*Impatiently*]

Such fair large diamonds be for stately queens
And not for simple maids.—She needs them not.

LANCELOT.

If what is fair be but for what is fair,
And only queens are to be counted so,
Rash were my judgment then, who deem this maid
Might wear as fair a jewel as is on earth,
Not violating the bond of like to like.

SIR TORRE.

Such words, that savor of King Arthur's Court,

As ill become the quiet of our home,
As costly diamonds our simple maid.

LORD OF ASTOLAT.

Nay, Torre—let be.—But come, Sir Knight, within.
When you have been refreshed with meat and drink,
The best that far-off Astolat affords,
And entertained with minstrel melody,
We fain would hear of Arthur's noble deeds,
And of great Lancelot, his bravest knight;
And all the glories of his Table Round.
Such news comes rarely to our quiet hall,
Remote among the solitary downs.

LANCELOT.

I'll gladly tell ye of his glorious wars.
I never saw his like; there never lived
A king so great in knightly deeds as he.

ELAINE. [*Who has been standing apart from the others, aside*] Save your great self, fair lord.—

SIR LAVAINE. [*Joyously, as they move toward the castle*]
And then tomorrow to the Diamond Joust!

Curtain

Scene II

THE TRUST

Characters:
Lancelot.
Elaine.
Sir Lavaine.

The time is early morning. Another part of the court-yard of the castle is suggested by a vine-covered wall and gateway, or if the latter is impossible, a drop-curtain can be used with the opening at one side representing the gateway. Enter from opposite sides, Lancelot and Lavaine.

LANCELOT.

This shield, my friend, where is it? We must haste.

SIR LAVAINE.

Within the hall. I'll fetch it with all speed.

Exit Lavaine, right, and enter Elaine, left. Lancelot, as he turns from Lavaine, sees Elaine and greets her silently, as if awed by her presence.

ELAINE. [*Hesitatingly*]

Fair lord, whose name I know not—noble it is,
I well believe, the noblest—will you wear
My favor at this tourney?

LANCELOT. [*Troubled*]

Nay, sweet maid,
Fair lady, since I never yet have worn
Favor of any lady in the lists.
Such is my wont, as those, who know me, know.

ELAINE.

Yea so,—and since 'tis so, in wearing mine
Needs must be lesser likelihood, noble lord,
That those who know should know you in this joust.

LANCELOT. [*After a moment's thought*]

Good counsel, child.—Then fetch it out to me!
But stay a moment; tell me what it is.

ELAINE.

A sleeve it is, my lord, of samite red,
And broider'd all with pearls.—I'll fetch it straight!

Elaine goes out.

LANCELOT. [*Alone*]

How fair she looked, and shy in asking me
To wear her favor in the tournament!
I did not dream she was so beautiful!
Alas—I would not do her wrong in wearing it.
She surely knew—I said 'twas not my wont!

Elaine returns, and gives Lancelot the sleeve, which he binds on his helmet.

LANCELOT. [*Smiling*]

How strange it is to see my helm adorned
By maiden's favor, child!—I never yet
Have done so much for any maid who lives!

[*Enter Lavaine with Sir Torre's shield. Lancelot rests his shield against the wall at the gateway; then returns to Elaine, who stands near the center of the stage*]

Do me this grace, fair maid, to guard my shield
Until I come again to Astolat.

ELAINE.

A second grace today. I am your squire.

SIR LAVAINE. [*Laughing*]

O Lily maid, lest ye be called that name
In truth, bring back the roses to those cheeks!

[*Playfully pinches her cheeks*]

Then get ye hence to bed. Farewell, sweet maid!

LANCELOT.

Guard well my shield, fair maid of Astolat!

The two knights move slowly toward the gateway waving farewell, and Elaine follows them. As the curtain goes down she stands leaning on the shield, watching the departing knights.

HENRY ESMOND

William Makepeace Thackeray

PREFATORY NOTE

Two incidents are selected from *Henry Esmond* for dramatic treatment, Esmond's Return from the Wars, and The Making of Addison's Poem, *The Campaign.*

The action of chaps. vii and viii, Book II, covering the first selection, occupies several days, but it is here condensed into one evening for the sake of simple presentation. Some of the long speeches are cut and occasional remarks are introduced to help along the dialogue. Otherwise the text is unchanged.

The second dramatization is based on chap. xi, Book II. It will interest pupils who are studying *The Sir Roger de Coverley Papers,* even though they have not read *Henry Esmond.* The main change necessary for this dramatic adaptation is a cutting of the long speeches and a readjustment of the dialogue. The events of the chapter occur on two different days. Here, in the adaptation, the action is made continuous for the sake of simplicity. Certain selections from Addison's poem, *The Campaign,* are introduced.

Esmond's Return From the Wars

Characters:

Lady Castlewood. *My Lord Castlewood.*
Mistress Beatrix. *Mrs. Pincot, the Housekeeper.*
Henry Esmond.

The scene shows the dining hall, at Walcote. Mrs. Pincot is putting the finishing touches to an elaborately spread supper table. As the curtain rises, My Lord Castlewood enters.

My Lord Castlewood. [*Impatiently*] They should be here now. Hark! there they come.

Enter Esmond, and Lady Castlewood leaning on his arm.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. [*Removing her wraps and turning to Esmond*] Welcome home, Harry!

MY LORD. [*Stepping up to Esmond*] Welcome, Harry. Here we are, all come to say so. Here's old Pincot. Hasn't she grown handsome?

MRS. PINCOT. [*Coming forward and making a curtsy to Esmond*] I say welcome, too, Captain. [*To Lord Castlewood*] Have done now!

Enter Beatrix.

MY LORD. And here comes Mistress Trix, with a new riband. I knew she would put on one as soon as she heard a captain was coming to supper.

BEATRIX. [*Advancing toward Esmond, smiling upon him, and holding forward her head as if she would have him kiss her. But as he is about to do so she draws back*] Stop, I am grown too big! Welcome, Cousin Harry. [*Making him a curtsy, sweeping down to the ground, with a most gracious bend, looking up at the same time with the sweetest smile*]

MY LORD. She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes. [*To Beatrix*] Oh, my fine mistress! is this the way you set your cap at the Captain?

Esmond gazes entranced at Beatrix and seems to have forgotten all else in his rapt admiration.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. [*Going up to Esmond and speaking in a low, sweet voice.*] N'est-ce-pas? [*The only answer she gets is a start from Esmond*]

MY LORD. Right foot forward, toe turned out, so: now drop the curtsy again, and show the red stockings, Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The Dowager sent 'em.

BEATRIX. [*Placing her hand over her brother's mouth*] Hush, you stupid child! [*She goes up to her mother and*

kisses her. Then she goes up to Esmond and gives him both her hands] Oh, Harry, we're so, *so* glad you're come!

My Lord. There are woodcocks for supper: Huzzay!—It was such a hungry sermon.

Mrs. Pincot. The supper is served, my Lady.

Esmond conducts Lady Castlewood to a seat; the young Lord leads Beatrix; Mrs. Pincot busies herself serving.

Beatrix. Mamma, why don't you eat? You have no appetite and look tired and pale.

Lady Castlewood. I am an old woman. [*Smiling*] I cannot hope to look as young as you do, my dear Beatrix.

My Lord. [*Turning to his mother*] She'll never look as good as you do if she lives till she's a hundred.

Beatrix. [*Turning round to Esmond*] Do I look very wicked, cousin?

Esmond. I'm like your looking-glass, and that can't flatter you.

Lady Castlewood. [*Archly*] He means that you are always looking at him, my dear.

Beatrix. Oh, mamma! [*Shaking her finger at her mother*]

Lady Castlewood. [*Looking fondly at Esmond*] And Harry is very good to look at.

Esmond. If 'tis good to see a happy face, you see that.

Lady Castlewood. [*Sighing*] Amen. [*Becoming rather melancholy again*]

My Lord. Why, Harry, how fine we look in our scarlet and silver, and our black periwig! Mother, I am tired of my own hair. When shall I have a peruke? Where did you get your steenkirk, Harry?

Esmond. It's some of my Lady Dowager's lace. She gave me this and a number of other fine things.

My Lord. My Lady Dowager isn't such a bad woman.

Beatrix. She's not so—so red as she's painted.

My Lord. I'll tell her you said so; begad, Trix, I will!

Beatrix. She'll know that you hadn't the wit to say it, my Lord.

My Lord. We won't quarrel the first day Harry's here, will we, mother? We'll see if we can get on to the New Year without a fight. Have some of this Christmas pie. And here comes the tankard; no, it's Pincot with the tea.

Beatrix. Will the Captain choose a dish? [*Indicating the tea*]

My Lord. I say, Harry, I'll show thee my horses tomorrow; and we'll go a bird-netting, and on Monday there's a cock-match at Winchester—do you love cock-fighting?

Lady Castlewood. [*Without letting Esmond reply*] And what will you do, Beatrix, to amuse our kinsman?

Beatrix. I'll listen to him. I am sure he has a hundred things to tell us. And I'm jealous already of the Spanish ladies. Was that a beautiful nun at Cadiz that you rescued from the soldiers? My maid, Mrs. Betty, told me of it this morning as she combed my hair. She had it from your man. And he says you must be in love, for you sat on deck all night, and scribbled verses all day in your table-book.

My Lord. [*Filling a bumper and saluting his sister*] To the Marchioness!

Esmond. Marchioness!

Beatrix. [*With a toss of the head*] Nonsense, my Lord.

My Lord. The Marchioness of Blandford. Don't you know? [*Turning to Esmond*] Hath not the Dowager told you? Blandford has a lock of her hair; the Duchess found him on his knees to Mistress Trix, and boxed his ears, and said Dr. Hare should whip him.

Beatrix. I wish Mr. Tusher would whip you too.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. I hope you will tell none of these silly stories elsewhere than at home, Francis.

MY LORD. 'Tis true, on my word. Look at Harry scowling, mother, and see how Beatrix blushes as red as the silver-clocked stockings.

BEATRIX. [*Rising up with the air of a queen, and tossing her rustling, flowing draperies about her, as she leaves the room*] I think we had best leave the gentlemen to their wine and their talk.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. [*Rising also, and stooping down, she pats her son on the shoulder*] Do not tell those silly stories, child; do not drink much wine, sir; Harry never loved to drink wine.

She looks back at Esmond as she follows Beatrix out of the room.—The two men rise and take seats at the small table at one side of the stage, on which are a decanter of wine, and glasses.

MY LORD. Egad! it's true. [*He pours wine from the decanter, offers Harry a glass, and sips from his own*] What think you of this Lisbon—real Collares? 'Tis better than your heady port; we got it out of one of the Spanish ships that came from Vigo last year; my mother bought it at Southampton, as the ship was lying there—the *Rose*, Captain Hawkins.

ESMOND. Why, I came home in that ship!

MY LORD. And it brought home a good fellow and good wine. Let's have another glass.

ESMOND. No, no, no more for either of us.

MY LORD. Well, and now let me talk—let me tell you news of the family. It's now 1703—I shall come of age in 1709. I shall go back to Castlewood; I shall build up the house. My property will be pretty well restored by then. I shall marry early—Trix will be a duchess by that time, most likely: for a cannon-ball may knock over his Grace any day, you know.

ESMOND. Beatrix a duchess! How?

MY LORD. Hush, my dear! Blandford will marry her—or—[*putting his hand on his sword*] you understand the rest. Blandford knows which of us two is the best weapon. I have tried him, Harry; and begad he knows I am a man not to be trifled with.

ESMOND. [*Concealing his laughter*] But you do not mean that you can force my Lord Blandford, the son of the first man of this kingdom, to marry your sister at sword's point?

MY LORD. I mean to say that we are cousins by the mother's side, though that's nothing to boast of. I mean to say that an Esmond is as good as a Churchill; and hark you, Harry—now swear you will never mention this. Give me your honor as a gentleman.

ESMOND. [*A little impatiently*] Well, well?

MY LORD. Well, then, when, after my late Viscount's misfortune, my mother went up with us to London—we went to stay with our cousin, my Lady Marlborough, with whom we had quarrelled for ever so long. But when misfortune came, she stood by her blood. Well, sir, we lived at my Lord Marlborough's house, who was only a little there, being away with the army in Holland. And then—I say, Harry, you won't tell, now?

ESMOND. I promise on my word as a gentleman, Frank. What happened?

MY LORD. Well, there used to be all sorts of fun, you know: my Lady Marlborough was very fond of us, and she said I was to be her page; and she got Trix to be a maid of honor; and Blandford fell tremendous in love with Trix, and she liked him; and one day, he—he kissed her behind a door—he did though—and the Duchess caught him and she banged such a box of the ear both

at Trix and Blandford—you should have seen it! And then she said that we must leave directly, and abused my mamma.

ESMOND. How could she? How shocking!

MY LORD. She did, and so we came down to Walcote; Blandford being locked up, and not allowed to see Trix. But *I* got at him. I climbed along the gutter, and in through the window, where he was crying.

ESMOND. And what then?

MY LORD. "Marquis," says I, when he had opened it and helped me in,—"you know I wear a sword," for I had brought it. "O, Viscount," says he, "O, my dearest Frank!" and he threw himself into my arms and burst out a-crying. "I do love Mistress Beatrix so, that I shall die if I don't have her!" "My dear Blandford," says I, "you are young to think of marrying;" for he was but fifteen, and a young fellow of that age can scarce do so, you know.

ESMOND. Hardly. How absurd! But go on.

MY LORD. "I'll wait twenty years, if she'll have me," says he. "I'll never marry—no, never, never, never, marry anybody but her. If Beatrix will wait for me, her Blandford swears he will be faithful," and he wrote a paper. It wasn't spelt right, for he wrote, "I'm ready to *sine with my blode*," and vowed to be faithful. And so I gave him a locket of her hair.

ESMOND. A locket of her hair?

MY LORD. Yes, Trix gave me one after the fight with the Duchess that very day. I am sure I didn't want it and so I gave it to him, and we kissed at parting and said, "Good-bye, brother." And he went to King's College in Cambridge, and *I'm* going to Cambridge soon;

and if he doesn't stand to his promise—he knows I wear a sword Harry.

ESMOND. A very pretty story, forsooth.

MY LORD. But I say, [*laughing*] I don't think Trix will break her heart about him. La bless you! whenever she sees a man, she makes eyes at him; and young Sir Wilmot Crawley of Queen's Crawley, and Anthony Henley of Alresford, were at swords drawn about her, at the Winchester Assembly, a month ago. [*Rising*] But I must be off now. I'm sorry, but I have an appointment. I'll tell mamma to come in to you.

ESMOND. Very well. But I must say Good-bye to you now, for this trip, Frank. I leave in the morning before you are up.

MY LORD. Oh, must you Harry? Too bad, too bad. I thought you were going to stay three days. But you'll be down soon again. Good-bye then, and good luck to you in the wars.

He goes out.

ESMOND. [*Soliloquizing*] So the bright eyes have been already shining on another, and the pretty lips, or the cheeks at any rate, have begun the work which they were made for. Here's a girl not sixteen, and one young gentleman is already whimpering over a lock of her hair, and two country squires are ready to cut each other's throats that they may have the honor of a dance with her. What a fool am I to be dallying about this passion and singeing my wings in this foolish flame! Wings!—Why not say crutches? There is but eight years difference between us, to be sure; but in life I am thirty years older. How could I ever hope to please such a sweet creature as that, with my rough ways and glum face? Say that I have merit ever so much, and won myself a

name, could she ever listen to me? She must be my Lady Marchioness.

Enter Lady Castlewood.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. [*Going up to him and taking his hand*] Why are you going so soon? Frank just told me you leave tomorrow morning.

ESMOND. It is best that it should be so, dearest lady.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. I knew you would go when I left the table. What has happened? Why can't you remain longer with us? What has Frank told you?

ESMOND. My new General is to dine at Chelsey tomorrow —General Lumley, madam—who has appointed me his aide-de-camp, and on whom I must have the honor of waiting.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. Well, what was it Frank told you?

ESMOND. He told me little I did not know. But I have thought of that little and here's the result. I must go immediately. If I thought for an hour of what has perhaps crossed your mind too—

LADY CASTLEWOOD. Yes, I did, Harry. I thought of it; and think of it. I would sooner call you my son than the greatest prince in Europe—yes, than the greatest prince. For who is there so good and so brave, and who would love her as you would? But there are reasons a mother can't tell—

ESMOND. [*Interrupting*] I know them. I know there's Sir Wilmot Crawley of Queen's Crawley, and Mr. Anthony Henley of the Grange, and My Lord Marquis of Blandford, that seems to be the favored suitor. You shall ask me to wear my Lady Marchioness's favors and to dance at her Ladyship's wedding.

LADY CASTLEWOOD. O! Harry, Harry! it is none of these follies that frighten me. The Marquis is but a child, and his outbreak about Beatrix was a mere boyish folly.

His parents would rather see him buried than married to one below him in rank. And do you think that I would stoop to sue for a husband for Francis Esmond's daughter? I would disdain such a meanness; Beatrix would scorn it. Ah! Henry, 'tis not with you the fault lies, 'tis with her. I know you both, and love you; need I be ashamed of that love now? No, never, never, and 'tis not you, dear Harry, that is unworthy. 'Tis for my poor Beatrix I tremble—whose headstrong will frightens me; whose jealous temper, and whose vanity no words or prayers of mine can cure. O! Henry, she will make no man happy who loves her. Go away, my son: leave her, love us always, and think kindly of us: and for me, my dear, you know that these walls contain all that I love in the world.

ESMOND. I do your bidding, dearest lady, and go. But some day I shall return with a name perhaps, and then—

Curtain

THE MAKING OF ADDISON'S POEM, "THE CAMPAIGN."

Characters:

Mr. Joseph Addison. *Henry Esmond.*
Captain Richard Steele. *Mr. Boyle.*
The Maid.

The scene represents Addison's lodgings in the Haymarket. The room is meagerly furnished. At one side is a table, laid with a frugal meal—a slice of meat on a small platter, and a loaf of bread. A large decanter of wine stands in the center of the table. Several small wooden chairs are

near the table. At the other side is an old-fashioned writing desk, open, on which are maps and papers. As the curtain rises, Addison is discovered seated at his desk, studying the maps. He is dressed after the fashion of the time, in a snuff-colored suit; and wears a sword and a plain tie wig. The Maid enters.

THE MAID. [*Timidly*] Please, Sir, two fine gentlemen are below, asking to see you.

ADDISON. Tell them I am very busy and will not be disturbed.

The MAID. But, Sir, I told them that, and one,—the fine one in scarlet and gold lace,—he said, Sir, you *would* see him, and made me come up.

ADDISON. Oh, that must be Dick! Yes, yes, show him up.—At last he has come to hear these verses.

Exit Maid. She immediately returns ushering in Captain Steele, arrayed in a gorgeous costume of scarlet and lace, and Henry Esmond, who is more modestly dressed. Addison rises.

STEELE. [*Rushing up to Addison and kissing him*] My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age? [*Still holding his friend's hands*] I have been languishing for thee this fortnight.

ADDISON. [*Good-humoredly*] A fortnight is not an age, Dick. And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?

STEELE. [*With great alarm*] What! not across the water, my dear Joe? thou knowest I have always—

ADDISON. [*Smiling*] No, we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, right here in my own lodgings, where you would have found me had you honored me with a visit. But the gentleman—[*Indicating Esmond*]

STEELE. Harry Esmond, whom I have brought to meet my dearest Joe, my guardian angel. Come hither, Harry Esmond.

ESMOND. [*Approaching and bowing*] Indeed, I am highly honored. I have long ago learnt to admire Mr. Addison. [*Addressing Addison*] We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I *have* put on a red coat—*O qui canoro blandius Orpheo vocale ducis carmen;* shall I go on, sir?

STEELE. This is *Captain* Esmond, who was at Blenheim, my dear Joe.

ESMOND. *Lieutenant* Esmond, at Mr. Addison's service.

ADDISON. [*Smiling*] I have heard of you and am most happy to make your acquaintance. [*With courtly grace*] Be seated, gentlemen. I was about to partake of my frugal dinner. Do me the honor to share it with me. And I can promise you [*taking up the decanter*] my wine is better than my meat; my Lord Halifax sent me the burgundy.

They all seat themselves and begin to eat. Addison fills the glasses.

STEELE. And here's to the success of the poem, dearest Joe.

They all drink.

ADDISON. You see [*pointing to his writing table*] that I, too, am busy about your affairs, Captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign. Come, show me how it was fought.

ESMOND. Right willingly, sir. Here ran the river, [*indicating the course with the stem of his pipe, which he takes from his pocket*] and here on the left was the wing in which I fought. And so we advanced. [*Tapping on the table to show the advance*] Do you know what a scene it was? [*Becoming enthusiastic*] What a triumph you are celebrating! What scenes of shame and horror were

enacted, over which the commander's genius presided, as calm as though he didn't belong to our sphere!

STEELE. Does he know? Just listen to this! [*Going to the desk and taking up a page of manuscript*]

While crowds of princes your deserts proclaim,
Proud in their number to enroll your name;
While emperors to you commit their cause,
And ANNA'S praises crown the vast applause;
Accept, great leader, what the muse recites,
That in ambitious verse attempts your fights,
Fired and transported with a theme so new.
Ten thousand wonders opening to my view
Shine forth at once; sieges and storms appear,
And wars and conquests fill th' important year,
Rivers of blood I see, and hills of slain,
An Iliad rising out of one campaign.

Bravo, Bravo! Is it not great? Another glass to The Poem! [*They all drink.*]

And hark to this. [*Turning a page*]

Our godlike leader, ere the stream he passed,
The mighty scheme of all his labors cast
Forming the wondrous year within his thought;
His bosom glowed with battles yet unfought.
The long, laborious march he first surveys,
And joins the distant Danube to the Maese,
Between whose floods such pathless forests grow,
Such mountains rise, so many rivers flow;
The toil looks lovely in the hero's eyes,
And danger serves but to enhance the prize.—

But I must go now, gentlemen, to meet Budgell at the George before the play. Pray let me not disturb you. Stay, Harry, and talk Blenheim with dearest Joe. He will profit by your wit, I doubt me not. And now adieu to both!

He embraces and kisses them both and goes off. Esmond and Addison take pipes and settle themselves comfortably to converse.

ESMOND. I admire the licence of your poets. I admire your art; the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory. I tell you 'tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. You great poets should show war as it is,—ugly and horrible, not beautiful and serene.

ADDISON. [*Quietly*] What would you have? In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, 'tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his book by the hands of the common hangman. We must paint our great Duke, not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero.

ESMOND. There were as brave men on that field as the leader, whom neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favored, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them?

ADDISON. To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades! Would you celebrate them all? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success; of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. In presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. And yet [*smiling*] 'tis a pity I could not find a rhyme for Webb, your brave Colonel—else had he, too, found a place in this poem. But as for you [*still smiling*], you are but a lieutenant, and the Muse can't occupy herself with any gentleman under the rank of a field officer.

Enter the Maid, showing in Mr. Boyle.

THE MAID. A gentleman to see you, sir.

ADDISON. [*Rising and greeting his guest*] My dear sir, welcome to my humble lodgings. Honored am I indeed, to see you again at my chambers. [*Turning to Esmond*] Captain Esmond, I have the honor to present Mr. Boyle.

MR. BOYLE. [*To Esmond*] I am pleased to meet you, sir, [*Looking toward the desk*] And how goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr. Addison?

ADDISON. We were but now over it. Here is the plan on the table; here ran the little river Nebel; here are Tallard's quarters, at the bowl of this pipe [*indicating with his pipe*] at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present; and Mr. Esmond was but now depicting *aliquo proelia mixta mero*, when you came in.

MR. BOYLE. What more have you written since I was last here? I am all impatience to learn. Pray read.

Addison takes up a paper and reads, timidly, at first, then, gradually becoming inspired, with great animation.

You have not yet heard these lines:

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle joined!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise!
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was proved,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmoved,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel by divine command
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,

Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

MR. BOYLE. [*Springing up with great delight*] Not a word more, my dear sir. Trust me with the papers—I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed to see in half-an-hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid.

He seizes the manuscript, places it in his breast; with his hand over his heart, executes a most gracious wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, smiles and bows himself out of the room.

ADDISON. Does not the chamber look quite dark, after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr. Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendor! [*Thoughtfully*] I wonder whether they will do anything for me.

ESMOND. Of course they will.—Let me prophesy. Within a month from this very day, the whole town will be in an uproar of admiration of your poem, *The Campaign*. Dick Steele will be spouting it at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar will be saluting you as the greatest poet the world has seen for ages; the people will be huzzahing for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, you will get some high office from the party in power, which will be only the beginning of the honors

and dignities which from henceforth are to be showered upon you to the end of your life!

ADDISON. [*Laughing*] Well, Captain Esmond, I shall try to believe you. Whichever way it turns, thank you very much for your kind words. When my good fortune comes you shall share with me another bottle. And now let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and see Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a masterpiece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire.

They take their hats and go off as the curtain falls.

COMUS

John Milton

PREFATORY NOTE

Comus, abridged as follows, can be most effectively staged for high school production. It is to be given in a Prologue and five scenes, ending with an Epilogue. If possible it should be an out-of-door performance.

The condensation requires occasional changes in the lines, combination of lines now and then, and more rarely still, insertion of new lines. The stage setting is, of course, greatly simplified. The animal heads, necessary for the Crew of Comus, will offer slight difficulty to the high school boy or girl, whose ingenuity can be counted on in this, as in most matters of costuming. As much incidental music as possible should be introduced, preferably that of the original score by Henry Lawes, though there are many substitutes which can be used.

The Persons:

The Attendant Spirit, afterwards in the habit of Thyrsis.
Comus, with his Crew.
The Lady.
First Brother.
Second Brother.
Sabrina, the Nymph.

The stage presents a dense forest with an opening at the front. The Attendant Spirit, dressed in filmy, glittering robes, enters and delivers the Prologue.

Prologue

SPIRIT.

Before the starry threshold of Jove's court
My mansion is, where those immortal shapes
Of bright aërial spirits live insphered
In regions mild of calm and serene air,
Amongst the enthroned gods on sainted seats.

But to my task. Neptune quarters this Isle,
The greatest and the best of all the main,
Unto his favorite blue-haired deities;
And all this tract that fronts the falling sun
A noble Peer of mickle trust and power
Has in his charge, with tempered awe to guide
An old and haughty nation, proud in arms:
Where his fair offspring, nursed in princely lore,
Are coming to attend their father's state,
And new-intrusted scepter. But their way
Lies through the perplexed paths of this drear wood,
And here their tender age might suffer peril,
But that, by quick command from sovran Jove,
I was dispatched for their defence and guard:
And listen why; for I will tell you now
What never yet was heard in tale or song,
From old or modern bard, in hall or bower. . .
Once Bacchus came to Circe's magic isle,
And stayed with her, bright daughter of the Sun;
And ere he parted thence a son was born,
Much like his father, but his mother more,
Whom therefore she brought up, and Comus named:
And he betook him to this ominous wood
Where he in shelter of black shades imbowered,
Excels his mother at her mighty art;
Offering to every weary traveller.
His orient liquor in a crystal glass.
Soon as the potion works, their human count'nance,
The express resemblance of the gods, is changed
Into some brutish form of wolf or bear,
Or ounce or tiger, hog, or bearded goat,
All other parts remaining as they were.
And they, so perfect is their misery,
Not once perceive their foul disfigurement,

But boast themselves more comely than before,
And all their friends and native home forget,
To roll with pleasure in a sensual sty.
Therefore, when any favored of high Jove
Chances to pass through this adventurous glade,
Swift as the sparkle of a glancing star
I shoot from heaven, to give him safe convoy,
As now I do. But first I must put off
These my sky-robes, spun out of Iris' woof,
And take the weeds and likeness of a swain
That to the service of this house belongs—
What noise is that? I must be viewless now.

Curtain

Scene I

The Dance

The setting is the same; the time twilight. The curtain rises as Comus enters, with a charming-rod in one hand, his glass in the other: with him a rout of monsters, headed like sundry sorts of wild beasts, but otherwise like men and women. They come in making a riotous and unruly noise, with torches in their hands.

Comus.

The star that bids the shepherd fold
Now the top of heaven doth hold.
Rigor now is gone to bed;
And Advice with scrupulous head,
Strict Age, and sour Severity,
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.
By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,
The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,

Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:
What hath night to do with sleep?
Now ere light dawns in the east,
Let us welcome joy and feast,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity.
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odors, dropping wine.
Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
In a light fantastic round.

[*They all join in a wild, hilarious dance which breaks off suddenly*]

Break off, break off! I feel the different pace
Of some chaste footing near about this ground.
Run to your shrouds within these brakes and trees;
Our number may affright.

Curtain

Scene II

The Meeting of the Lady and Comus

The scene is the same. The Lady is discovered alone, apparently lost in the forest.

Lady.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now. Methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-managed merriment—
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
Stepped, as they said, to the next thicket-side
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
But where they are, and why they came not back,

Is now the constant labor of my thoughts.
I can not hallo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest
I'll venture, for my new-enlivened spirits
Prompt me, and they perhaps are not far off.

The Lady sings the following song.

Song

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroidered vale
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies!

As she concludes, Comus appears, disguised as a shepherd.

COMUS.—Hail, foreign wonder!
Whom, certain, these rough shades did never breed,
Unless the goddess that in rural shrine
Dwell'st here with Pan or Sylvan, by blest song
Forbidding every bleak unkindly fog
To touch the prosperous growth of this tall wood.

LADY.
Nay, gentle shepherd, ill is lost that praise

That is addressed to unattending ears.
Not any boast of skill, but extreme shift
How to regain my severed company,
Compelled me to awake the courteous Echo
To give me answer from her mossy couch.

COMUS.

What chance, good Lady, hath bereft you thus?

LADY.

Dim darkness, and this leavy labyrinth.

COMUS.

Could that divide you from near-ushering guides?

LADY.

They left me weary on a grassy turf.

COMUS.

By falsehood, or discourtesy, or why?

LADY.

To seek i' the valley some cool friendly spring.

COMUS.

And left your fair side all unguarded, Lady?

LADY.

They were but twain, and purposed quick return.

COMUS.

Perhaps forestalling night prevented them.

LADY.

How easy my misfortune is to hit!

COMUS.

Imports their loss, beside the present need?

LADY.

No less than if I should my brothers lose.

COMUS.

Were they of manly prime, or youthful bloom?

LADY.

Unrazored yet their lips.

COMUS

Two such I saw,
Plucking the clustering fruit. If those you seek,
It were a journey like the path to Heaven
To help you find them.

LADY.

Gentle villager,
What readiest way would bring me to that place?

COMUS.

Due west it rises from this shrubby point.

LADY.

To find that out, good shepherd, I suppose,
In such a scant allowance of star-light,
Would overtask the best land-pilot's art,
Without the sure guess of well-practised feet.

COMUS.

I know each lane, and every alley green,
Dingle, or bushy dell, of this wild wood,
And every bosky bourn from side to side,
My daily walks and ancient neighborhood;
And if your stray attendance be yet lodged,
Or shroud within these limits, I shall know
Ere morrow wake, or the low-roosted lark
From her thatched pallet rouse. If otherwise,
I can conduct you, Lady, to a low
But loyal cottage, where you may be safe
Till further quest.

LADY.

Shepherd, I take thy word,
And trust thy honest-offered courtesy.—
Eye me, blest Providence, and square my trial
To my proportioned strength! Shepherd, lead on.

Curtain

Scene III

The Brothers' Discovery

The setting is unchanged. As the curtain rises, the two Brothers are discovered in earnest conversation about their lost sister.

Elder Brother.

Unmuffle, ye faint stars; and thou, fair moon,
That wont'st to love the traveller's benison,
Stoop thy pale visage through an amber cloud,
And disinherit Chaos, that reigns here
In double night of darkness and of shades!

Second Brother.

And, oh, that hapless virgin, our lost sister!
Where may she wander now, whither betake her
From the chill dew, amongst rude burs and thistles?
Perhaps some cold bank is her bolster now,
Or 'gainst the rugged bark of some broad elm
Leans her unpillowed head, fraught with sad fears.
What if in wild amazement and affright,
Or, while we speak, within the direful grasp
Of savage hunger, or of savage heat!

Elder Brother.

I do not think my sister so to seek,
Or so unprincipled in virtue's book,
And the sweet peace that goodness bosoms ever,
As that the single want of light and noise—
Not being in danger, as I trust she is not—
Could stir the constant mood of her calm thoughts,
And put them into misbecoming plight.
Virtue could see to do what Virtue would
By her own radiant light, though sun and moon
Were in the flat sea sunk—

SECOND BROTHER. [*Interrupting*]
But listen brother.
You may as well spread out the unsunned heaps
Of miser's treasure by an outlaw's den,
And tell me it is safe, as bid me hope
Danger will wink on Opportunity,
And let a single helpless maiden pass
Uninjured in this wild surrounding waste.

ELDER BROTHER.
My sister is not so defenceless left
As you imagine; she has a hidden strength,
Which you remember not.

SECOND BROTHER.
What hidden strength,
Unless the strength of Heaven, if you mean that?

ELDER BROTHER.
I mean that too, but yet a hidden strength,
Which, if Heaven gave it, may be termed her own.
'Tis chastity, my brother, chastity:
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And, like a quivered nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbored heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds;
Where, through the sacred rays of chastity,
No savage fierce, bandite, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity.

SECOND BROTHER.
How charming is divine Philosophy!
Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute,
And a perpetual feast of nectared sweets,
Where no crude surfeit reigns.
A faint call is heard.

ELDER BROTHER.

List! list! I hear
Some far-off hallo break the silent air.

SECOND BROTHER.

Methought so too; what should it be?

ELDER BROTHER.

For certain,
Either some one, like us, night-foundered here,
Or else some neighbor woodman, or, at worst,
Some roving robber calling to his fellows.

SECOND BROTHER.

Heaven keep my sister! Again, again, and near!
Best draw, and stand upon our guard.

ELDER BROTHER.

I'll hallo,
If he be friendly, he comes well: if not,
Defence is a good cause, and Heaven be for us!

Enter the Attendant Spirit, habited like a shepherd.

SECOND BROTHER. [*As the Spirit approaches them*]
O brother, 'tis my father's Shepherd, sure.

ELDER BROTHER. [*To the Spirit*]
Thyrsis! How camest thou here? Hath any ram
Slipped from the fold, or young kid lost his dam,
Or straggling wether the pent flock forsook?
How couldst thou find this dark sequestered nook?

SPIRIT.

O my loved master's heir, and his next joy,
I came not here on such a trivial toy. [*Looking around*]
But, oh! my virgin Lady, where is she?
How chance she is not in your company?

ELDER BROTHER.

To tell thee sadly, Shepherd, without blame
Or our neglect, we lost her as we came.

SPIRIT.

Ay me unhappy! then my fears are true.

ELDER BROTHER.

What fears, good Thyrsis? Prithee briefly shew.

SPIRIT.

I'll tell ye. 'Tis not vain or fabulous.—
Within the navel of this hideous wood,
Immured in cypress shades, a sorcerer dwells,
Of Bacchus and of Circe born, great Comus,
Deep skilled in all his mother's witcheries,
And here to every thirsty wanderer
By sly enticement gives his baneful cup,
With many murmurs mixed, whose pleasing poison
The visage quite transforms of him that drinks,
And the inglorious likeness of a beast
Fixes instead, unmoulding reason's mintage
Charactered in the face.—This evening late
I sate me down to watch upon a bank,
And soon the roar of Comus and his rout
Filled all the air with barbarous dissonance.
At last a soft and solemn-breathing sound
Arose in strains that might create a soul
Under the ribs of Death. But, oh! ere long
Too well I did perceive it was the voice
Of my most honored Lady, your dear sister.
Amazed I stood, harrowed with grief and fear;
Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste,
Through paths and turnings often trod by day,
Till, guided by mine ear, I found the place
Where that damned wizard, hid in sly disguise
(For so by certain signs I knew), had met
Already, ere my best speed could prevent,
The aidless innocent Lady, his wished prey;
Who gently asked if he had seen such two,

Supposing him some neighbor villager.
Longer I durst not stay, but soon I guessed
Ye were the two she meant; with that I sprung
Into swift flight, till I had found you here;
But further I know not.

SECOND BROTHER.

O night and shades,
Alone and helpless! Is this the confidence
You gave me, brother?

ELDER BROTHER.

Yes, and keep it still;
Lean on it safely; not a period
Shall be unsaid for me. This I hold firm:
Virtue may be assailed, but never hurt,
Surprised by unjust force, but not enthralled.—
But come, let's on! I'll draw my sword,
Against the damned magician, be he girt
With Harpies, Hydras, all the monstrous forms
'Twixt Africa and Ind. I'll find him out,
And force him to return his purchase back,
Or drag him by the curls to a foul death,
Cursed as his life.

SPIRIT.

Alas! good venturous youth,
I love thy courage yet, and bold emprise;
But here thy sword can do thee little stead.
Far other arms and other weapons must
Be those that quell the might of hellish charms.
He with his bare wand can unthread thy joints,
And crumble all thy sinews.

ELDER BROTHER.

Why, prithee, Shepherd,
How durst thou then thyself approach so near
As to make this relation?

SPIRIT.

Listen why.—
A certain shepherd lad once loved me well.
He oft would sit and hearken to me sing,
And in requital would he ope his scrip
And show me simples of a thousand names.
Amongst the rest a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he culled me out.
He called it Haemony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew blast, or damp,
Or ghastly Furies' apparition.
And here it is. Take it, and then you may
[*Giving it to the Elder Brother*]
Boldly assault the necromancer's hall;
Where if he be, with dauntless hardihood
And brandished blade rush on him: break his glass,
And shed the luscious liquor on the ground;
But seize his wand. Though he and his curst crew
Fierce sign of battle make, and menace high,
Or, like the sons of Vulcan, vomit smoke,
Yet will they soon retire, if he but shrink.

ELDER BROTHER.

Thyrsis, lead on apace; I'll follow thee;
And some good angel bear a shield before us!

Curtain

Scene IV

THE ENCHANTMENT AND RELEASE OF THE LADY

The setting given in the masque for this scene must be simplified. The opening in the woods may be again utilized here: a pedestal or two, covered to represent marble, on which

are tall vases of flowers; a bench or two covered in the same way; and two or three tables spread as if for a feast, will lend a festive touch to the scene. Soft music may be played during the dialogue. The Lady, dressed in flowing robes and seated in a large chair covered in white to represent marble, occupies the center of the stage. As the curtain rises, Comus appears with his train of animal-headed followers. They group themselves at the back and sides of the stage and Comus approaches the Lady and offers her his glass. She puts it by and is about to rise.

COMUS.

Nay, Lady, sit; if I but wave this wand,
Your nerves are all chained up in alabaster,
And you a statue, or as Daphne was,
Root-bound, that fled Apollo.

LADY.

Fool, do not boast;
Thou canst not touch the freedom of my mind
With all thy charms, although this corporal rind
Thou hast immanacled while Heaven sees good.

COMUS.

Why are you vexed, Lady? why do you frown?
Here dwell no frowns, nor anger; from these gates
Sorrow flies far. See, here be all the pleasures
That fancy can beget on youthful thoughts.
And first behold this cordial julep here,
That flames and dances in his crystal bounds,
With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mixed.
Why should you be so cruel to yourself,
You, that have been all day without repast
And timely rest have wanted. Why refuse
Refreshment after toil? One taste, fair virgin! [*Pleadingly*]
This will restore all soon.

He offers her the glass again.

LADY.

'Twill not, false traitor!
'Twill not restore the truth and honesty
That thou hast banished from thy tongue with lies.
Was this the cottage and the safe abode
Thou told'st me of? What grim aspects are these,
These ugly-headed monsters? Mercy guard me!
Hence with thy brewed enchantments, foul deceiver!
Good men—'tis they alone can give good things.
And that which is not good is not delicious
To a well-governed and wise appetite.

COMUS.

O foolishness of men! that lend their ears
In praise of lean and sallow Abstinence!
Wherefore did Nature pour her bounties forth
With such a full and unwithdrawing hand,
Covering the earth with odors, fruits, and flocks,
Thronging the seas with spawn innumerable,
But all to please and sate the curious taste
Of her dear children. Why, if all the world
Should, in a pet of temperance, feed on pulse,
Drink the clear stream, and nothing wear but frieze,
The All-giver would be unthanked, would be unpraised.
List, Lady; be not coy, and be not cozened
With that same vaunted name, Virginity.
Beauty is Nature's coin; must not be hoarded;
If you let slip time, like a neglected rose
It withers on the stalk with languished head.
Beauty is Nature's brag, and must be shown
In courts, at feasts, and high solemnities.
Think Lady, be advised; you are but young yet.

LADY.

Impostor! do not charge most innocent Nature,
As if she would her children should be riotous

With her abundance. She, good cateress,
Means her provision only to the good,
That live according to her sober laws,
And holy dictate of spare Temperance.
Shall I go on, or have I said enough?
Thou art not fit to hear thyself convinced.
Yet, should I try, the uncontrollèd worth
Of this pure cause would kindle my rapt spirits
To such a flame of sacred vehemence
That dumb things would be moved to sympathize,
And the brute earth would lend her nerves, and shake,
Till all thy magic structures, reared so high,
Were shattered into heaps o'er thy false head.

COMUS. [*Aside*]
She fables not. I feél that I do fear
Her words set off by some superior power;
I must dissemble, and try her yet more strongly.
[*To the Lady*]
This is mere moral babble, and direct
Against the canon laws of our foundation.
But this will cure all straight; one sip of this
Will bathe the drooping spirits in delight
Beyond the bliss of dreams. Be wise, and taste.

The Brothers rush in with swords drawn, wrest his glass out of his hand, and break it against the ground; his rout make sign of resistance, but are all driven in. The Attendant Spirit comes in. The Lady meanwhile remains motionless.

SPIRIT.
What! have you let the false enchanter scape?
O ye mistook; ye should have snatched his wand,
And bound him fast. Without his rod reversed,
And backward mutters of dissevering power,
We cannot free the Lady that sits here
In stony fetters fixed and motionless.

Yet stay: be not disturbed; now I bethink me,
Some other means I have which may be used.
There is a gentle Nymph not far from hence,
That with moist curb sways the smooth Severn stream:
Sabrina is her name: a virgin pure;
Whilom she was the daughter of Locrine,
That had the scepter from his father Brute.
She, guiltless damsel, flying the mad pursuit
Of her enragèd stepdame, Guendolen,
Commended her fair innocence to the flood,
And underwent a quick immortal change.
Now, Goddess of the river, she retains
Her maiden gentleness, and can unlock
The clasping charm, and thaw the numbing spell,
If she be right invoked in warbled song;
For maidenhood she loves, and will be swift
To aid a virgin, such as was herself,
In hard-besetting need. This will I try,
And add the power of some adjuring verse.

Song

Sabrina fair,
Listen where thou art sitting
Under the glassy, cool, translucent wave,
In twisted braids of lilies knitting
The loose train of thy amber-dropping hair;
Listen for dear honor's sake,
Goddess of the silver lake,
Listen and save!

By all the Nymphs that nightly dance
Upon thy streams with wily glance;
Rise, rise, and heave thy rosy head
From thy coral-paven bed,

And bridle in thy headlong wave,
Till thou our summons answered have.
Listen, and save!

At the conclusion of the song Sabrina appears, dressed in clinging robes of a blue-green hue, adorned as far as possible to suggest her river home. She sings the following:

Song

By the rushy-fringèd bank,
Where grows the willow and the osier dank,
My sliding chariot stays,
Thick set with agate, and the azurn sheen
Of turkis blue, and emerald green,
That in the channel strays;
Whilst from off the waters fleet
Thus I set my printless feet
O'er the cowslip's velvet head,
That bends not as I tread.
Gentle swain, at thy request
I am here.

SPIRIT.

Goddess dear,
We implore thy powerful hand
To undo the charmèd band
Of true virgin here distressed
Through the force and through the wile
Of unblessed enchanter vile.

SABRINA.

Shepherd, 'tis my office best
To help ensnarèd chastity.
Brightest Lady, look on me.
Thus I sprinkle on thy breast
Drops that from my fountain pure
I have kept of precious cure;

Thrice upon thy finger's tip
Thrice upon thy rubied lip:
Next this marble venomed seat,
Smeared with gums of glutinous heat,
I touch with chaste palms moist and cold.
Now the spell hath lost his hold;
And I must haste ere morning hour
To wait in Amphitrite's bower.

She vanishes and the Lady rises, freed from the spell.

SPIRIT. [*To the Lady and her Brothers*]
Come, let us haste to Ludlow now,
Where you must each fulfill your vow.
I shall be your faithful guide
Through this gloomy covert wide;
And not many furlongs thence
Is your Father's residence,
Where this night are met in state
Many a friend to gratulate
His wished presence, and beside
All the swains that there abide
With jigs and rural dance resort.
We shall catch them at their sport.
Come, Lady; while Heaven lends us grace,
Let us fly this cursèd place,
Lest the sorcerer us entice
With some other new device.

They all resume their journey.

Curtain

Scene V

THE WELCOME AT LUDLOW CASTLE

The scene presents the grounds of Ludlow Castle, showing many signs of the festive occasion. A group of country folk

in gay holiday dress, are about to form for a country dance, as the curtain rises. At one side sit in state the Earl of Bridgewater and his wife. The figures of a country dance are first executed with great merriment. This may be made as elaborate as desired. As the dance is about to end, the Spirit, leading the Lady and her two Brothers, enters. He waves the dancers aside and presents the children to their Mother and Father as he sings the following:

Song

SPIRIT.

Back, shepherds, back! enough your play
Till next sun-shine holiday.
Here be, without duck or nod,
Other trippings to be trod
Of lighter toes, and such court guise
As Mercury did first devise
With the mincing Dryades
On the lawns and on the leas.

[*He presents the children to their Father and Mother*]

Noble Lord and Lady bright,
I have brought ye new delight.
Here behold so goodly grown
Three fair branches of your own.
Heaven hath timely tried their youth,
Their faith, their patience, and their truth,
And sent them here through hard assays
With a crown of deathless praise,
To triumph in victorious dance
O'er sensual folly and intemperance.

At the conclusion of the singing, after appropriate greetings, another dance is given in which the Lady and the Brothers join. As it ends, the Spirit steps forward and speaks the Epilogue.

Epilogue

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky.
There I suck the liquid air,
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree.
There eternal Summer dwells,
And west-winds with musky wing
About the cedarn alleys fling
Nard and cassia's balmy smells.
But now my task is smoothly done:
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free.
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or, if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Curtain